

## Jocko Sims "Head Up"

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Violent aint what im trying to be  
But this violence follows me  
Never had money for a P.H.D  
Now I get money when i make these beats  
Give to my hood, Renovate these streets  
Speak from my heart motivate my peeps  
Everyday i struggle trying to find some peace  
Never had shit, Never be shit  
But i keep my head up  
Nigga gotta get that cheese  
Livin a dream  
Its alright  
But it aint all good, We misunderstood  
So bound to repeat the same ol things  
Same ol ghetto 20" rims on on the whip, gold chains,  
and a Diamond Ring  
Smoking that shit, selling crack cocaine  
Tattoo's of the dead homies  
Mostly poor broke and lonley  
Never made it past the age of 18  
Thats why brothers like me get locked up, Man just live  
shackled, In handcuffs pants saggin  
Packed up in the back of the wagon, Dawg get off me,  
Your killin me softly, Brush it off me, Speak like I know  
But I gotta go  
5-0, wanna freeze my pay roll (oh)  
Its unlikely that i do the right thing like Spike, Nigga's  
too caught up  
Look at all us, Want to ball up  
to the club, in the mall up, till we fall up  
Im lost trying to find my way back home  
I've been gone for way too long,  
I was a king, now im back claim my throne  
my black pain and my black family that I was taken  
from

-Verse 2-

Always dreamin, Tired of scheming, Theres no hope  
for me  
I'm born to struggle, That's the only way I see  
I just wanna do right

The Lord gave me this life  
Everyday is a fight  
But I still keep my head high

-Chorus-

Head up  
Nigga gotta get that cheese  
Livin a dream  
Its alright  
But it aint all good, We misunderstood  
So bound to repeat the same ol things  
Same ol ghetto 20" rims on on the whip, gold chains,  
and a Diamond Ring  
Smoking that shit, selling crack cocaine  
Tattoo's of the dead homies man  
(Uh)  
No time to think, Take a deep breath don't forget to  
speak  
Pray to the Lord my life to keep, Been through a lot of  
trouble way too deep  
Down in my soul but I gotta flow speak  
what I know always be quick, Never too slow  
Trying to tell nigga's how to run the show, How to do  
well, How to blow up  
Nigga grow up, Throw your hands up, If you feel me  
Po-po's out still trying to kill me  
The real me's, just still wondering why I have to try  
At God I cry  
Doing the very best I can,  
I'm the man, Nigga yes I am Nigga  
That I am, Nigga gotta be proud  
gotta be loud, Never be quiet

(But)Violent aint what im trying to be  
But this violence follows me  
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## Chorus

(Yeahhhhh)  
(Ooohhh)  
(Yeah, Yeah)  
(Oh,Keep your head up, Oh,Keep your head up)  
(Oh)  
(Keep your head up)  
(Oh)  
(Keep your head up)  
(Yeah)  
(Ooo)  
  
(Yeah)  
(Yeeeahhh)

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