

Verse

"Sons And Daughters"

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We're the sons and daughters of the poor man, the
middle class man,
Forced down to serve by the rich man's hand. This is
the perspective
Of a poor dead man's son, another kid that had to run,
another life
Struggling in the age of the gun. Running was only
temporary, I tripped
Up and I fell. I've learned from what they wanted: Silent
people living
In hell, where we're taught there's a price for every
man and a price for
Every piece of land. Thrown into a life of stagnance,
your mind's a Jail.
You're raised for profit and you were born to fail.
Sometimes stepping out
Of line and walking away from all you know is the
hardest thing to leave
Behind. A new life defined, now we can defy the
greedy men with the greenest
Of minds. We never wanted to be seen as a
commodity, I refuse to be an
Object of a vision that blinds me.
Aggression.
I gotta break the mold.
Aggression.
Never let them take control.
Aggression.
Hands in shackles, Mind's confined to a cage.
Aggression.
I won't stop until I've broken every chain.

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