

Cultured Pearls

"Lady Sings the Blues"

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[sung]

Please lift us up where we belong
All this time we're holdin on
Lift us up where we belong
Cuz life takes over like a spawn

[Dom Pachino]

Mastermind, holdin through crimes
Seen my fams Hill and Pah lowered in the ground
Hold my crown, hold my nine
Me and mama down ya shine, waited too long
The year is mine, the time is now
What, where, and how, ain't a question
Life's a lesson, filled with choices - trust and
depression
Smokin 'ja and lime green shit, to ease my tension
My rap sheet is long as soldier's gun possession
Not to mention, spittin in mics; the kid's profession
Movin crowds give my dick the, hardest erection
Clouds of smoke, burners and shit, that's for protection
When no vest can save, when it's time for ya grave
All the, dirt that I did, all the pain that I gave
All the whylin out I did when my earth said "behave"
All them, niggaz I stuck on my hungry-ass days
All them, drugs that I slung with intent to get paid
was for the better things in life - somethin I felt I
deserved
Nobody else gon' feed me, I'd be kicked to the curb
Buy my mom a castle and land deep in the suburb'
She a strong and intelligent woman, that's how she get
served
But depended on the next man isn't part of my plan
Try an sell me a dream, put some CREAM in my hand
Wanna garuntee me numbers on your weekly
soundscan
Try an, smile in my face while you shakin my hand
Regardin business and shit, but wanna shit on my man
Terror is here, Terrorist the powerful man
I let the land sing the blues with a guitar in her hand...

[sung]

...all this time we're holdin on
Lift us up where we belong
Cuz life takes over like a spawn

[9th Prince]

Yo, yo, aiyyo, aiyyo
My mind flashed back to memory lane
I felt adrenaline rush through my veins
Blood stain, +Major Payne+ like Damon Wayans
PR Terrorist leg got hit
It ricocheted and 4th Disciple arm had split
I ran like the Bionic Man, western stance
General Y's dillinger, just jammed in his hand
Bullets on the loose, shells rip through my feathered
goose
We at war now, like Desert Storm troops
Somehow I escaped like Attica inmates
Dodgin jakes, pushin weight on Shaolin and upstate
Mentally slave - for righteousness I crave
I plan to be wise and refuse to dig my own grave
Back in the days, of Adam and Eve
I was in the Garden of Eden rollin trees from leaves
Nowadays niggaz be dying from a virus called Stress
Disease
In New York, everybody screamin they Bloods and
Darks
Remember thugs that'd love to send me straight to the
morgue
Sometimes I feel like my life is going in circles
Record labels be tryna jerk you
Cross my line I'll try to murder you
Guilliani got thugs on a curfew - it's real, like TMF
Everybody grab they steel, we build at will
And save the children for real, for real...

[Islord talking]

Aiyyo, it's like
I remember my old earth G..
It used to be - me, her and my grand earth in the bed
Knowwhatl'mean? One room apartment type joint
Roaches all in ya shit... yaknow
It's like I'ma flash back right now
Me and my physical.. I love that nigga
We was co-defendants...

Yo, my mind flashes back to '82 when I was 7
Short, light-skinned, curly-head, startin trouble
Young God, in the schoolyard
Never kept my laces tied, shirt tucked inside
Never abided by the rules that I had to
Me and my physical was on some - quick to snatch the

Cash Rule

From a flashy, analog nigga in the projects
Know Latrenze pour weight outta state
And front, with they big boys in the summertime
Cuz we was on some, crimetime all year 'round
Tacklin pockets, tearin chains offa necks
Straight up disrespectful ways and actions
Towards any man or female - cuz the life that I live and
tell
Is identical compared to no one
And I'll be damned if I have to show one...

[sung]

Please lift us up where we belong
All this time we're holdin on
Lift us up where we belong
Until the Army drops the bomb...

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