

Jim Jones**"Letter To The Game"**

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Second floor my hotel im rollin up bout to blaze
And zone out to this Frankie Beverly and Mayes
As our days about to pass and them days in the past
He set my mind free so my mind free at last
So much that I don't even drink from a f**kin glass
Id rather find the first fountain I can and do it fast
Didn't understand a dream of a king now do the math
Coincidentally on your birthdays I ditched the class
Cuz the younger me, dumber me was chasin the cash
Chasin the ass, low life with his face in the grass
Ridin home from school in front of the bus
Not even thinking bout how Rosa Parks done it for us
How she stayed behind bars and she done it for us
And she stayed behind bars till she won it for us
Sometimes I wanna give up or at least take a break
That's when I close my eyes and see Coretta Scotts
face
Cuz Sometimes I wanna give up or at least take a break
That's when I close my eyes and see Coretta Scotts
face..

[Sample]

[Nas]

Uh

Word up Game

Standing at the pue panoramic view of the seating
Greeting, I've been meaning to do me some letter
reading, to the King

He forever breathing your messages never leaving
Some of your homies, phonies I should say it when I
see them

Them sleazy bastards, some greedy pastors, jerks
Some should never be allowed in Ebenezer Baptist
Church, in Atlanta

Some people be patient I know this ghetto grammar
But im a street dude normally I just speak rude
Martin Luther, the martyr, the trooper, hate killed him
Noble peace prize winner they duplicate the feelin
As a kid I aint relate really, I was sayin Dreams speech
jokingly

Till your world awoken me
First I thought your were passive, soft one who ass
kissed
I was young to be honest, I was feelin Mohamed
I aint even know the strength you had to have to march
You was more than just talk you were the first real
Braveheart
We miss you
Feels like King be in me sometimes.

[Sample]

[The Game]

The word nigger is nothing like nigga
Don't sound shit alike like Game like Jigga
One came before the other like aim and pull the trigga
One is slang for my brotha, one is hang and take a
picture
The rope aint tight enough, he still alive go fix it
Pour some gasoline on him, call his daughters black
bitches
Make him pick cotton, while they momma clean up the
kitchen
The same cotton in white tees that's the cotton they
was pickin
If Dr. King marched today would Bill Gates march?
I know Obama would but would Hillary take part?
Great minds think great thoughts
The pictures I paint make the Mona Lisa look like fake
art
I feel the pain of Nelson Mandela
Cuz when it rains it pours I need Rihannas umbrella
For Coretta Scotts tear drops
When she got the phone call that the future just took a
f**kin head shot
I wonder why Jesse Jackson didn't catch him before his
body dropped
Would he give me the answer? Probably not

[Sample]

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