

Kanye West "We Don't Dare"

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Oh yeah, I got the perfect song
For the kids to sing

An' all my people that's drug dealin' just to get by
Stackin' money 'til it get sky high
We wasn't supposed to make it past 25
Joke's on you, we still alive
Throw your hands up in the sky an' say
?We don't care what people say?

If this is your first time hearin' this
You are about to experience somethin' so cold, man
We never had nothin' handed, took nothin' for granted
Took nothin' from no man, man, I'm my own man

But as a shorty, I looked up to the dope, man
Only adult man I knew that wasn't broke, man
Flickin' Starter coats, man, man, you don't know, man
We don't care what people say

This is for my niggas outside all winter
'Cause this summer they ain't finna' say
?Next summer I'm finna' sittin' in the hood
Like community colleges?
This dope money here is little Tre's scholarship

'Cause ain't no tuition for havin' no ambition
An' ain't no loans for sittin' your ass at home
So we forced to sell crack, rap an' get a job
You gotta do somethin', man, your ass is grown

Drug dealin' just to get by
Stackin' money 'til it get sky high
Kids, sing, kids, sing
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The second verse is for my dawgs workin' 9 to 5
That still hustle 'cause a nigga can't shine off \$6.55
An' everybody sellin' makeup, Jacob's

An' bootlegged tapes just to get they cake up

We put shit on layaway, then come back
We claim other people kids on our income tax
We take that money, cop work, then push packs to get
paid
An' we don't care what people say

Momma say she wanna move south
Scratchin' lottery tickets, eyes on a new house
'Round the same time, Doe ran up in dude house
Couldn't get a job, so since he couldn't get work
He figured he'd take work

The drug game, bulimic, it's hard to get weight
A nigga's money is homo, it's hard to get straight
But we gon' keep bakin' 'til the day we get cake
An' we don't care what people say

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You know the kids gon' act a fool
When you stop the programs for after school
An' they DCFS, some of 'em dyslexic
They favorite 50 Cent song, '12 questions'

We scream, rock, blows, weed, park, see now we smart
We ain't retards, the way teachers starve
Hold up, hold fast, we make more cash
Now tell my momma I belong in that slow class

Bad enough we on welfare
They tryin' to put me on the school bus
With the space for the wheelchair
I'm tryin' to get the car with the chromie wheels here
They tryin' to cut our lights out like we don't live here

Look what was handed us, fathers abandoned us
When we get them hammers, go on call the ambulance
Sometimes I feel no one in this world understands us
But we don't care what people say

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