Tevin Campbell "Paris 1798430"

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Yeah, yeah, Paris 1798430, Paris 1798430

Ebony American heart torn in two Watching his soul disappear with no trace or clue A brother got lost livin' for the city, takin dope from the man

Ain't nowhere to run when it's from Uncle Sam

Paris 1798430, my soul's in hiding That's where a brotha be hidin' 'til he get his due Paris 1798430, my soul's in hiding Gimme a call when we can live as large as you do

Tears spill out in anger, our black is now blue Our blood can be spilled as well but it will not make the news

Unless we're taken out one by one for the wrongs we have done

What else can you live by if you die by the gun? Bang

Paris 1798430, my soul's in hiding That's where a brotha be hidin' 'til he get his due Paris 1798430, my soul's in hiding Gimme a call when we can live as large as you do

So, you know his mother will raise him You know like the best she can And uh, you know it could have been much easier You know if she had like another man

And uh, it's kinda hard being happy You know livin' on hopes and good luck And uh, it's kinda hard having pride When you ain't got bucks

Paris 1798430, my soul's in hiding My soul's in hiding, oh my soul's in hiding

When a baby cries, you know I envy his tears So little does he know of the ignorance and fear That will divide us until we are willing to change Until the cup that we drink from is the very same My soul will be hiding, my soul will be hiding Hiding, hiding, hiding, Paris 1798430 That's where a brotha be hidin' 'til he get his due Yeah, yeah,

Paris 1798430, give me a call Gimme a call when we can live as large as you do I will listen, Paris 1798430, I will listen

[Unverified]

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