

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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