

## Celebrate

Outlawz

steering to this tunnel of life  
it ain't a far sight  
in the dark  
searching for god's light  
so cold I got frost bite  
lost kite from the prison  
this system got these young niggaz lost like  
mice in a maze  
rollin dice to the grave  
some say it's just the price of the fame  
reality strike, repeat the same tragedy twice  
all I'm thinkin man  
it had to be life  
when the casualties rise  
plan plotting 'til your strategy dies  
black cotton till i've gotten what's mine  
I don't travel the globe  
stood firm with an average of 4  
I was almost cut down like a half of a stole  
but you know that ain't how we roll  
from a soldier to a general  
go leadin' still do what I'm told  
I got the soul of a old head  
in the young niggaz bodies  
we don't put this gun in nobody  
you don't wanna know no homie  
what is really goin on  
shit is real  
couldn't tell you everything in a song  
man the pain is so personal  
so deep I couldn't explain it in words for ya  
I don't sleep  
I can rest when I'm dead  
cause I'm blessed while I'm here  
through the rain, pain  
blood, sweat and tears  
dedicated to underdogs  
that wanna see us make it  
we make it, they make it  
this calls for celebration

all around the world  
we about to celebrate  
the mamas ain't crying no mo  
my niggaz ain't dying no mo  
tell me do you wanna go  
I mean it's kinda like a holiday  
kinda like a white tray on silver day  
kinda like jamaica in may  
when all my people celebrate

I wasn't born with a silver spoon  
my mama was poor in the delivery room  
but we gon make it  
look done made it  
cops still goin strong  
mom poppin the greatest

life been good to a nigga  
I remember bout the hood  
and how I could do a nigga  
but not me  
I been good to a nigga  
I support not no more  
i'm a hood rich nigga now  
and I'm hangin like wet clothes  
the fresh white frisbee tee  
countin bank rows  
I ain't botherin with you stank hoes  
another problem bit@h  
I got enough for those  
me, myself  
I don't need nothin else  
but a good mind  
and some good health  
that's all I got on my wish list  
pop a bottle  
what's the celebration bit@hes

we ain't sayin that it's all good now  
any hood USA  
man it still goes down  
but despite of all that  
we gon still have a good time  
toss a few back  
celebrate the fact  
that my kids still eatin  
man I'm glad I'm still breathin  
glad I got my ratchet cause the snakes still creapin  
man I got a lawyer cause the law still cheatin  
listen, big bottles of drank  
big weed in my pocket  
nigga I got stanks  
we gon drank, we gon smoke  
till we damn near faint  
and after all that  
we gon do it again  
this is for the good time  
so we get some mo  
if we don't we gon smile  
on the ones before  
if you got real ones  
man hug your folks  
cause you never know  
when it gon go  
so celebrate

[hook]