

Jean Grae

"Block Party"

Visit "[Block Party](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

{*35 second intro is a conversation*

[Verse One]

Listen

I don't wanna preach or come off bitter, this is a
commentary auditory

Editorial, about the state of things, state of mind and
state of being

What the fuck is goin on? How the fuck we gonna make
it out?

It's hectic, from asbestos filled classrooms

To the stench of death that's still in New York

The air is thick with it, but it reaches further

Like the world murder rate

Circulate, cultivate your mind and soul, your heart and
your body

So stagnant; niggaz, get off your block and travel

Stop actin like your flesh is metal and your hood's a
magnet

We need to globalize, further spread on this earth

To appreciate the full value of individual worth

To realize how ridiculous the thought of ownership is

And protectin your turf - that's bullshit man

That's how we got colonized

Missionaries create foreign schools and change the
native way & thinkin

So in ten years, we can have a foreign Columbine

In some small village in the Amazon, c'mon man

[Chorus]

You need to get out your house, get off your block, and
see somethin

Go do somethin, go CHANGE somethin, or else we fall
for nothin

You need to, travel the world

And when you come back, tell your girl and your girl
and your girl..

And your man and your man and your man.. you
understand?

So spread the word

[Verse Two]

It's every man for himself
That's why the black community is lackin in wealth,
there's no unity
We soon to be chillin with rich white folk
And that means that we made it
Let our kids go hungry before our wardrobe is
outdated
Rap careers are drug related, ballplayers, we need
more lawyers
More housin and job created, why we waitin for it to be
given?
We need to get up, and get out, and make our own livin
Instead of just makin more, inner-city children
More doctors in your building, righteous cops next door
If the system's corrupt, then change it
Fought for the right to vote, don't even use it
Forget electoral winnin
The way the world's goin, we in the ninth inning
Heh, and we still aren't up to bat
Niggaz is happy just to have the rights to sit on the
bench
Like floor seats is alright, and that's as far as we reach
Materialistic values, not morals, that's what we teach
I see it in the youth, hungry for fame and money
Not for knowledge and pursuit of the truth
Pick up a book or a newspaper
Take a free class in politics or human behavior
We need to stop actin victimized, it's like we're day-
walkin blind
Open your eyes, there's a whole world out there

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

And you don't have to agree, or just be happy
Content and lose your hunger, push further
Cause I don't believe that pipe dreams exist
The world is what you make it, your life is all that you
got
So take it to the limit
Why would you deny your spirit growth and happiness?
And if your peoples hold you back, they not your
peoples at all
You know the, misery cliché
Ladies, know your worth; the way we givin it up
We might as well auction ourselves on eBay, to the
lowest bidder
So what if his dough is better? Money doesn't make the
man
Maybe self-sufficiency would better make you
understand

Let's get it together
There's so much promise and it's just goin to waste
We turn crude, lack of class, lack of taste
And trust, they laughin at us
It's slow genocide
And I don't care how many bottles of Cristal you pop
It won't un-expose you as a known pedophile
Native child, runnin wild, to the ends of the earth
I'll see y'all at the last hundred miles, bet

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

{*conversation to fade*

Visit [Jean Grae](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.