

## Sons And Daughters

Verse

We're the sons and daughters of the poor man, the middle class man,  
forced down to serve by the rich man's hand. This is the perspective  
of a poor dead man's son, another kid that had to run, another life  
struggling in the age of the gun. Running was only temporary, I  
tripped  
up and I fell. I've learned from what they wanted: Silent people living  
in hell, where we're taught there's a price for every man and a price for  
every piece of land. Thrown into a life of stagnance, your mind  
's a Jail.  
You're raised for profit and you were born to fail. Sometimes stepping out  
of line and walking away from all you know is the hardest thing  
to leave  
behind. A new life defined, now we can defy the greedy men with  
the greenest  
of minds. We never wanted to be seen as a commodity, I refuse to be an  
object of a vision that blinds me.  
Aggression.  
I gotta break the mold.  
Aggression.  
Never let them take control.  
Aggression.  
Hands in shackles, Mind's confined to a cage.  
Aggression.  
I won't stop until I've broken every chain.