

## J-Live "Satisfied"

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Hey yo  
Lights, camera, tragedy, comedy, romance  
You better dance from your fighting stance  
Or you'll never have a fighting chance  
In the rat race  
Where the referee's son started way in advance  
But still you livin' the American Dream  
Silk PJ's, sheets and down pillows  
Who the fuck would wanna wake up?  
You got it good like hot sex after the break up  
Your four car garage it's just more space to take up  
You even bought your mom a new whip scrap the jalopy  
Thousand dollar habit, million dollar hobby  
You a success story everybody wanna copy  
But few work for it, most get jerked for it  
If you think that you could ignore it, you're ig-norant  
A fat wallet still never made a man free  
They say to eat good, yo, you gotta swallow your pride  
But dead that game plan, I'm not satisfied

[Chorus]

The poor get worked, the rich get richer  
The world gets worse, do you get the picture?  
The poor gets dead, the rich get depressed  
The ugly get mad, the pretty get stressed  
The ugly get violent, the pretty get gone  
The old get stiff, the young get stepped on  
Whoever told you that it was all good lied  
So throw your fists up if you not satisfied

{\*Singing\*

Are you satisfied?  
I'm not satisfied

Hey yo, the air's still stale  
The anthrax got my Ole Earth wearin' a mask and  
gloves to get a meal  
I know a older guy that lost twelve close peeps on 9-1-1  
While you kickin' up punchlines and puns  
Man fuck that shit, this is serious biz  
By the time Bush is done, you won't know what time it is  
If it's war time or jail time, time for promises

And time to figure out where the enemy is  
The same devils that you used to love to hate  
They got you so gassed and shook now, you scared to  
debate  
The same ones that traded books for guns

Smuggled drugs for funds  
And had fun lettin' off forty-one  
But now it's all about NYPD caps  
And Pentagon bumper stickers  
But yo, you still a nigga  
It ain't right them cops and them firemen died  
The shit is real tragic, but it damn sure ain't magic  
It won't make the brutality disappear  
It won't pull equality from behind your ear  
It won't make a difference in a two-party country  
If the president cheats, to win another four years  
Now don't get me wrong, there's no place I'd rather be  
The grass ain't greener on the other genocide  
But tell Huey Freeman don't forget to cut the lawn  
And uproot the weeds  
Cuz I'm not satisfied

[Chorus]

{\*Singing\*  
All this genocide  
Is not justified  
Are you satisfied?  
I'm not satisfied

Yo, poison pushers making paper off of pipe dreams  
They turned hip-hop to a get-rich-quick scheme  
The rich minorities control the gov'ment  
But they would have you believe we on the same team  
So where you stand, huh?  
What do you stand for?  
Sit your ass down if you don't know the answer  
Serious as cancer, this jam demands your undivided  
attention  
Even on the dance floor  
Grab the bull by the horns, the bucks by the antlers  
Get yours, what're you sweatin' the next man for?  
Get down, feel good to this, let it ride  
But until we all free, I'll never be satisfied

[Chorus] - Repeat 2x

{\*Singing with talking in background\*  
Are you satisfied?  
(whoever told you that it was all good lied)

I'm not satisfied  
(Throw your fists up if you not satisfied)  
Are you satisfied?  
(Whoever told you that it was all good lied)  
I'm not satisfied  
(So throw your fists up)  
(So throw your fists up)  
(Throw your fists up)

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