

Whitney Houston F/ Brandy

"White Man's Burden"

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* - one of 5 new releases on this "Greatest Hits" album

[First Verse]

My fore fathers was bought and sold, raped and
sodomized
Now after eight hundred years you decide to apologize
Apology not accepted, too late for repentin'
Time to ride, homicide to William Clinton
That ass rippin', penetrated with baseball bats
Shoot him up with heroin and get him hooked on crack
Black folks been sufferin' in the United States
These United Snakes got us in divided States
Shell-shocked, Hell's got to be here on Earth
In the ghetto circumstances can't get no worse
Certain chances we takin' to survive, we got no choices
So we rappin' hopin' we can make it happen with our
voices
I was too smart for football, too short for hoops
So I rode with the Crips and cliques thick with troops
X-Raided them tricks hated but I don't give a fuck
Uneducated bitches don't realize they stuck
You're oblivious to the fact that your life is hideous
We're holdin' our own and we don't need you to pity us
Plus, we got our own kind holdin' us down
Those who sold their souls, but it'll be cold
When we catch you, I bet you'll receive the death
sentence
Turnin' racist generals into pulp non-fiction
Circumcision the "G" way
Murder the D.A.
Hit 'em with hollow slugs, show him no lee-way

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

It's too late for apologies fuck your sorrow
Doin' it one day at a time yellin' "Fuck tomorrow!"
In the streets it's crack, guns, and infected bitches
Genocide on the down-low, the White Man's wishes

[Second Verse]

My father figures was Arnold "Schwarzanigga" and Sly
Styllone

Puttin' visions of murder in a nigga's dome, early on
I grew up, watchin' Al Pacino and Nino Brown
Tarentino is the one who let me know how to put it down
Television created a gang of niggas like me
We learned how to kill at home watchin' T.V.
It poisoned my mind as a youth
Introduced me to money, mayhem, and murder, I'm
the product it produced
Let me loose to prowl, now they sayin' I'm a killer
Cuz European ideology's all about the scrilla
Ain't y'all feelin' the devastation you're causin' the
Earth?
Steady exploitin' the milk of this bitch for all that it's
worth
When it's ready to blow up, they gone leave this World
and go on to Mars
Leave us torn and everybody up will be reachin' for
stars
Why my people so caught up in money, cars, and
bitches?
Don't you realize, you're fulfillin' the White Man's
wishes?

[Chorus]

[Third Verse]

Lord forgive for all the blood that his body bled
And all the tears that his Mommy shed
The book says "Thou Shalt Not Kill", but I've seen more
blood spill
Than all them vets on Hamburger Hill
It's real post war syndrome
I went to see my homie but his Mama told the homie
been gone
And every time I turn around, it's a body on the ground
Fresh gun shot wounds, but he didn't hear a sound
When he came out the womb, nobody told him he
would be dead so soon
The gauge went BOOM
It's America, I know you got a cure for AIDS
We need a cure for rage, on the rampage
Can you feel it? The tension's in the air thick
And hate got me so high I'm gettin' airsick
You got my people broke, lookin' for a buck to borrow
Doin' it one day at a time, FUCK TOMORROW!
Fuck your song!
I want revenge! I got a beretta named Vendetta
Time to answer for your sins nigga
And when you meet your creator tell him I said, "I
apologize"
But I gotta ride...

[Chorus] - repeat til' fade

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