

Mighty Mighty Bosstones

"You Don't Have to Cry"

Visit "[You Don't Have to Cry](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus]

You don't have to cry, I know
He'll be right by your side, He'll keep you strong
Playa dry your eyes, I know
He'll pull you through these times, and help you roll on

[Antonious]

I know in time we all feelin some type of pain in His
thigh
Cryin on your side for better ways to stay closer to
Christ
Everyday its a fight against evil
Dont say that the weed said he's strong
Even though He sees the hurt in our people
Plead the blood and we carry on
I wish everybody was treated equal in this world gon
mad
I see political depression that makes me feel so sad
In the projects, souls confussed, missused by the
system
Devil gots little kids pickin up pistols
Why do you always see em playin wit missles
What happened to peace and helpin the needy
When did alot of people turn greedy
Thinkin its really hard to help somebody, when really its
just that easy
And when I look up somebody's dyin, Lord I'm tryin to
do right
And I know it ain't worth my life, dyin deep down on the
insides
Hope that you hear as I fall down to my knees and pray
for your help
Cause I know I can't do it myself, don't want to turn to
no one else
So I'm beggin you please God, can you show me the
way to salvation
Cause I'm livin in a currupt nation, and they keep
bringin temptation
Im facin so much of this world, tryin to bring me down
But I place my feet on solid ground and try to turn my
life around

I'ma get in your Word, contentacy, I'm tweakin to get
higher
So I'ma need cocaine to guide me when I get that
desire

[Chorus]

[Antonious]

When I look at these lives, and it looks like everything
might be hopeless
And I gotta get focused, before my time, oh Lord I
know this
And I look at these lives, and I wonder why my people
struggle
And all to juggle, when you're fittin pieces to the puzzle
And I look at the only thing, the mighty faced in their
path
Guess it makes no different when you're tryin to make
your future last
And I look at this system, currupted in so many ways
And I can't be trippin, so I gotta watch the way I behave
And I look at my mother, strong black women, and she
works real hard
And its like no other, and there's no color when it
comes to God
And I look at these children, 12 years old and they
sellin drugs
And I do what I can, do let them shorties know they got
that love
And I look at my sisters, some sell their bodies for that
bloat
Many don't know, there's a better place for them to go
So yeah I sow, cause I know one day I'm gon reap
So as I sleep, I pray to the Lord your soul to keep

[Chorus]

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