

Brand Nubian f/ Aisha Mike

"Ooh Child"

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[Chorus 2x: Aisha Mike] Ooh child, things are gonna get easier Ooh child, thing's get brighter [Sadat X]
Yeah, now why they so worried about going to Mars
When there's a million black seeds in Africa who starve?
Mad people over here keep losing they jobs
Half the hood in the ground, and the rest behind bars
We want the money, the ice, the crib and the cars Yo,
the sky's the limit, so reach for the stars But be careful
of the choices you make, watch the snakes Know who
keep it real and who keep it real fake And if you ever
fall, you find out who's your friend You got to brush the
dirt off then you get back up again Uh, and then you
get back up And when you back up on your game,
watch them pop back up Now with friends like that,
nigga, who needs enemies? Me grab the mic and spit
bullshit? Nigga, please I ain't trying to shovel bullshit
through your system I'm only trying to drop some
jewels, I hope you listen, so [Chorus 2x: Aisha Mike
(Grand Puba)] Ooh child, things are gonna get easier
(When you caught up in the struggle and you just trying
to get it right) Ooh child, thing's get brighter (Bust ya
ass everyday cuz you wanna live a better life) Ooh
child, things are gonna get easier (If you focused) Ooh
child, thing's get brighter (Stay on your grind, it's not
hopeless) [Lord Jamar] Aiyo, why you looking so sad,
it's not that bad Things could be worse, you could have
a toe-tag So wipe away your tears, and just be glad
you're here You had worse things in life that you had to
bare A soft spot in my heart, so I had to care I couldn't
stand by, watch a grown man cry So I offer my
condolence, and told him To stand on his feet and walk
to his destiny I'm never gonna let these muthafuckas
get the best of me Addressing me, put up a fight or,
put up your life Put up or shut up, when you put up a
price I'm not a gambling man, so I put up the dice I like
control in the odds and, holding the cards They
brought drugs to the hood and they got sold to the
Gods But still through it all, we refuse to submit And
that's why we choose to spit real shit, like [Chorus]
[Grand Puba] Time stand still on a day that's slow Bills
piled up on the living room floor Hard to work it out

when it's only just me Even with the glasses, feel like I
can't see Some days on my budget, I can't even cop
trees They trying to break the God, and bring you down
to my knees Combined with these is the fact that my
daughter's far away That's why I speak to her daily so I
know that she's ok But don't pity on your boy, cuz I be
aight But everything come to light, and everyday'll be
bright And ya mind and your body is solved And the
problems won't seem to harm in your mental And
A.S.P.'s in your residential, that's the cause Of
celebrating, where the babies could grow And you ain't
gotta lock your doors, told to Elimination of wars,
where the diseases of the world is just a bygone
[Chorus] [Aisha Mike] Some day, we'll put it together
and we'll get it all done Some day, your head is much
wider Some day, we'll walk in the wings of a beautiful
sun Some day, then the rays is much brighter [Chorus]

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