

Run D.M.C. F/ Stephan Jenkins

"Heart of Man"

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[Xzibit]

Ain't a damn thing promised to ya
Except livin your life, and dyin one day, I'm just bein
honest to ya
It take a whole lot, just to get a little
Gettin caught up in the middle the answer to life's
riddles
never, come that easy, but it was easy
to lead me, but it wasn't easy to see me
Get up off the block to the TV
And sell a couple million CD's, best believe me
You see these callouses on my soul?
Couldn't let hate and paralysis, take control
I pick you up when you down 'til I can't no mo'
My name sting in your mouth like canker sores
Been at war my whole life, sleepless nights
Endless fights, but still can't walk to the light
Cause my work ain't finished on earth, for what it's
worth
From the cradle to the hearse, God and family first, for
real

[Chorus: singer]

Somewhere in the heart of man (somewhere, within,
somewhere)
There comes a time when he must understand (when
he must understand)
The strong withstand, the weak will fall {*repeat*}
Cause tomorrow may not come at all {*repeat*}

[Xzibit]

Life ain't long, it's more like a snapshot
You can have the top, I live for the hop
Never take a day I'm breathin on this planet for granted
Time for change, time for growth, peace understandin
See but niggaz keep forcin my hand, disturbin my
plans
Bringin out the soldier in a peaceful man
It's like tryin to build a house on sand; you never get
a solid foundation, one man can change the nation
Yo I put that on all creation; Haitian, Jamaican

African, Asian, Caucausian, Indian
Whatever your persuasion, this is the message
Time is of essence especially when you're countin your
blessings
Lessons learned from the deepest of pain, it's not a
game
Keep my name outta your mouth and I'ma keep it the
same, ya dig?
It's a shame, graduated to the rap game
Only to find out crack and rap was the same thang,
damn!!

[Chorus]

[Xzibit]

Who got skill? Who got hustle?
Who got they family with 'em? Who pay for they
muscle?
Yo it's all gon' come out in the wash, the lost angel
with dirty wings, bullets ricochet off my halo
I lay low for no one, I love my life
Ain't afraid of no hard work and sacrifice
Was born twice through the life of my seed
Makin sure he see a side of life, I was never able to see
Hittin home like "Ground Zero," move over now
Peace to the real heroes, still underground
I put it down for the homies that came that's hard in the
paint
I'm livin proof it's never to late, you straight
Once in a while I go back to the main strip
And see the same niggaz still doin the same shit
And all I can do is increase the flow
Put it out, let it soak in, and hope they grow, c'mon

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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