

# 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 bebbbed 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