

# Can't Get Right

Scarface

These are the last days, settle in  
Look at the turmoil our kids left the ghetto in  
They bustin metal and, ain't got remorse for the innocent  
It's just another nigga in the morgue  
My momma's pregnant with a son she should abort  
Cause she ain't knowin what I'm fin' to be facin is nothin short  
of a, racially motivated killin cause them boys  
see a nigga as only a third of a human, {?}  
Every time I see a cracker with a badge, I'm in awe  
Cause I'm knowin how he feel, and I'm just bein real  
I don't hate and I don't preach it ain't no motherfuckin secret  
We ain't first class citizens, and we ain't second either  
Need to, get up and get out, and cut that bullshit out  
Nigga get yo' own you strugglin at this bitch house  
The lack of makin money make a motherfucker bend  
If you'd rather me than you die in the end, again and again

I made it over to dry land  
but still wound up sinkin in quicksand  
I'm tryin Lord, I just can't get right  
Paid the bills on Monday  
Even went to church on Sunday  
But I, but I, but I just can't get right

I lay in bed lookin up at the ceiling  
as the fan turns in a circle, thinkin 'bout my evil  
Seein end on my TV, bombs in the skies  
over Baghdad they fight but they don't know why  
What they said about Hussein, was a God damn lie  
Raised a war against a religion for oil, don't lie  
I seen, kids from the hood livin like they gon' die  
with the mindset of be broke or let's go get high  
With the people livin so crazy how we gon' get by  
Gasoline five dolars, how the fuck we gon' drive?  
Can't afford to fill our prescriptions so we all gon' die  
CVS is slangin dope on every block worldwide  
Since, spies up and had the dope game on fine  
Then it's only right for one nigga to go get mine huh  
If they injured how they gon' survive?  
If they stuck at the bottom how the fuck they gon' ride?

Ain't life a muh'fucker, first you think you got it, then it  
all falls apart in front your eyes, try to stop it, but it's  
part of the plan that was written by the man  
Got me down on my knees and my hands, prayin  
Forgive me Lord, thank the Lord I'm alive  
Cause I'm knowin deep down I coulda died  
I shed so many tears lost so many peers  
In the grave or the penitentiary facin 20 years  
Pourin beers on the corner, cause Frankie told me {?} lonely  
I was high livin blind to the fact that they sold us out  
America the Beautiful, there's a funeral  
on every day of the month, tryin to get our knees up  
Huh, it's another chance under these circumstances  
My people ain't advancin, but if we pray  
Maybe we'll get to live our life in the sun  
'stead of livin on the blocks dyin young, here I come