

Bless 1

"The Hunger"

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Verse 1:

Honest to God, I 'm trying my hardest, bear with me
The load of million merchants, is what I carry with me
Daylight escapes me, leaves me in the cool of the night
Closing my eyes, now I'm streaming like a student in flight
I'm on a quest to make an imprint
Before the repossessors of my inner essence are swiftly sent
To drag me off in the abyss
Where loved ones that's missed infinitely reside
Cast light upon the struggle whether free or inside
Prison walls where they stuff you, try to muffle your cries - but,
It's just the hunger displayed in different ways
While some wait, others take the plate
Scrape the plate then shatter it on the ground
Pieces fly into the eyes of witnesses all around
The impact alone creates a rippling sound (sound)
'Til it's heard around the globe so cops lower it down (down)
By adjusting the volume of poor people in town (town)
But it can never be drowned as long as our stomach pounds with the hunger

"You looked up those guys that sell dope on the corner
You look up to those guys that can ride a Mercedes or a BMW in the community
You see all the cash that's rolling around and the little youngsters
are looking up to them and wondering,
what..how..when am I going to be up there."

Verse 2:

They say the goons carry heavy in June
Making the block boil like a heroine spoon
Chi-town where the winters are cold as Siberia
It takes more than inches of snow to cool the temperature

Stuffing our face, never thought about grace
Sounds great if you've already ate, but we can't relate
Taught by police, thieves and ministers
Praise the dollar and chase it in ways sinister
Deep speeches are lost without a listener
It's hard to open ears of the deaf in my perimeter
'Cuz a stomach that growls is more powerfully loud
Than the voice calming it down
And you ain't gotta live in the Chi to understand the
schematics
Bred havoc here for a long while
Influencing my peers and then they start to clown
Run streets until we can't keep up, passing the crown
Off to the youth, suited with flames in their eyes now
But it can never be drowned as long as our stomach
pounds with the hunger.

"It's going to be a little, you know, like you don't know
whether you should or shouldn't, but you know that the
pressure's on and you better do it."

"From generation to generation we've been taught,
'Oh, going to jail is fun'
You come out, you come as a hero. Our kids don't have
no heroes."

"I always wanted good things. I'm addicted, you know
I'm addicted to money. I got to have money all the
time."

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