

Eminem

"Black Cotton"

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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

Robbin' 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-

Loves 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 is it 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/--?)

Nobody don't care

(Seems like my dreams/Drowned in by screams/No
answer to my questions)

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

[Kastro: Verse Two]
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 don't 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 Three]
Black cotton, I'm plottin' --
I'm workin' without a profit
They shacklin' all my homies
I'm hurtin' but keep the mind
??
certainly we survive with 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 like nasty gloves
If you ain't got a penny, mind the glove
No love
Waitin' for my 40 acas and a blunt to blaze
Biblicle times good hearts with milita minds
Black Cotton - I'm hoppin' over enemy lines
Black Cotton - I ain't stoppin' till they givin me mine
Black Cotton

[Chorus repeat 2x]

Nobody don't care
(No matter how hard I try/Look to the sky/--?)
Nobody don't care
(Seems like my dreams/Drowned in by screams/No
answer to my questions)
Nobody don't care
(Feels like I'm pressed/Why do I stress?/It's like I'm

being tested)
Nobody don't care
(Seems like my prayers/Vanish to thin air/Please
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