

Paris 1798430

Tevin Campbell

Yeah, yeah, yeah, Paris 1798430, Paris 1798430

Ebony American heart torn in two
Watching his soul disappear with no trace or clue
A brother got lost livin' for the city, takin dope from the man
Ain't nowhere to run when it's from Uncle Sam

Paris 1798430, my soul's in hiding
That's where a brotha be hidin' 'til he get his due
Paris 1798430, my soul's in hiding
Gimme a call when we can live as large as you do

Tears spill out in anger, our black is now blue
Our blood can be spilled as well but it will not make the news
Unless we're taken out one by one for the wrongs we have done
What else can you live by if you die by the gun? Bang

Paris 1798430, my soul's in hiding
That's where a brotha be hidin' 'til he get his due
Paris 1798430, my soul's in hiding
Gimme a call when we can live as large as you do

So, you know his mother will raise him
You know like the best she can
And uh, you know it could have been much easier
You know if she had like another man

And uh, it's kinda hard being happy
You know livin' on hopes and good luck
And uh, it's kinda hard having pride
When you ain't got bucks

Paris 1798430, my soul's in hiding
My soul's in hiding, oh my soul's in hiding

When a baby cries, you know I envy his tears
So little does he know of the ignorance and fear
That will divide us until we are willing to change
Until the cup that we drink from is the very same

My soul will be hiding, my soul will be hiding
Hiding, hiding, hiding, Paris 1798430
That's where a brotha be hidin' 'til he get his due
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Paris 1798430, give me a call
Gimme a call when we can live as large as you do
I will listen, Paris 1798430, I will listen