

## **Fleetwood Mac F/ Sting**

### **"Keep Your Head Up"**

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[Verse 1-Kola]

Let me go back, reflex scenario's of livin the life  
Circumstances that it hances times of struggle and  
strife  
Realizin what's the key to the game  
But seven deadly sins commince the huver over and  
rain  
1976 shovelin shit for eleven  
A beautiful black queen until birth I was givin  
No man no plan circumstances still repeat  
To beat the poverty and deceit you must cheat  
Exposed to worldly things what brings settleness it  
seems  
But in the end loneliness and heartache controls the  
scene  
Baggy jeans and t-shirt plus my feet hurt  
Tryna get off some work, baby daddy is a squirt  
Homie's tellin me to ride but my son comes first  
Single mother on the struggle so I'm puttin in work  
Time to focus on my life cause I'm livin in sync  
Sufferin in this world we in, end

[Chorus:-Kokane]

It's not the way I planned it, naw  
This life we livin sometimes ain't fair  
Keep your head up you'll make it, yeah  
If at times you feel your nobody  
Just reach inside I know you can achieve

[Verse 2-Conyiac]

Sometimes devilish thoughts seems to journey threw  
my mental  
Bad intensions purposely and mistakes can be  
accidental  
Some decisions made that I regret and can't deny it  
Life's about chance takin, I'm neck breakin just to try it  
My toe in the door smash right now I done stepped in  
Miscommuncatin took the lead (what I got myself in?)  
You the???? in the beginning as usual always  
Then it escalate to the conflict and brawl stage  
The wrong page of the book that had my heart shook

Now I read it closer to the end and took my last look  
Mind thinkin detects," I can't get another job"  
But hard feelins it won't be the same I love only one  
Even though it hurts, I move in right treatment  
mandetel  
He learn from you from the next(got my game tight up  
for me)  
It's all good, shake and peace, catch you in traffic on  
the streets  
Somethin plan to happen, i'm over it done beat the heat

[Chorus]

[Verse 3-Big Chan]

I gotta question, why all the real nigga's get killed?  
And leave these busta's on these streets, meet up at  
Swat Meet's  
We concrete slaves, and now you got beef?  
Face to face wit gang banger's, Dogg Angels, we street  
politicer's  
Consider us bitch nigga killa's  
I low ride, I smoke, I take a look at my life  
It's my life, I pull out, so say goodbye to this life  
It's too short, so fuck friends, i'm countin on these  
dead president's  
To win and get in, it's all in connectin  
Dividin, we ridin, Mr.Colene present's the West Coast  
Donna's  
Upsettin MC's, pop the collar's on ya baby mama's  
Millenium rider's, eastsidaz, westsidaz  
So won't you stay wit me, stay wit me  
We loosin too many homie's it's goin down constanlly,  
constanlly  
We drop that bomb shit, that next level shit

[Kurupt]

Yeah  
West Coast  
Doggy's Angels  
Kurupt Young Gotti  
Givin it up for the millenium  
2K, uh, YG2K  
And we gon do it like this  
Yeah  
Ride to this, pop it  
Zee zee!

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