

G. Love & Special Sauce "Yeah, It's That Easy"

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Yo, it's a black thing
Yo, it's a white thing
If we talk this teach
We say the wrong thing
Blackness is blackness
Whiteness is whiteness
Despite this why
We have to fight between us
Nothing to discuss
On the back of the bus
But a cold stare
Avoiding contact
Oblivious to others
This is the social contract
Lack of sensitivity
Lack of sensibility
Lack of the notion
For better compatibility
I don't front nothing
I am what I am
I do what I can
I nod or I shake your hand
For a greeting
That's the common and pleasing
All right, my man,
Yeah, it's that easy

Yeah, it's that easy
As easy as pie
That shit goes on forever
So make a conscious try
To improve, nothing to lose
But a free ride on
Some old news
Your pop says, your ma says
But their values could be old news
Not knowing the truth
Blaming their troubles
Some problems in the jungle
On certain races
And faces
But I say yo sit

Just because
They're different
You didn't lose your job to
Some immigrant
You lost employment
From corporate exploitation
Packing up to cash out on
Mexico's mint
Stint your vision
Stunt your growth
It ain't a land to boast about
'cause it raised you
Left you in a daze of

The vision contrt
Sacrificing many for the
Rich man's comfort

The clouding, the cover-ups,
The myths, and
The scandals
These are the ones
That destroyed america
So don't you see hysteria
I remove with incision
Pinpointing facts
Pinpoint precision
It ain't your fault
Or mine on the back of the trolley
We're just people living
Trying to find quality
Not cold and windy
Yes cool and breezy
All right, my brother

Yeah, it's that easy

Yo, you and me used to run ball in the league
We ran the championship team
The best they had seen
But so much to talk about
Now that we've grown
We've been in different scenes
Of a different act
And in the fact we sold out
To the social contract
Meaning we don't hang
And even worse than that
I heard your boys
Fought my boys
With baseball bats

And bats lead to ax
And ax lead to gun
And gun lead to mothers
Losing their sons
I live how I live
I ain't asking you to try it
The problem's too big
To fit me to buy it
The weight is too heavy
The length is too long
Slowing down the everybody get along
If the teachers were to teach
Would you listen to the sensei
Goodnight my brother
Yeah, it's that easy

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