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Emanuel "The Youths"

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It's hard out there fe the youths them Despite it all they stand tall So big up all the ghetto youths them It's hard out there fe the youths them Despite it all they stand tall So big up all the ghetto youths them

This one I feel it deep Hurts my heart and I can't even sleep Wondering, if the kids going eat Thinking, if I'm gonna make the ends meet You gotta be tough when you there outer street Be grateful fe the ones them you greet You never know, who going meet Your next hand shake might be your big break

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This one is no laughing So much ah-dey youths them starving And then the ones that aint is the ones that there Lay down inner the coffin Bang, bang guns them barking Because the guidance system misleading The youths them grieving Because they don't have anything to believe in

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The youths them have to hustle Work hard any day regardless of pull muscle Still Babylon want give them a tussle

Hold one today just to bring in a couple I tell them just cool, we ah tell them just settle Because one of these days, we'll be able Babylon, we put them back in them stable And we're surely gonna win this illusion battle

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