

## Common "Believe"

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These  
Are words of a believer  
Achiever  
LEADER  
Of the globe  
Free  
The souls  
Of those  
In need.  
I bleed  
The blood  
Of the struggle  
Walking over troubled  
Puddles  
The hustler's  
In my chest  
No hustling  
No progress  
Extremities of life in this process  
The birth of a son, the death of ANOTHER  
With LOVE I caress both mothers  
And told  
Them, "Who's in control,  
It's the one that's above us"  
I walk bread, money talks, and love stutters  
Body language  
Of a nation  
Going through changes  
The young become dangerous  
Pain is  
Mended into anger  
Anger  
Gets sent through the chamber  
It's tough when your own look like strangers  
We are the sons of gangsters  
And stone rangers  
If you could have an early March, rang us  
Look at the picture, it's hard not to blame us  
We're trying  
... ? in the Chi  
Where the young die  
Often

Do they end up in a coffin  
Because we haven't taught them?  
Is it what we're talking?  
We really ain't walking  
Huge hustler's faith, how much did it cost him?  
By myself on the same corner that we lost him  
Real talking  
In their ear like a Walkman  
My thought's been around the corner, to the world  
So when I see Him, I see my baby girl  
The Lord  
Lives among us  
The younger's  
Hunger  
Becomes a  
Means to get it, by any ways nece-  
Ssary under  
Pressure  
Children  
FEELin'  
Lesser  
With the STEEL upon the dresser  
Kill  
At Will  
Aggressors  
Destiny's children  
Survivors  
Soldiers  
In front of buildings  
Their EYES look older  
It's hard to see blessings  
In a VIOLent culture  
Faced against weapons  
SIRENS, holsters  
That ain't the way that Langston  
Hughes wrote us  
Soul control us  
On the shoulders  
Of Moses  
And Noah  
We go from being Precious to Oprah  
Culti-  
Vated to over-  
Come ever since we came over-  
Seas the day  
In a way  
That you can see it  
He de-  
Terminated  
The SOLAR keeps burning  
Shorty's KNOW TA keep learning

Lessons in our life  
Are like  
Stripes  
That we earning  
I took Grant's advice  
That Christ is returning  
Like a the thief in the night  
I write for beacons of light  
For those of us in dark alleys  
In parched valleys  
Street hits spark rallies  
Of the CONscious  
CONquerors  
Of a CONtest  
That seems  
Beyond us  
Even through the unseen  
I know that God watches  
From one King's  
Dream  
He was able to Barack us  
One King's  
Dream  
He was able to Barack us  
One King's  
Dream  
He was able to Barack us

Believe, Believe, Believe, Believe...

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