

Dj Jazzy Jeff "My Peoples"

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I've seen streets, we're youth
Are forced to take the long way home
And I've seen mothers mourn
The loss of there only born

Still I believe, we are given nothin' more than we can
beg
A vision is only blurred when life seems unfair
Who am I to judge the man with the needle in his veins
When he's just chasing freedom to escape the pain

Of the worlds fast paced pipe dreams and
shortcomings
He's just trying to make do and find a way out of
nothing
It's like, we damned if we do and damned if we don't
And it's a very thin line between respect and being
broke

And being one red button away from World War III
Always called the minority
And always, always pulled over
Facing police brutality

Why is every street a living hell?
Probably 'cause they want us to fail
Yeah, three strikes and surely back to jail
Like the slave ships when they sail

Years and years of civil rights chasing to pass that bill
But ask yourself, people have we changed or are we
standing still
Down and out struggling in this concrete jungle
One check away from starvation, poverty

But they say being free is about speaking your mind
Prophecies too much and that's where they draw the
line
A line as thin as the line between war and peace
A line as thin as the line between west and east

One button away from World War III

Being called a minority
And being pulled, always being pulled over
And subject to brutality

Why is every street like a living hell?
Probably 'cause they all just want us to fail
And three strikes and surely back to jail
Like the slaves ship when they sail but they don't know
that

My people whose pains are cornered
My peoples all shapes and colors
My peoples got more peoples with ills
That's more peoples, more sisters and brothers

My people stay strong as an ox
My peoples will never fail
My peoples will always remain
Remain with a story to tell

My peoples was paints on the door
My peoples all shapes and colors
My peoples got more peoples with ills
That's more people, more sisters and brothers

My people stay strong as an ox
My peoples will never fail
My peoples will always remain
Remain with a story to tell

My peoples was paints on the door
My peoples all shapes and colors
My peoples got more peoples in jail
That's more people than sisters and brothers

My people stay strong as an ox
My peoples will never fail
My peoples will always remain
Remain with a story to tell

My peoples was paints on the door
My peoples all shapes and colors
My peoples got more peoples with ills
More people, more sisters and brothers

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