

## **Lecrae**

# **"Black Rose"**

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In my garden in my garden  
To keep and care it you've got to water it  
To keep and care it you've got to water it

She ain't never seen garden of Eden  
Only seen garden of bleeding  
And some are gonna lie and hate and make her feel  
like she's a heathen  
She ain't never seen garden of Eden  
Only seen garden of bleeding  
And some are gonna lie and hate and make her feel  
like she's a heathen

Black rose black rose  
Black rose black rose  
Black rose black rose  
Black rose black rose

Their roots dirty but their petal stay pretty  
Somebody tried to take the purity say they aren't  
worthy  
The black rose rose deep in the city streets  
But them stems still peak up under the concrete yeah  
Bleak is a rowd looking life but them never seen a  
flower  
Grow under the moonlight  
Mama had me readin solo nights  
I was looking for identity they have stole mine twice

So I turn to the rude boy gangsters first but the bad  
man withers and returns to the earth  
Now it's ashes to ashes dirt to dirt a black rose without  
a chance to grasp her worth  
She ain't never seen garden of Eden  
Only seen garden of bleeding  
And some are gonna lie and hate her and make her  
feel like she's a heathen  
No Cry for me cry for me this is how it goes but Jah  
knows all though yuh was my black rose  
Black rose black rose  
Black rose black rose  
Black rose black rose

Black rose black rose  
Black rose black rose  
Black rose black rose  
Been to school since I was [?] and the government  
won't tell us medicine they wanna kill us  
There's blood pan di side walk blood pan di doors  
There's blood up on them ceilings why there's pan di  
floor  
No one to keep and care us our fathers too  
embarrassed to show us he's a player so mama's a  
single parent  
Them children grow without the fertilizer that they  
needed and the black rose rose in a garden full of  
weeds needles and evil  
But God sent people who reflect the light of the sun  
they get it done  
The rose grows cold wind blows through the streets  
and the ice on the leaves so heavy she gets weak  
And there's not a helping hand upon the scene to be  
seen  
And when all seems lost the gardener in em' G's he  
handles her with care and he show her she a queen  
and them thorns are the defense mechanism she'll  
never need  
Black rose black rose  
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