

Get Yours

Flatbush ZOMBIES

I know sometimes, life is hard
And you wanna give up, but did your mama give up
When she was giving birth to your ass?
I know the Bible tells us that's the reason we all curse
Ladies know your worth, for you are Mother Earth
The universe is inside of you
And you birth kings, queens, pharoahs and empresses
The kundalini balance in your spine you are divine
Look inside and realize you are a goddess
Cause there's no us without you, mothers
I was born this way, this has been more than a scheme
Oh Lord, I done put my work in, word to my nigga I came
Mama can see this â€¦, mama can live by all means
But she's been blinded by society's standards of low self-esteem
That's no metaphor or no simile
Tell you that my moms can't really see
Knowin' diabetes was the enemy
Still I eat grease, palms all greedy
Dog, what I shout you out on the CD
Never been a contact, I've been involved
Mama don't cry no more
Word to life I seen a nigga die on tour
I done seen some losses, and I see some things
No matter big or small, rich or poor, oh, this is war
I know you wanna be the shit, I just want my mama to see this shit
But (Oh Lord), oh Lord, (Get Yours) gonna get mine, (Get Yours)
Box life, question marks over my head
Waitin' for my princess every night there's nothin' there
Raggedy like Ann or, any often am I, a offering?
Are we, important? Is the, world important as the faith we choose?
Is what I consider being the truth to you?
Look left, look right, dreamed it every night
My mama gone, no, no mama home
As cold as it gets, got to move on
She gave her life for what is me
And for that I am thankful as can be
A hero, destiny, I'll be on my way soon
And together we can bloom, run off to the moon
It's not what you thinkin', I ain't have â€¦
So anxious, impatient, taught myself how to face it
To the brothers, and the sisters, no wishlist, no Christmas
Just a witness, of a vicious, abusiveness system
This is the proof in music, hold your head you can do it
This is the proof in music, hold you head you can do it, do it
I know you wanna see this shit but oh Lord (Get Yours)
This is for the mamas, who pregnant at sixteen
Livin off of welfare, never make the big screen
This is for the mamas, live in public houses
Livin' off of foodstamps, and I hope them shoes fit
Always on that new shit, mama made me do it
Talk a lot of shit so, this is a solution
Yoâ€¦
Yo
Psych

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