

## Phat Chance "Inkstains"

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Bring that beat in sound the drums,  
The single finger in the air amidst a thousand thumbs,  
Hitchhiking out of here on the back of a truck;  
My message is the snare drowning out the pounding  
toms;

IãfÂçâ, ã™ m not the same shit youãfÂçâ, ã™ ve  
heard before;  
My heart is the beat on the first and fourth;  
Hip-hop isnãfÂçâ, ã™ t dead this is urban law;  
WeãfÂçâ, ã™ ll drag that horse to water and make it  
thirst for more;

Turn that trickle to a stream and that stream to a  
geyser;  
Our dreams are the fire thatãfÂçâ, ã™ ll burst it forth  
Break dance on the soap box the curb has formed;  
Music is our white flag on an earth at war;

Discontent is the anvil where these words are formed;  
The fuel on the fire that you burnt this for;  
This song goes out to those whoãfÂçâ, ã™ ve heard  
the call;  
If the law serves the rich then weãfÂçâ, ã™ ll serve  
the poor;

Every face in this crowd has an ear for the sound,  
And an eye on our way, way, down;  
Every fist in the air, waving it like they cared;  
That our people are weighed, weighed down;

Everybody at the stage, who can catch my gaze,  
Just to tell me that theyãfÂçâ, ã™ re weighed,  
weighed down;  
By every minute of the day that we day that we waste;  
Not changing our ways,

Drop that beat out, settle the groove in;  
IãfÂçâ, ã™ ll do what I gotta do to get you to tune in;  
My inner childãfÂçâ, ã™ s off cutting sick on the  
mood swings;  
But playground tactics are the reason I do this;

Aint it sick that we hide from the truth,  
Till advice on a loop makes us look past the movie  
screen;  
All these films about aliens and space ships,  
Might amaze kids, who forget that their the  
future's bleak;

Alright, yeah we're kind of on a losing  
streak,  
But won't forget a victory for a few defeats;  
at least;  
Racism isn't even what it used to be;  
The man can barely even draw that gap between blue  
and green;

And though I do complain we aren't truly  
free;  
We are still who we choose to be;  
We are still when we move to a beat;  
So when they ask why, I'll tell them I choose  
to speak;

Every face in this crowd has an ear for the sound,  
And an eye on our way, way, down;  
Every fist in the air, waving it like they cared;  
That our people are weighed, weighed down;

Everybody at the stage who can catch my gaze,  
Just to tell me that they're weighed,  
weighed down;  
By every minute of the day that we waste;  
Not changing our ways,

For every head I offend with the lyrics I take down;  
Or women I've loved who might break  
down;  
For all my family and friends, I hope we stand to the  
end;  
I can't edit a word it's too late  
now;

For every face in the crowd, that I make proud,  
Cause we've all taken hits but  
won't stay down;  
I might never say I'm great, but  
I'm grateful,  
Cause I don't believe that a king would ever  
wear that fake crown;

Every face in this crowd has an ear for the sound,

And an eye on our way, way, down;  
Every fist in the air, waving it like they cared;  
That our people are weighed, weighed down;

Everybody at the stage, who can catch my gaze,  
Just to tell me that they're weighed,  
weighed down;  
By every minute of the day that we waste;  
Not changing our ways,

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