

## Shyheim

### "Manchild"

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F/ Poppa Wu, Tekitha

[Poppa Wu]

I'm a manchild born in the promised land  
Captain of my destiny, guidin my faith through the  
turbulence of life  
See, in order to be who you are, you've got to know who  
you are  
In order to get to where you want to go,  
You've got to know from where you came  
Say, it was Malcolm X who said,  
"A man who doesn't have nothin to stand up for  
Will fall for any god damn thing!"

[Shyheim]

I walk with a gat...

Damn, my face drop tears, it's like nobody cares  
I swear, life ain't fair, sometimes I wanna disappear  
Only Blahzay Blah' got mad gray hairs, I'm a young old  
man  
What part of Shit Iz Real don't you understand?  
Twin got murdered, caught one to the temple  
\*gunshot\*  
You ain't been what I been through, Can It Be All So  
Simple?  
I got bad nerves, it's absurd, I'm disturbed  
So, I suggest you watch the words that you blurb  
Out your mouth, or it'll be a shoot out  
I leave you stretched out, I'm thugged, inside and out  
And it ain't by choice  
I'm screamin out loud for love (AHHHH!), do anybody  
hear my voice?  
Pardon the noise, I'm just a black ghetto boy  
Went through the rain and pain, where's the sunshine  
and joy?  
I can't seem to find it, trapped in the black cloud  
Watchin my life go down, to hide the suffer when I  
smile

[Chorus: Tekitha]

Running these streets can be so... trying these trying  
times...

Manchild in the promised land, who of you will  
understand?

Running these streets can be so... trying these trying  
times...

Manchild in the promised land, hey-ay...

[Shyheim]

My aunt died from AIDS, I watched here deteriorate  
She told me fuckin wit drugs, was her biggest mistake  
Put my moms on to it, stickin needles in her veins  
Bein sons of addicts, yo, me and Cane the same  
We packed bags at BathMart, we both humped Tamika  
We used to go to the pool, just to steal kid's sneakers  
Rocked cut-off beepers, wore old clothes for Easter  
Shit was so real, we had to split a slice of pizza  
I was born at six months, damn, premature  
My moms birthed a thug like, Afeni Shakur  
I'm surprised I ain't crazy, from the bug shit I saw  
I caught my mother buyin crack on the first floor  
I never thought I'd be in a cell, smokin the NewPort  
With all sorts of thoughts, runnin through my mind  
Know I ain't leavin, caught, D.A. took it, jail time  
I glanced at my mom's eyes, she lookin like she wanna  
cry

[Chorus 2x]

[Shyheim]

They say I'm an accident waitin to happen, G  
Miss Sand from the first floor said she gon' pray for me  
She had a bad dream, that they, murdered me  
I said, "Miss, truthfully, I don't believe in dreams"  
Hope is miles away, from where I stay  
Who knows the way? Pssshhh... should I pay  
For the directions? My whole family's in correction  
Fake friends half-steppin, I'm stressin, and some  
question  
Can I trust you? Uh-huh, then I love you  
Yea, if not, straight up and down, fuck you  
Bottomline, real people do real things  
Play your position... (running these streets can be so...)

[Chorus to fade]

[Poppa Wu in background of chorus]

You see, it's like this  
You've got to plan your work and work your plan  
Cuz seein who fails the plan, plans the fail  
Execute your strategy and seize your goal

Cuz see, persistence overcomes resistance  
Peace

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