

Gotta Stay Strong

Gravediggaz

Yo, yo, check it
Yo, for real, comin' atcha
Yo, it's like this, yo

Never give up, never give up, never give up
Keep holdin' on, gotta stay strong, keep your head up hung

Yo, what you say to a brother when he straight up wrong?
If you feel you all that, then lets get it on
I got no time for the bullshit, I'm quick to snap
But if worse come to worse, I whip out the gat
Back down from no man, I'm a brother with heart
But I'd rather build first, mad swift with darts
Street brother, with knowledge of self at nineteen
Same jam, master a hundred twenty degrees
Been around for a minute, in a land of gold
Brooklyn, East New York where I started to flow
Coup Devilles, rag time bottles with bells
Feel me, phat Caddy's like Sam Cassell
Mad brothers, my block was a flock of black sheeps
Wasn't a house nigga, so we house the streets
Gettin' knocked by the cops, now and then we pop
Few shots in the air, let 'em know we was here
Time flew, but now I'm gettin better with age
Flip a new page, time to unleash my rage

Yo, look in my eyes, tell me what you see in the dark
Want a move me out my seat like Rosa Parks
Mentally enslaved brothers never change they ways
Exploit the youth, now my vibes negative grips
Buyin' in to the fake graph maternity stamps
Cash it while I fuck it, yo I'll see you tomorrow
Black woman you a queen, but I doubt your strength
Watchin' the two fuckin', run around, half nude
Flashin' guns and clips, diamonds and phat rocks
African brothers died on them chopin' blocks
Don't despair, now you wanna cover your ear
Monkey see, monkey do, fuck wrong with you?
In fifty states, you cats can't carry the weight
Wanna mention, what ya'll need special attention
Never degraded my race, come face to face
Rappers more of a joke then a ray of hope
I ain't sittin' on my ass just to turn my cheek
Hip-hop be the art and I'm the masterpiece
You cats with fake images, watch your back
Practice what you preach, cause that shit is wack

But what you mean you ain't down, you ain't rollin' with us
Cause you livin' mad large, and your crib is plush
Must've forgot, you the same little crab from the wood
Punk from the hood, frontin' like this shit all good
Movin' up in the world, even switch the gas
But you know to this day, I still whip that ass
Ain't nothin' change, nothin' but the time of the year
Still trot through the hood like Paul Revere
Vision my vise, my peeps is black and dilated
Brothers quick to cross the streets, intimidated

Ain't my fault, cause I got that New York walk
New York talk, blame it on society's fault
Brothers stay bebbed up, I'm prepared caliss
Ready to give my life because I'm doin' a bit
Bagged the eighth, figured it was worth the weight
Crack a bottle over the head of your fake role models
Bitin' the such of must, give up ways and plus
I be damned if I let the song self distrust