

# 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Let our kids go hungry before our wardrobe is outdated  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)