

# Promised Land

## The Game

Sometimes I wonder  
Man, how long is it gon' be for my people to come out  
Man we strugglin, it's hard sometimes, but  
Tomorrow's better than yesterday, uhh

I was, born in the slums, struggled from day one  
Ray Charles vision, blinded by the light from the sun  
No navigation, no sense of direction, darker complexion  
made it hard to live; dad, how you fathered your kids?  
Stranded on the highway of life, left us out to die, left us out to dry  
Shhhh, I'm still here, my mother's cries  
Nigga no father figures make harder niggaz  
Through the years, went to war with niggaz from what I saw in the picture  
Now your son is bigger, 13, but just like you  
Moms said I would grow up and be just like you  
From what you did to my sister she disliked you  
Sixteen, eleventh grade, look at me just like you  
Gunnin for riches, runnin hoppin project fences  
Street corners to Arizona, how I earn my digits  
And I'm far from finished, gamin 'til my coffee diminish  
Why pray for the afterlife when mines just beginnin, huh

Only son by our mother, no brothers, only sisters by this one  
Every time I kissed one I missed one, let me explain  
Eight years before the game, everything came with pain  
Watch the fate of my family slain would never see good times a-gayn  
Cursed with pain by a nigga with no shame  
My father, that have the same name as his father  
My grandfather wouldn't believe, he pulled up our family tree  
I can see him rollin over in his coffin  
I'm left with often, thoughts of how could you molest your daughter  
They say that's ten times worse than manslaughter  
Man you oughta, be dead in a grave  
But it wasn't my call, so instead you sat in a cage  
High-powered, two-hundred and fifty pound, six-five coward  
Woulda been dead in an hour  
Heard you was scared to take a shower, scared of the yard  
Your end is near, you shoulda been scared of God, motherfucker

All my niggaz listen, huh  
I stay a step ahead of the rest of y'all  
Why I gotta keep a vest for y'all  
Though I made it dog I still stress for y'all  
Funny how my folks think rap money stretch so far  
Pray to God my niggaz see through all the checks and the cars  
I'm tryin to invest in what's ours, gimme a couple of years dog  
I'll turn your tears stress and your scars  
into lawn chairs and green grass in your yard  
I'm tryin to watch my kids wrestlin yours  
Not have to get 'em ready for school and strap a vest on 'em all  
I know sometimes it get hard  
Keep your head up mami, reach for the stars  
Havin a child is like a blessing from God  
You just gotta work hard, can't let your youngest star strip in that bar  
I feel your pain, this shit is rippin my heart  
But where and when do we start, listen to the voice in back of my mind  
Can't reach all my women so I attack it in rhyme

I know what you're feelin, I'm wripin ya tears ma, it could happen in time  
For now I take your tear strife sufferin, imagine it mine, huh