

## Goodie Mob

### "T.M"

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"What price are you talking about, sir?"  
Malcolm X: "The price of freedom is death"

Yo,  
Only one sperm cell survives out of millions  
Hustlers strive, the trades we learn by the buildings  
In Hell's Kitchen - projects burn the children  
Some get locked, lay in a box with no feeling  
On my back staring at the ceiling, through dealing  
Sweat dripping, hands together, my knees kneeling  
Where was God when my pops fell to his death  
bleeding?  
Was he trapped like Martin in his last cry for freedom?  
And when I die, will my soul ride 'til I see him?  
Never thought that I'd be overseas with Koreans  
Rockin' a vest, pushin' bulletproof Europeans  
In hot wheels - spit shit the crowd could feel  
Spendin' chips on Hilal meals, ripping foul steel  
While snakes come behind me to lace my spine  
Say grace and at the same time, embrace my nine  
We ball like ghetto children in life tournaments  
Lusting for platinum chains and ice ornaments  
I strive for what I live for - cut from an iller cloth  
Plot like Hyman Roth in a loft  
Stack chips before the new millennium curse  
U-N-I-Verse, we true and living heirs to the universe  
Rep' the 41st 'til my heart burst  
Ready to die - 'til we seen Biggie ride in a hearse  
Yo, your comrades moving like wolves in sheep's  
clothing  
Friends are foes - hanging niggas 'cause they holding

[Chorus]

If you can't hold on, hang on - we can make it  
Whatever they don't give us in this life, we can take it  
Joy and pain - through the sunshine and rain  
As the world turns, life remains the same  
We escaped through the flames in this game we bled  
Pour some liquor on the ground - God bless the dead  
To my niggas still living, yo - hold your head  
To my niggas still living, yo - hold your head

Yo, yo, yo,  
I blow shots from a drop rover 'til the world's over  
Seeing Jehovah through the eyes of a young soldier  
Black Moses - literature in pure dosage  
From a landscape of Kuwait - Jakes and vultures  
Too many of us lose focus  
Due to the fact that we're all just a bunch of soldiers  
Foul cultures  
Funny how the streets mold us  
Allah told us - in the cages where they hold us, it's  
much colder  
Hear the pain through my words as I [?] in song  
See, the world's rotten like the veins in my father's arm  
Used to be a follower of Islam - niggas is sheist'  
Study my life - living in these days is trife  
Heaven and Hell, a thin line between paradise  
Rather than lose, some choose to take they own life  
Said a prayer for him, hoping that his soul was blessed  
'Cause my hands couldn't cover all the holes in his  
chest  
What they do? Turn around and blame me for his death  
I'm like Malcolm X resurrected in a Lex', holding two  
tecs  
Holograms in the headrest, yo  
Shoulda knew what love is, before he learned what a  
thug is  
Now we leave the seeds to be raised by their mothers  
I've seen the 'hood raise brothers  
Kill too many of us  
A thin line between the freedom and the foul judges  
In the streets, where them snake niggas hold grudges

[Chorus]

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