

## Tanya Stephens "Sound of My Tears"

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Any people who don't spend enuff to provide for the  
poor

You won't be able to spend enuff to protect the rich

Think poverty a poor people problem?

Think again how much people problem

How can I be good?

When it is so much cheaper to be bad

How can I survive when the chances I don't have?

Me have to hustle

How can I promise me a go change

When me legal life is above my price range, me have  
hustle?

The law forbin' me to carry a gun but my enemies have  
one

Me na gone run now me have to buss it

They want me to call the police

But me a dem already in some serious beef me now  
gone trust it

We use to be the best of friends

But politcs a cause the whole a we face for bend me  
can take it

This one bag a orange turn green

And the whole a we a play for the same fucking team

That now gone make rude bowy not no make

What me say wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o

(This a the sound of my tears)

Wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o

(Most time they fall from there peers)

Wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o

(This a sound of your pain)

Wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o

(Let it rain)

How can you judge they way how me live?

When you don't provide me with no good alternative  
me a have to juggle

The way tings a run me can't take it no more  
I rather to be dead then poor me nah gone struggle

Can't afford to buy my son a slice a bun  
How me gone convince him to drop the gun  
He nah gone listen  
You think him gone follow good advice from what him

Got over the phone from his father who's still in a  
prison  
And all who a love the ghetto the youths pon TV  
And come a streets and hype up dem way me have to  
let go

And all who a say a solider couldn't last a day  
In a hour postion dem for let go yah rude bowy  
Don't make them stress you ma have a turn over this  
Yeah, and tell them Tanya said so

What me say wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o  
(This a the sound of my tears)  
Wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o  
(Most time they fall from there peers)

Wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o  
(This a sound of your pain)  
Wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o  
(Let it rain)

Yo acknowledgment is the first step to all the solution  
But everybody a act like they a not part a the problem  
And the minute the youth a really get out of the slam  
Is like there mind completely out of the slam  
Soon they want everybody start call them big man and  
boss  
And the only time they go back to the hood  
Is when the want floss sorry

What me say wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o  
(This a the sound of my tears)  
Wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o  
(Most time they fall from there peers)

Wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o  
(This a sound of your pain)  
Wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o  
(Let it rain)

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