

## Scarface

### "Next Generation"

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Hold on now, don't die now, be strong now

He said, "I was born a crack baby  
In a plastic bag in the alley  
Raised in a foster home  
With no mother to love and I never knew my papi"  
Back in the days of Bobby McFerrin  
Used to sing, "Don't worry, be happy"  
Lord how can I be happy  
When I don't even know my own family tree Lord?

We are the next generation, we ain't scared to die  
The only thing I fear is the after life  
'Cuz I don't know what's there on the other side  
But I pray the Lord forgives me, gives me one more try

Gang poppin' things, doin' drive-by's and angers  
Kids goin' to school puttin' fears in their teacher  
The teacher let them know that it ain't all good  
'Cuz the gang was created to protect the  
neighborhood, now  
All you red now, all you blue now  
All you yellow now, follow me now  
To that place of righteousness  
Where the only thing that matters is your  
consciousness, he said

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In my father's kingdom there are many mansions  
All the rooms are free, there is no tax collection  
I can see Biggie, Tupac, Moses and Abraham  
Jason, the one and two's, jammin' with the sun of man

I've been kicked, I've been stabbed  
I've been shot, I've been [Incomprehensible] by a  
Person that I thought I trusted, where I live  
It's a war at the cribs, walk with a strap

Myself 'cos I don't want nobody's son on my back  
My mind playin' tricks [Incomprehensible], to really  
Me out in five unless I take another hit  
I done seen the sunset on the other side of town  
Now I'm driftin' in the darkness, Heaven hold me down

[Incomprehensible] but I know I'm born dyin'  
Feel the tears of the angels lookin' down on me cryin'  
For a lyin' ass but yo forgive us in a while  
And I'm sorry, never let me forget that I'm your child  
While I'm locked up in this basement starin' eye to eye  
with Satan  
In this cold dark world with no patience  
We get plotted on by agents with talks of replacin'  
The Africans, Jamaicans and the Haitians in this next  
generation

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Whoa, we the next generation, look at what we facin'  
The kids raise themselves, all kind of temptation  
Flowers and candles decoratin' all the pavements  
No, the perpetrator ain't seein' no arrangements  
Nobody cares about the feelings of the poor  
Many suffer while we spendin' eighty billion on a war,  
uh  
Cuttin' school budgets, U.S. stockmarket plummets  
Condition's only worse and I wonder what become it

Metal detectors replace music classes  
Angry little kids wanna beat their teacher's asses  
The red and blue's, somebody gotta lose  
Reality TV be reality for who  
I don't question what the Lord found in me  
I just pass it on to folks with no boundaries  
Got a long road ahead of us, AIDS already gettin' us  
Now we got stars, how many will there be left of us?

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