

**Erykah Badu & Bob Marley****"Be All You Can Be"**

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[Silkk] [Fiend]

Yo, it's ya boy Silkk. Hey, hey. (?) Know what I'm sayin?  
I got Fiend and Mac in here. These soldiers, warriors  
Know what I'm sayin? And survivors know but  
We're in serious times.

[Chorus - Fiend]

I said all our soldiers in the streets  
Life ain't always guaranteed  
(There's no guarantee)  
Some of this aimed for you and me  
But it's a ghetto war  
So be all you can be

[Fiend]

That's why your big brother Fiend gon holler  
And I really meant, I don't wanna be here if I don't gotta  
Not tryin to discourage, a lotta  
But look in my eyes  
Even though we camouflaged I can't disguise the pain  
we got  
inside  
That's why I ride all night  
Smokin till I can't smoke no more  
Wanna forget some of the shit we saw  
With that old dirty four oh  
Wanna give money to the poor folk  
But got one eighty and one quarter  
Splitin that three ways  
That's between my momma, sister and her daughter

[Chorus] X 2

[Mac]

This life shit is way so serious  
Don't wanna question you Lord, but I'm so curious  
I sleep amongst killers I don't know who to trust  
I meet beucoup bitches and now it's cool to fuck  
I made it from nothin to havin little change  
Now niggas in my hood they look at me strange  
I live for the moment cuz I'm afraid of my future

Don't let me die, oh Lord why  
I look myself in my eyes and I see why thugs cry  
Shell shocked, I get that from my pops  
And he told me keep it cocked, so I keep it cocked  
Life is but a dream and we all seein  
And if seein is believin, don't wake me up this evening  
Woah!

[Chorus] X 2

[Silkk]

All I know, is I don't wanna go  
But I don't wanna be here either  
If I gotta be here killin and sellin dope  
The world is a ghetto  
And I be wonderin if y'all could be feelin my pain  
Tryin to put it down the best way I know how  
When I'm gone y'all can remember my name  
If I die tomorrow, don't be sorry  
Let it be known I told the truth  
And never know what's gon happen when I'm done  
rappin  
Doin my song, in this booth  
And if I die, tell P he keeps my legacy alive  
My chance was slim  
And if it had to happen, let it be known  
I'm glad it happened to me, instead of them  
Now desperate times call for desperate measures  
Ain't no pleasure in killin  
Ain't no pleasure either in going without feedin for  
weeks  
Have you ever had that feeling?  
No guarantees, Lord please, can't bring back the past  
Can't buy time either, so I guess what's the use of havin  
cash?  
And look now, penitentiary's packed  
With niggas who had dreams to be rich  
Man spend a little bit, have a little something  
Dead men can't spend shit  
I'll trade some of this money for this pain  
Trade some of this money for this fame  
P nigga you think it's easy dog  
But it ain't cuz I been with you throughout this game

[Mo B Dick]

I thought we could flip keys together  
I thought we could make g's together  
Now I know what's going on  
I gotta make these dollars all night long  
I thought you saw the bigger picture  
How could you betray your closest nigga?

How can I ever trust you again?  
Tell me, man

[Silkk]  
Yo Fiend, yo Mac.  
It's real.  
Gotta be able to do it.  
So many niggas wanna see you fall dog.  
We gon ball y'all, for real.

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