

Chrisette Michele

"Black Boys Still Die"

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Feat. Lem Payne

We spend so much time worrying what care we're
driving
Yeah, I'm guilty too
What about the stuff that matters?
War, hunger, black on black crime
Black boys still die

Blood still runs deep through the pavement
To the pavement still goes down
The sons and the mommas still prays
Don't take babies away, won't you make it away
Ow, help me Lord,
He's going again and again
Black boys still die
Black boy still, they still
The game on the streets somewhere
The clouds they still got me from scared
Every momma still prays
Don't take baby away, won't you make it away

Will you make it ok, ow help me Lord
He's on again again and again
Black boys still die X 2

Black boys still die, and we wonder why X 4

Every day they walk up to war
I'm wrong, big brown soldiers
Gunning down reward em for dying
They just might believe that they're gonna do
something
But war, war, the black boys still die
Here we go
How we raising are sons?
Who's gonna speak first?

Black boys still die, black boys die
Put your hands up, sing a song
I hate it, I hate it, I really hate it

I hate it.

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