

## Stroke 9

### "All We Got Left is the Beat"

Visit "[All We Got Left is the Beat](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Intro)

Ey, ey, check it out homie  
man, you need to get up out of this spot man  
and get a job man before you get smoked man  
(yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah son...)  
I know you don't wanna hear it man  
but, ey, man, wait, hold up loc. you got company man  
(where's my guns?)

(\*Gunshot\*)

(LL Cool J)

When I'm ridin' on the street I hear gunshots (rare  
shots)  
(swear) crack niggas cause they moms missed flips  
So black man really care about politics  
In the ninety's, our governments so slick  
I watch CNN sometimes and I realize  
they're playin' tricks on my mind  
They want a man to work with his hands  
Too young to die, and they don't give a damn  
Rare-momma got down on her knees  
But not no more, god damn it, I make cheese  
I'm on the move and I'ma show and prove  
you might cry to my political groove  
Rest in peace, Sauce Brothers underneath  
I love you to death while my beats' like a reef  
In the middle of the night on the city streets  
The only thing we got left is the beat

(Chorus: LL Cool J)

All we got left is the beat, is the beat, yo  
All we got left is the beat, huh, give it to me  
All we got left is the beat, the beat, yo  
All we got left is the beat, uh

(LL Cool J)

Who brings guns into the USA?  
And then makes sure that they come around the way  
Gain the points until the whole race traps  
And teach up my woman that she should call up the

cops

The projects are hell, wait a, minute  
There's nothin' we do but ride on top of an elevator  
Say the clubs, I can't get a job  
Mouth to feed, somebody's gettin' robbed  
I ain't worked, but I ain't workin' for crumbs  
You ever seen a man-shelter?  
Check out the bombs!!!  
Brother of pain, their whole lives are over  
They spent every dime tryin' not to be sober  
And all the ladies got bags of clothes  
They'll be your long lost momma, one never knows  
The streets are like a nightmare  
While the presidents secretary is chillin' in his leather  
chair

(Chorus: LL Cool J)

All we got left is the beat, is the beat, yo  
All we got left is the beat, give it to me  
All we got left is the beat, the beat, yo  
All we got left is the beat, uh

(LL Cool J)

Lemon to a lime, lime to a lemon  
When you need a toga-black, hire black linen  
Your rippers' man applause when he can't get a job  
He gets up all of his family and feels like a slob  
The black women don't understand  
Cause they don't realize what it is to be a black man  
In the mornin', a brother feels like a jerk  
Seein' black women and white men go to work  
So all women fear, the brothers ain't real  
Cause they won't give us no jobs, that's the real deal  
Hold my hand while I get it all together  
They don't deserve me at times of bad weather  
Cause I'ma make it out the concrete walls  
And there's another way besides basketball  
Let me go, let me do what I do  
I'm red, black and green, then red, white and blue

(Chorus: LL Cool J)

All we got left is the beat, is the beat, yo  
All we got left is the beat, give it to me  
All we got left is the beat, is the beat, yo  
All we got left is the beat, uh, give it to me

(LL Cool J)

Ridin' in the street you can feel the city heat  
A little bit of grass and a whole lot of concrete  
Creepin' - I'm standin' on the corner  
And you can get robbed if you wanna

Paybacks a mother on the street  
You're seein' gold teeth, ya hearin' funky beats  
Brothers ride by real slow  
You get leary when they got tinted windows  
Sittin' on the steps with a blunt  
I'm drinkin' Valentine, I wasn't raised up front  
My Aunt Ellie always talked about God  
Tell me you never cried cause its so hard  
Government got a hell of a plan  
But word is born they ain't destroyin' this black man

(Chorus: LL Cool J)

All we got left is the beat, is the beat, yo  
All we got left is the beat, give it to me  
All we got left is the beat, is the beat, yo  
All we got left is the beat, uh, give it to me  
All we got left is the beat, is the beat, yo  
All we got left is the beat, huh, give it to me  
All we got left is the beat, the beat, yo  
All we got left is the beat, uh, give it to me

Visit [Stroke 9](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.