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Freeway "Change"

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I'm Barack Obama, candidate for president and I approve this message

Philadehpia

Philadelphia free

2 niggas had a dream, (hiphopgame.com) Both niggas had a scheme, But the dream aint workin,

The scheme? It was puttin food on the table, And the same scheme put a few fools in the dirt, And it goes this way every corner of the earth, Every crack and crevice, Crevice and crack,

It gets louder,

Powder developed the crack,

That's when things really started taking off,

People started to snap,

Motherfuckas gettin hurt from self,

Hurt from wrong,

People gettin dope by the rack,

Coke by the boat,

Now they don't know how to act, gangstas clap,

Blame it on gangsta rap,

They look to tech blow,

But did you blame it on techno,

They bangin heavy metal While you blamin heavy metal.

Bangin burnins in the rees,

Now they bangin on my deranged rove,

Jump for a change, I just thought you should know(LETS GO!)

We been struggling for 300 years it's not fair,

My grandparents witnessed segregation they was right

They're bout to witness the first black president right

And now my grieves right here and my grieves right there,

We been struggling for 300 years the times come, For hustlers dreams of Martin and Malcom,

They say pray and believe, believe and it is done, Imma be out rappin and join in the outcome!(hiphopgame.com)

Only America black people go through all kinds of stuff,

While they come and say it's cause their fathers not white enough,

Who can read vocabulary not tight eniugh while they say you have to pick why they're not why they're not black enough,

Slave masters sell you to another master, Back it up, Chip it up, Roll it up, Probably wind up laughing up,

Years passed, the slavery over now you rollin for, she rollin to the back of the bus with us,

Whats up? Nothins up, the shroll was up,

It's our time, We are behind,

We need to try to catch up, That's why we rachin up, Everybody wanna piece of the American pie,

But our loves phony, cause the pies whites only,

They got me feelin like Martin and like it feels like the struggles just apart of my life,

Gotta see the life of my dead late homies (let's go!) We been struggling for 300 years its not fair, My grandparents witnessed segregation they was right there,

They're bout to witness the first black president right here and now,

My grieves right here and now my greives right there, We been struggling for 300 years the times come, For the hustlers dreams of Martin and Malcom, They say pray and believe, believe and that is done, Imma be out rappin and join in the outcome! We need a moment, We need to torment, A constitution where blacks and whites own it,

We need to own it, Be our own bosses,

First of all we need Bush out the office,

And we need in that American pie, Cut a few slices,
Plus we need lower gas prices. Lower taxes. Why you

Plus we need lower gas prices, Lower taxes, Why you at it we need doctors in the hood with no mouth practice,

We need fathers and mothers to be responsible, raising children of the honorable, before they go in front of your honor and the judge throws the book at em, leave em in jail with a lot of time to go,

We need the same thing we needed long time ago, And thats one nation under god,

Get it under line, All races come together, Nation on the rise,

Nobody gotta struggle, gotta cry,

We been struggling for 300 years its not fair,

My grandparents witnessed segregation they was right

there,

They're bout to witness the first black president right here and now,

My grieves right here and now my greives right there, We been struggling for 300 years the times come, For the hustlers dreams of Martin and Malcom, They say pray and believe, believe and that is done, Imma be out rappin and join in the outcome!

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