

Limahl**"Ain't That a Bitch"**

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[Kam]

Ain't this a bitch, what they make po' kids do
Stand up for the flag salute
Now put your right hand over your heart
Eyes on the flag, now recite this drag
about liberty and justice for all
But that part dere it don't stand for none of y'all
Just the part about pledgin allegiance
For all they care, you can stop right there
Take your shit and go on home
and let the television program your dome
Because it ain't no justice, the people ain't liberated
just cause one nigga made it
out the ghetto, he a token black
His whole neighborhood still smokin crack
So you will never be all that
No matter how bad you wanna switch, life is a bitch

[Kam]

Ain't that a bitch, to see black people in the service
Leave they spouse to do dirt for the White House
And come home lookin for a hero's welcome
They back on the block and shellshocked
The shit costed an arm and a leg
Can't work no job, so now you gotta beg
Cause all y'all got for bein out in the field
is handicapped stickers for your windshield
Your wife and kids was thinkin
you was dead and buried, so she got remarried
And now you sleepin in school gymnasiums
Just you and them lazy bums
At the overnight homeless shelter
Gettin one hot meal, to eat from a wheelchair
But what about baseball and apple pie?
Nigga life is a bitch and then you die

[Kam]

(No matter how much you wanna switch..)
Ain't that a bitch how they stretch out a low class citizen
You like guilty until proven innocent
Cause it's written all over your face

Skin color is enough to catch a case
To them that's like concrete evidence
So whether I did it or not has no relevance
They just want another nigga in custody
So I'm bout to take it out on a trustee
Because all I see, is a gang of black and brown faces
missin they shoelaces
Headed for the gang module
After they processed to get shit off they chest
While the high class criminal charges all get dismissed
they scar up my wrist
And do all they can to put a nigga through hell
Oh well, I guess life is a bitch

[Kam]

Ain't this a bitch, or some say female dog
To play a nigga out for some shit in a catalogue
And then move right along to the next man
If the drama can't get him, the sex can
So all day long she's plottin
Cause the nigga she had just spoiled the bitch rotten
So now she's on and straight fishin
and gotta have the keys to every fool's ignition
But it just ain't enough black men to go around
They either dead or locked down
So I can't really call 'em bitch
I guess, cause everybody wanna be rich
But that's what's happenin in the black community
Everyday, call it the games that people play
Some say human nature but
Is life a B-I-T-C-H or what?

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