

Bizzy Bone

"What Have I Learned"

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Yeah, some people wonder, you know, well they say:
"what have you learned"?

And to your left, your right, your left, your right
It's to your left, your right, your left, your right
To your left, your right, your left, march with me!

It's to your left, your right, your left, your right [x4]

What have I learned?
Surrounded by nothing but snakes and worms
What have I learned?
It don't matter when nobody take it, they is a concern
See the good in the ones that have burned
And you never got all that you've earned
Don't interrupt me, I speak to the lord
Heavenly choir, now we are in Church

In the temple, we cleaning the mental; the evil it lurks
Coming up off of on the corner, with dirtier thoughts
Here's thirty seconds to start
They slither like worms, they jealous of purity
Jealous of people in love;
They caught on a women, destroy the connection, they
see that you happy
And here come the scrubs, I'm tellin you bruh
They down with the serpent to get in their mind
Believe the people who witness the Christ
Look at my life, and now they blind
Nobody to find, they sellin' their souls without even
knowing I catch em'
Without definitions, and give em reditions of scriptures
and shit,
I keep walking knowin' is mine
I walk and I shine in the sublime, gotta ward of all the
demons
Outta my thought, they caught, they gone I tell em sit
back and wake em',
Literally thuggin, just come in and clog up their mind
What have I learned? What have I learned?

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With a bounty on my head, and the county holdin' my
mind
Angels grippin' my spine, dear lord, these are
scandalous times
We livin' in revelations, nation against nation
Blood in the hood on the boat like Haitians
Me and little brother, we are runnin' for salvation
Everyday, comin' and facing temptation
Casin' joints, with the base and the point, the place with
a dutch
Little joy, little souljah boy, you better keep your boys
with no noise, no voice, and? no choice
Runnin, we stop, you better watch the cops, you better
get off the block
You mean to tell me that motherfuckers is still sellin'
rocks?
And they mob with the glock, and they nod... Allah
Who do you think you are? Dead in the heart
Dead man walking, man don't even start
A tear for the above, but we thuggin' in the park
Another? on the porch with a sawed of shotgun, let it
spark, on the multitude, is that all you got?
Trying to shock the dude, and give him... in his heart
And laugh at him fast like... and the ark
Rubbin' the eye, you better hold that stash
Weeded out, and baby, even now
A poor child in the hood, no hood, no doubt, no wood,
no mort, no dream, no style
Ambulances, coroners, and some that never know no
doors
Brain cartiledge up on that floor, it's one friend,
please, let me tell you one more

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Grind in the days in a maze

Amazed with the phase in the plague of a homeboy
blazed
Now the homeboy slayed in the streets, so crazed
Know that he prayed, that shit is played
It's ok, it's alright
Spirit will be better when you see that light
When you see that flight
And Allah provide, perfections, let's go take a ride
Loadin' up clips, hollow tips, ready for murder, swallow
this
Follow this, model this; with death, you don't have to
swallow shit
When it's bottled up and it tastes like piss
Ridin' on up...
... with the hurt and pain, but the hurt remains

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