

Jon Connor "True Colors"

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Until The day we touch the sky, Most of my niggas gettin high, I feel you like... Most of my niggas gettin high, We ridin like...

Verse 1: I guess I was the one that you could call not... the world full of smokey mirrors, world full of broken mirrors, we hurtin like open blisters, little brother that didn't know his sister, world colder than the coldest winters, this world is so backwards we don't know our own potential, we could change the world but then you say, I'm in no position, sometime you just need a ear, but aint nobody there to listen, So I can't just hold you pencil, and be like I don't know them niggas, that's like rationalizin with a killer cus he didn't know his victims, passion that I just can't hide, hurt but it just aint mine, knowing my neighborhood aint always look that way outside, it's like they bored with us, elementary schools get boarded up, highschoools gettin boarded up, instead of warnin us, they ignorin us, i'm, livin my vision with my eyes closed, my dream, struggle aint always what is seems, I tell my people, to play this song for the day that you can't take it, but always rest assure you gonna make it, but until then, (Chorus)

What up lost girl, trapped in this lost world, outside my window does it resemble what people have fought for, i'm prepared for this to be the song you skip cus we can all admit we call it quits but we don't wanna hear, we wanted shit, Little girl all of 6, livin room talkin shit, momma told her shut her mouth, she turned around and called her bitch, laughter filled the room, they think it's cute until she's 22, dropped outta school, cus you didn't fix the problem that's in front of you, fuckin dudes, havin babys, like it's a requirement, it aint her that's gettin fucked, It's the whole enviroment, she intement with dudes, she tell em it don't feel right, now she, pregnant before she even know what sex is suppose to feel like, we turn our heads to lost young men, like it's the usual, and talk about, what we shoulda did at his funeral, aint that a bitch, we hipocrits, guess with me it's hit or miss, we slaves to our own ignorance, my people feel this shit, (Chorus)

See I done seen too many people go before their time,
that's why I can't just write no bullshit in every line, I
speak my mind because theres far too many of us
dyin, say it's too late to change the world but aint
nobody tryin, and If I don't sell at least I die with a clear
conscience, too scared to take a stand, ya'll just stand
around watchin, this shit i'm seein on the tube and I just
can't accept it, cus if I do then my daughter will be 16
and pregnant, and i'm aware that words can be used
as a weapon, you wanna see some ass, then let me see
some cash, think that shit aint connected, this shit is all
without a question, but talk is cheap, so the least you
could do is pay attention, and if rescension, i'm not a
consciouse rapper, I'm a rapper with a conscience, and
all i want is progress, if you could help me with this
process, i'm, just a human i'm just famous on the side,
now let me see them hands in the sky, yeah yeah yeah
yeah...
(Chorus)

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