

## Black Rose

Thi'sl

Have you ever seen a baby cry?  
Or did you ever see a flower die?  
Can you imagine a falling star?  
Do you know, do you know just who you are?

You see pain in my whole city, written on my face cuz  
Hit my knees and thank the Lord every day I wake up  
'Cause where I'm from them things go POW, then that boy go down  
Then his soul go out, man it hurt like OW  
Just to sit back, watch another momma cry  
Another wake her funeral, another since this homicide  
Body count going up, murder rate on the rise  
Then we see them glorified, please somebody tell me why?

Man growing up, everybody around me told me all I could be was a rapper, a t  
rapper, or a ballplayer. They told me because of where I lived that because  
my daddy wasn't around, that I wouldn't ever be nothing. But that's a lie. W  
here I'm from and who my daddy was don't make me who I am.

They told me all my life, only thing that I could do was rap or ball  
But I never liked sports, football or basketball  
Baseball, didn't like it either, so I went and bought a pack  
Drama start to poppin' off, so I went and bought a strap  
Told me I wouldn't make it too far just because I'm black  
Told me I couldn't be a doctor or a lawyer 'cause of that  
Told me 'cause my daddy wasn't around, I wouldn't be a man  
There was things he didn't teach me I wouldn't understand  
They told me I'd be in the penitentiary  
Wastin' all my life away for the next century  
(But that's a lie) They told me I would walk out on my kids  
'Cause that's what dudes do in the places that I live  
(But that's a lie) They told me that I wouldn't read or write  
And I would be dead and wouldn't make it through the night  
(But I'm alive) I don't care if I was black or white  
I'm made in the image of God and my identity in Christ

Where we from, man, our life expectancy is 16 sometimes. I remember my homie  
Wayne. He was 13 when he got gunned down. I stood there with my lil homie w  
atching him take his last breath, and the person that killed him looked just  
like me and you.

Ridin' through my city slow, leanin' with the lights on  
Life can be a nightmare but I'm still gettin' my dream on  
Ridin' down Martin Luther feeling like Martin Luther  
The homie say he hear it coming, this a revolution  
Hundred of us posted up, all black hoodies on  
Do this for them lost ones, Derrion, Trayvon  
And every other person that we lost to this foolishness  
That we call life, every day it say "that's how it is"  
'Cause when it's time for us to take them hoodies off  
If we won't confess this, we gon' have to search our own hearts  
Last funeral that I was at, thought the killer was black  
But when we start sayin' stuff like that, they ain't feelin' that  
But they tell me hustle this, kill that  
Treat my sister like a prostitute, man I'm through with that  
You can keep tearin' down, we came here to rebuild  
And we ain't goin' nowhere, this Full Ride we here

One of our biggest problems is us. We can point the finger every which way,  
but at the end of the day it's time for us to clean out our own house. It's  
time out for making excuses about what we ain't got to do what we need to do  
. Flowers grow in the ghetto too, homie.

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