

Jay-Z

"Young, Gifted And Black"

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I'm America's worst nightmare
I'm young, black, and holding my nuts like, yeah
While ya'll was at the pub, havin' a light beer
I was at the club, havin' a fight there
Ya'll can go home, husband and wife there
My momma at work tryin' to buy me the right gear
Nine years old uncle lost his life here
I grew up thinkin' life ain't fair
How can I get a real job, China white right there
Right in front of my sight like here, yeah
There's ya ticket out the ghetto take flight right here
Tell on me you go bye-bye here, damn
There's a different set of rules we abide by here
You need a gun, niggas might drive by here
Ya'll havin' fun, racin' all ya hot-rods there
Downloadin' all our music on ya iPods there
I'm Chuck-D, standin' in the crosshairs here
Ya'll straight, chicks got horse hair here
Ya'll ain't gotta be in fear of ya'll bosses there
You lose your job, your pop rich, ya'll don't care
So I don't care, ya'll acting like ya'll don't hear
All the screams from the ghetto
Or the teens ducking metal here
So they steam like a kettle here
Trying to take they mind to a whole different level here
Yeah, we real close to devil here
Got to be a better way somebody call a reverend here
Yeah, have mercy really be in heaven here
Somebody tell God that we got a couple of questions
here
My little cousin never got to see his seventh year
And I'm so used to pain that I ain't even shed a tear

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