

Inspectah Deck "Born Survivor"

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Our most enduring responsibility to future generations

They say God don't like ugly, blessings are upon us
Bush hated niggas, now the President's a brotha
Whether you in the gutter, or your residence enormous
That shit don't matter when death around the corner

Before your book of life ends, recognize the author
All praise due, things you do bring karma
Your seeds shouldn't eat 'cuz you beefing with baby
mama
Will be the one you need when police raid the corners

Ain't nothing but niggas fronting, shitty drugs and
drama
Girls who want Prada, women who want powder
Children are more violent from living with less
guidance
And don't learn respect till they bidding with old timers

You walk the same path now they road is wiser
A quiet man's a giant when his code is silence
Speak volume, loud dudes ain't always liver
My city never sleep, I'm a born survivor

No matter how much money we invest in our
community
How many ten point plans, we propose
How many government programs we want
None of it will make a difference

At least not in our predicament
We also at the same time
Don't cease more responsibility in our own life

I slang base and that powder too
Team was the wildest crew, I seen what a dollar do
Broke nights fiend for a pot of food
Lean on the block rude, cream got 'em popping tools

And they don't stop to get it, get it
Four shots'll wet your fitted, four cops'll get acquitted

I roll dolo, I don't ask for love
Niggas be acting up, afterwords catching slugs

Every hood got heaters, many generals defeated
Heavy metal pop frequent
The world crazy foul, how we suppose raise a child
Face a trial, bail over eighty thou'

In the street life, you game, player?
Haze make the pain clear, eight days, the same stare
So mama say a prayer, 'cuz I'm out there
I'mma keep talking till they here

Providing guidance to our children
Turning off the TV sets, putting away the video games
Helping our children with their homework
Teaching our daughters to never allow
Images on television to tell what they're worth

Teaching our sons to treat women with respect
That what makes them a man
Is not the ability to have a child but to raise one

I thought the block was all there was to life
Surfing on the drug sites, meeting up at nights
And I got tired of roaming hall, got wise to protocol
And I got mines with no regard

So all I know, is all I show, so all I see, before I go
That all I am is the truth with this land
And this roof over head and this root to the future fruits
Worth more than your Gucci boots

I ain't trashing fashion, I like to do me too
Still I'm quick to pop it off
With the model broad or with the Molotov
Light rocks at your tank, might make me
Take the safety off and pop it in your bank, like

You see me, I'm major
I told this story to a class of 9th graders
They saying, "Fuck school, we some fly gangstas"
I gave 'em something that can change their life later

That's a message we need to send

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