

Marz

Prince

Lost my job at Mickie D's
4 giving away 2 much food 4 free
But I couldn't watch another black child go 2 school
With nothing to eat
7 of us then took 2 the streets
Raised by the music, fed by the beat
C-ing how long we could stay outta jail is how we'd
That's how we'd compete

We never owned the streets that we keep defending
So the \$ we got we just end up spending
With nothing 2 save & not a thing 4 lending
U're never really happy
Just really good
At pretending

Everybody in the world wants 2 b a star
Few got what it takes 2 get that far
If a rocketship didn't cost more than a car
A brother might move
2 Marz