

Block Party

Jean Grae

Listen

I don't want to preach or come off bitter, this is a commentary auditory
Editorial, about the state of things, state of mind and state of being
What the fuck is goin' on? How the fuck we gonna make it out?

It's hectic, from asbestos filled classrooms
To the stench of death that's still in New York
The air is thick with it, but it reaches further
Like the world murder rate

Circulate, cultivate your mind and soul, your heart and your body
So stagnant, niggaz, get off your block and travel
Stop actin like your flesh is metal and your hood's a magnet
We need to globalize, further spread on this earth
To appreciate the full value of individual worth
To realize how ridiculous the thought of ownership is
And protectin' your turf, that's bullshit man
That's how we got colonized
Missionaries create foreign schools and change the native way and thinkin'
So in ten years, we can have a foreign Columbine
In some small village in the Amazon, c'mon man

You need to get out your house, get off your block, and see somethin'
Go do somethin', go change somethin', or else we fall for nothin'
You need to, travel the world
And when you come back, tell your girl and your girl and your girl
And your man and your man and your man, you understand?
So spread the word

It's every man for himself
That's why the black community is lackin' in wealth, there's no unity
We soon to be chillin' with rich white folk
And that means that we made it
Let our kids go hungry before our wardrobe is outdated
Rap careers are drug related, ballplayers, we need more lawyers
More housin' and job created, why we waitin' for it to be given?
We need to get up, and get out, and make our own livin'
Instead of just makin' more, inner-city children
More doctors in your building, righteous cops next door
If the system's corrupt, then change it
Fought for the right to vote, don't even use it
Forget electoral winnin'
The way the world's goin', we in the ninth inning
Hey, and we still aren't up to bat
Niggaz is happy just to have the rights to sit on the bench
Like floor seats is alright, and that's as far as we reach
Materialistic values, not morals, that's what we teach
I see it in the youth, hungry for fame and money
Not for knowledge and pursuit of the truth
Pick up a book or a newspaper
Take a free class in politics or human behavior
We need to stop actin victimized, it's like we're day-walkin' blind
Open your eyes, there's a whole world out there

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And you don't have to agree, or just be happy
Content and lose your hunger, push further
'Cause I don't believe that pipe dreams exist
The world is what you make it, your life is all that you got
So take it to the limit
Why would you deny your spirit growth and happiness?
And if your peoples hold you back, they not your peoples at all
You know the, misery cliché
Ladies, know your worth; the way we givin' it up
We might as well auction ourselves on eBay, to the lowest bidder
So what if his dough is better? Money doesn't make the man
Maybe self-sufficiency would better make you understand
Let's get it together
There's so much promise and it's just goin' to waste
We turn crude, lack of class, lack of taste
And trust, they laughin' at us
It's slow genocide
And I don't care how many bottles of Cristal you pop
It won't un-expose you as a known pedophile
Native child, runnin' wild, to the ends of the earth
I'll see y'all at the last hundred miles, bet

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(2x)