

Downsyde

"Lesfortunate"

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[Chorus] {X2}

We won't stop
Give an ode to those on the drop
Party hip hop on the block we rock
Lose your troubles to the soul of the song

[Verse 1: Dazastah]

A getaway filled with mansions and Beemers
Platinum change rims and small life cleaners
Strugglers and street kids, people with three jobs
just to get by, that's why we write these songs
It ain't for pimps, rich kids or conservatives
for the family man avoiding the taxman burning 'em
This is a spark for the children in the dark
When cancer comes and tells 'em you gotta depart
I know we can't be the shinings up for most
But listen close, I wanna give you some hope
Dedicating this to the less fortunate
Burn CD's of my shit if you can't afford it
My heart goes out to those born into poverty
That's why I say fuck those who don't share their
monopoly
Watching kids starve to death
You got the power to feed 'em but you eat more
success

[Hook]

Ooooooooo... "It hurts, it hurts so bad"
Ooooooooo... "oh yeah yeah"
Ooooooooo... "It hurts, it hurts so bad"
Oooooooooooooooooo...

[Chorus] {X2}

[Verse 2: Optamus]

The lesfortunate kid, not afford it to live
He's hungary wondering when his world will overfall in
He's been living on the street since the age of 16
Sniffing on the chrome and hitting the Toluene
When they see him pass it by, an older passes by
So didn't even give a shit or ever wanna know why

They say "lock him up!" (lock him up)
But I'll tell you all this
I make music for these kids, not these yuppy arse
pricks
His dad kicked him outta home, he's got no mum
Didn't even know her bum-bitch(?), he died too young
And these politicians often just be topping the
competition
Not worried about the kids - It's just a business
Well this is for you, for the struggling youth
When you're hitting rock bottom and there's nothing
you can do
So to you (so to you), and anyone in life
I dedicate this to the people who fell on hard times

[Turntabalism/Scratches: DJ Armee]

[Verse 3: Shahbaz]

Third world famine while the rich live extravagant
From Kings and Queens, to poor peasants
The commoners to the lowest denominator
Ruled our lives by evil dictators
Developing countries in extreme debt
When the IMF gives then takes triple interest
Now that's taking more than your share
Got too many clothes when children run bare
Have a look at your plate, next time you eat
Stand up next time you take a seat
Think about the ones who lose their sons to wars
They don't wanna fight by some countries
preach theifs then ignore laws
Draw their guns all amped
The Lesfortunate couldn't give a damn
Would you be worried if you had nothing to lose
Nothing to gain, nothing to prove
Fighting for a little pride left in your name
If I was frustrated I'd be doing the same
Dropping the bomb and be killing your fame

Oooooooooo...

[Chorus] {X2}

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