

## Lyfe Jennings "Keep Ya Head Up"

Visit "[Keep Ya Head Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Little somethin' for my godson Elijah  
And a little girl named Corinne

Some say the blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice  
I say the darker the flesh then the deeper the roots  
I give a holler to my sisters on welfare  
Tupac cares, if don't nobody else care

And uhh, I know they like to beat ya down a lot  
When you come around the block brothas clown a lot  
But please don't cry, dry your eyes, never let up  
Forgive but don't forget, girl keep your head up

And when he tells you you ain't nutting don't believe  
him  
And if he can't learn to love you you should leave him  
'Cause sista you don't need him  
And I ain't trying to gas ya up, I just call em how I see  
em

You know it makes me unhappy, what's that  
When brothas make babies  
And leave a young mother to be a pappy  
And since we all came from a woman

Got our name from a woman and our game from a  
woman  
I wonder why we take from our women  
Why we rape our women, do we hate our women?  
I think it's time to kill for our women

Time to heal our women, be real to our women  
And if we don't we'll have a race of babies  
That will hate the ladies, that make the babies  
And since a man can't make one

He has no right to tell a woman when and where to  
create one  
So will the real men get up  
I know you're fed up ladies, but keep your head up

Keep ya head up, ooo child things are gonna get easier

Ooo child things are gonna get brighter  
Keep ya head up, ooo child things are gonna get easier  
Ooo child things are gonna get brighter

Aiyyo, I remember Marvin Gaye, used to sing ta me  
He had me feeling like black was tha thing to be  
And suddenly tha ghetto didn't seem so tough  
And though we had it rough, we always had enough

I huffed and puffed about my curfew and broke the  
rules  
Ran with the local crew, and had a smoke or two  
And I realize mamma really paid the price  
She nearly gave her life, to raise me right

And all I had ta give her was my pipe dream  
Of how I'd rock the mic, and make it to tha bright  
screen  
I'm trying to make a dollar out of fifteen cents  
It's hard to be legit and still pay tha rent

And in the end it seems I'm headpin for tha pen  
I try and find my friends, but they're blowing in the  
wind  
Last night my buddy lost his whole family  
It's gonna take the man in me to conquer this insanity

It seems tha rain'll never let up  
I try to keep my head up, and still keep from getting  
wet up  
You know it's funny when it rains it pours  
They got money for wars, but can't feed the poor

Say there ain't no hope for the youth and the truth is  
It ain't no hope for tha future  
And then they wonder why we crazy  
I blame my mother, for turning my brother into a crack  
baby

We ain't meant to survive, 'cause it's a setup  
And even though you're fed up  
Huh, ya got to keep your head up

Keep ya head up, ooo child things are gonna get easier  
Ooo child things are gonna get brighter  
Keep ya head up, ooo child things are gonna get easier  
Ooo child things are gonna get brighter

And uhh, to all the ladies having babies on they own  
I know it's kinda rough and you're feeling all alone  
Daddy's long gone and he left you by ya lonesome

Thank the Lord for my kids, even if nobody else want em

'Cause I think we can make it, in fact, I'm sure  
And if you fall, stand tall and comeback for more  
'Cause ain't nutting worse than when your son  
Wants to know why his daddy don't love him no mo'

You can't complain you was dealt this  
Hell of a hand without a man, feeling helpless  
Because there's too many things for you to deal with  
Dying inside, but outside you're looking fearless

While tears, is rolling down your cheeks  
Ya steady Chopin things don't all down this week  
'Cause if it did, you couldn't take it, and don't blame me  
I was given this world I didn't make it

And now my son's gotten older and older and cold  
From having the world on his shoulders  
While the rich kids is driving Benz  
I'm still trying to hold on to my surviving friends

And it's crazy, it seems it'll never let up, but  
Please you got to keep your head up

Visit [Lyfe Jennings](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.