

## 2Pac

# "Black Cotton - Eminem"

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[Intro: 2Pac]

Black Cotton  
Black Cotton  
Black Cotton - A symbol for unrewarded struggle  
Time for a little gospel tail  
Ghetto gospel that is- listen  
Rotten' Black Cotton in God's eyes  
Speak

[Verse One: 2Pac]

Black Cotton  
Steady stressin' Smith and Wessons count my blessin's  
Class is in session the worst question is the first  
question  
Why do we work like slaves sweatin' blades to an early  
grave  
Never got paid but still we slave (In the nine tre')  
Answer that then answer this too-  
Thugs gonna get ya you know it's true life's a bitch true  
You best to backtrack and try to act black and live  
Not to be phony and positive but why be negative?  
What's the matter G? Black cat got your tongue  
Fat track gotcha sprung now your hung (Do ya feel  
me?)  
Dum dum diddy it's the me?  
Attempt to reach each and every brother on the streets  
If not peace then at least let's get a piece  
I'm tired of seeing bodies on the streets- deceased  
Lookin' through my highschool yearbook  
Reminisclin' of the tears as the years took  
One homie, two homie, three homies - POOF  
We used to have troops but now there's no more youth  
to shoot  
God come save the misbegotten  
Lost ghetto souls of Black Cotton (In God's eyes)

[Chorus: Eminem]

Nobody don't care  
(No matter how hard I try/Look to the sky/--?)(Rotten

Black Cotton in God's eyes)  
Nobody don't care  
(Seems like my dreams/Drowned in by screams/No  
answer to my questions)(Rotten Black Cotton in God's  
eyes)

Nobody don't care  
(Feels like I'm pressed/Why do I stress?/It's like I'm  
being tested)(Rotten Black Cotton in God's eyes)  
Nobody don't care  
(Seems like my prayers/Vanish to thin air/Please  
answer my questions)  
Nobody don't care

[Kastro: Verse 3]

In the belly of the beast I'm bubbling up  
Running out of luck, about to self destruct  
Old heads say live your life like such  
Your sure to catch her witcha one day boy  
I wouldn't listen to 'em  
Your power movement was cool  
But it ain't fix nothin'  
So I just go with what i know  
I dont trust none  
Look what the 80's did  
To what's Bebe's kids  
And now we grown up  
Nobody ain't own us yet

[Young Noble: Verse 4]

Black Cotton, im plotin on wit they homie, i'm workin  
without a profit, \*\*\*\*\* with all my homies, i'm hurtin  
but keep ur \*\*\*\*\* and it's urkin, and we ain't stoppin as  
curtains, you try to rize and certainly we survived as  
Outlaw Ridas  
What's the reward for a strugala  
If the lord lovin' us then why they hate to see us comin'  
up  
Runnin up, Gun cocked, black mask and gloves  
If you aint got a penny, mind tha bllod  
No love  
Waitin' for my 40 acas and a blunt to blaze  
Biblicle times good hearts with milita minds for Black  
Cotton  
I'm hoppin' over enemy lines for Black Cotton  
I ain't stoppin' till they givin me mine  
Black Cotton

[Chorus]

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