

## Listen

## Styles P

I gotta few things I wanna ask the Lord  
Why my people gotta be so poor, feel me  
And why's it so rough when you're young and black  
They say you go to jail or get strung on crack  
Why the girl have a baby she was twelve years old  
Ask the state why the cell's gotta be so cold  
And why these niggas here with so many years  
Whole family in court crying so many tears  
Can you picture us living with hope When the same ones hanging us is giving  
us dope  
Shit, it's hard to get by  
I pray to God it's still hard to get by  
Just wanna hold my son But I can't leave my house until I load my gun  
I gotta grab my sword  
And when I die I got some things I wanna ask the Lord  
Like, why we dying from AIDS  
And why on TV it's aight to be gay  
Aint that sorta like my gun got the right to be waved  
If I could sit back and watch a whole cipher of slaves  
Ask my man where the blacks at  
Ask myself where the next Malcolm X at Is he makin Salat, or upstate like a  
ape in a box  
Am I a human or a fallen angel  
Got to pray by myself 'cause I'm out of angle  
I aint facin the east, tell the brothers I was shakin the beast  
Had the nine and the eight in the streets  
Open your eyes, stay wise, 'cause even Satan is deep  
I pray for a better living  
Even though I think I'm better dying  
Why, 'cause I'd rather hear the angels singing  
Why, and I don't wanna hear my people crying, feel me black

We aint gotta die no more, I said we aint gotta die no more  
Black woman Listen  
You aint gotta cry no more, I said you aint gotta cry no more  
Black child Listen  
We gotta provide for y'all, I said we gotta provide for y'all  
Devil man Listen  
We got a surprise for y'all, I said we got a surprise for y'all  
Black man Listen

'Bout to be on some clever shit I gotta think if the president is prejudice  
And that's another eight years down  
The 500 year warn, that's a eight year round  
I don't really mean to sweat it  
But the war been on before they came on your TV and settle  
They don't need lead to shoot ya  
Why would a man make a computer to head the future  
I think about it in a weed session  
They said better technology, all I see is regressin  
Blew up our buildings in fact But if they live under the sun then them child  
ren is black  
'fore the devil get more time I'd rather see the world cease  
Hit the afterlife of world peace  
Where black men don't die, the women don't cry  
And the little kids get provided for and play in the sky, what