

Subb

"Fast Redemption"

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You got no place to complain about those angry days
There's no fight and no war, but you're still left under
par
It's a sign of the times, there aren't no equal rights
You have trouble with decision, so you're pointing the
blame

Think of what you are, don't stand this accusation
You'll never get rest, cause there ain't no fast
redemption
Worst than you think, more than you ever thought
And you're up to your neck and you keep on being
fashioned
This is not fad, it's an emotional breakdown
And that's how you're gonna feel, when your nerves
call this shutdown
You're not gonna fight, you're not gonna rebel
Disease is in your face, and it's worse than Latrell
Sprewell!

So you're down with the truth and you take it on the
youth
Got no plan no morals and an empty self esteem
It's a sign of the times, there ain't no equal rights
You have trouble with decision, so you're pointing the
blame

Don't break your arm with a slap, tryin' a throw down
You'll wind up on your back, wishing you just had your
face down
It's shun certified, the palm is on your blind side
This is what you get, when you beg for fast redemption

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par
It's a sign of the times, there aren't no equal rights
You have trouble with decision

