

Survivin'

KRS-One

Yeah, all my fathers
That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
Uh.. uh, word
Keep on fightin, strivin
Uh.. hold your head up!
Survivin, survivin
That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin

Yo, time to do what we gotta do
These days, livin ain't true, but I ain't mad at you
I don't got time for the stress and the nonsense
So I try to stay blessed, but it's all tense
When I awake, feel the sun on my right side
It make me wanna grab a gun and change my lifestyle
But it only goes so far, so live it up
Or realize what you know star, and give it up
Or either switch it up, gotta keep reppin on
And lookin out for our kids, like the rest of (?)
Now I know how it is, and what you're handin me
So I can calculate the right moves for my family, yo

That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
Keep on!
Keep on fightin, strivin
c'mon, c'mon!
Survivin, survivin
c'mon, that's right
That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
Keep on fightin, strivin
Word up!
Survivin, survivin

C'mon, let's do this
When it comes to the cash, we ain't equal
Rich man, poor man, poverty defeats you
Where my people? Yo, Kris see you
There's only one of you, that's why you gotta be you
Them others be see-through, flashin and flossin
Me I'm with Inebriated Beats in Boston
Strivin, survivin, we get cash often
But do you really know what daycare be costin?
All my fathers, all my mothers
All my sisters, all my brothers
Hold your head up and teach them younger cats
It ain't where you're from, it's where you're at!

That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin
That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin

Now see I'm livin just to die without most any reason
So I keep on chasin paper 'til it's time to go
But should I really go for mine and put the clip all in the 9
Or stay at the 9 to 5 a day I just don't know
But a brother got a daughter I gotta support her

Caught up in the system inside a order, man I can't afford
A kitted Escalade, or bling bling
And so I gotta keep survivin, is the song that I keep singin
I try to keep my head off the floor, the country's goin to war
While Bush is givin dough to NASA and ain't feedin the poor
But I keep love over these beats, these beats keep me alive
Alive, I got to stay the Priest, I will survive y'all