

## Goodie Mob F Sleepy Brown "Rebuilding"

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(big gipp)

You're a baffoon, caught up in your own cocoon  
Leave your head rest maroon  
Drunk heavy in the side street saloon  
Til' i figured it out, to the 3rd degree  
I'm the milli in the meter  
I'm the gram up in the kilo  
I'm the wave up in the ocean  
The c up in the coast and  
The b up in the boston  
So what you looking for or looking at now  
You ain't got what you gotta shake  
Caught it on the sidewalk fake  
I gets down, further digging down  
Hurt for the red dirt at the same time  
Hit rewind if your ass didn't hear me clear  
Hit rewind if your ass didn't hear me clear

Hook

My old hood could use a little rebuilding  
A better place for these ghetto children  
I ain't gonna let 'em take the o out my joy  
Before you can rebuild, you've got to destroy  
And these walls gonna come tumbling down  
These walls gonna come tumbling down

(cee-lo)

Well i remember when, i was slanging nothing but  
weed  
I ain't ??? round here that can't tell you about me  
Fortunately i done changed the way i used to be  
When so many didn't have an alternative to see  
Music saved my life and now i'll never forget it  
That's why i try to glorify god with it  
But it still remains, it's in my veins  
I know that i'ma sin, i just hope he'll forgive me again  
Okay, i'm right and wrong in the same day  
And it's always gonna be someone who'll see it the  
same way  
And if i react, who was that guy to blame, hey  
You fuck with me, i fuck with you that's how the game

played

I had a choice to let it go, but if you don't let it go  
Then i ain't got no choice no more  
Two lives gone to waste, one dead and the other  
caught a case  
With 50 years to face  
I'm raising ghosts, i'm rebuilding

Hook

(t-mo)

I'm so tired of my people not knowing what we doing to  
ourselves  
And we blame it on them, but we stuck in the same  
frame  
Trapped inside a mental instrumental bond  
Hoping to run, but there's a gun, what could you really  
do  
Everybody new kicking the old ??? to the floor  
But now it's more shit, crooked, shady, talking 'bout the  
president  
He's fucking other ladies, blowing up spots we  
supposed to hit  
And casually they spreading billions to the little  
children overseas  
Niggas moving g's, i'm on my knees praying god  
please  
A nigga just wanna eat and sleep  
With my gun in my own little world and raise my little  
kids  
Doing the best i can nigga

(khujo)

Shit, look who talking now  
You gots'ta crawl before you walk, ohh don't follow to  
close  
Where i think you might stop  
We all can see that the grass is the same color on the  
other side of the fence  
Give thanks, people thank alarm clocks, wake 'em up  
Every morning brother i gotta stay prayed up  
Cause the pistol ain't gonna save my life when it's time  
to go  
Its just in case i get a chance to retaliate  
I used ain't have nothing positive to say  
Doing my little five minutes of fame  
Who done forget from which they came  
Acknowledge his name, lord, you've been so good to  
me  
Better than i've been to myself  
Keep us in good health

The white mans food makes my stomach upchuck  
But i gots'ta be strong, to defeat my enemies  
For the kill, mac's in your side  
Judging buildings, they can't be no playgrounds for  
these childrens

Hook

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