

## Scarface f/ Bilal "Can't Get Right"

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[Scarface] These are the last days, settle in Look at the turmoil our kids left the ghetto in They bustin metal and, ain't got remorse for the innocent It's just another nigga in the morgue My momma's pregnant with a son she should abort Cause she ain't knowin what I'm fin' to be facin is nothin short of a, racially motivated killin cause them boys see a nigga as only a third of a human, {?} Every time I see a cracker with a badge, I'm in awe Cause I'm knowin how he feel, and I'm just bein real I don't hate and I don't preach it ain't no motherfuckin secret We ain't first class citizens, and we ain't second either Need to, get up and get out, and cut that bullshit out Nigga get yo' own you strugglin at this bitch house The lack of makin money make a motherfucker bend If you'd rather me than you die in the end, again and again [Chorus: Bilal] I made it over to dry land but still wound up sinkin in quicksand I'm tryin Lord, I just can't get right Paid the bills on Monday Even went to church on Sunday But I, but I, but I just can't get right [Scarface] I lay in bed lookin up at the ceiling as the fan turns in a circle, thinkin 'bout my evil Seein end on my TV, bombs in the skies over Baghdad they fight but they don't know why What they said about Hussein, was a God damn lie Raised a war against a religion for oil, don't lie I seen, kids from the hood livin like they gon' die with the mindset of be broke or let's go get high With the people livin so crazy how we gon' get by Gasoline five dolars, how the fuck we gon' drive? Can't afford to fill our prescriptions so we all gon' die CVS is slingin dope on every block worldwide Since, spies up and had the dope game on fine Then it's only right for one nigga to go get mine huh If they injured how they gon' survive? If they stuck at the bottom how the fuck they gon' ride? [Chorus] [Scarface] Ain't life a muh'fucker, first you think you got it, then it all falls apart in front your eyes, try to stop it, but it's part of the plan that was written by the man Got me down on my knees and my hands, prayin Forgive me Lord, thank the Lord I'm alive Cause I'm knowin deep down I coulda died I shed so many tears lost so many peers In the grave or the penitentiary

facin 20 years Pourin beers on the corner, cause  
Frankie told me {?} lonely I was high livin blind to the  
fact that they sold us out America the Beautiful, there's  
a funeral on every day of the month, tryin to get our  
knees up Huh, it's another chance under these  
circumstances My people ain't advancin, but if we pray  
Maybe we'll get to live our life in the sun 'stead of livin  
on the blocks dyin young, here I come

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