

Game, The "Promised Land"

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Sometimes I wonder
Man, how long is it gon' be for my people to come out
Man we strugglin, it's hard sometimes, but
Tomorrow's better than yesterday, uhh

I was, born in the slums, struggled from day one
Ray Charles vision, blinded by the light from the sun
No navigation, no sense of direction, darker
complexion
made it hard to live; dad, how you fathered your kids?
Stranded on the highway of life, left us out to die, left
us out to dry
Shhhh, I'm still here, my mother's cries
Nigga no father figures make harder niggaz
Through the years, went to war with niggaz from what I
saw in the picture
Now your son is bigger, 13, but just like you
Moms said I would grow up and be just like you
From what you did to my sister she disliked you
Sixteen, eleventh grade, look at me just like you
Gunnin for riches, runnin hoppin project fences
Street corners to Arizona, how I earn my digits
And I'm far from finished, gamin 'til my coffee
diminish
Why pray for the afterlife when mines just beginnin,
huh

Only son by our mother, no brothers, only sisters by
this one
Every time I kissed one I missed one, let me explain
Eight years before the game, everything came with
pain
Watch the fate of my family slain would never see
good times a-gayn
Cursed with pain by a nigga with no shame
My father, that have the same name as his father
My grandfather wouldn't believe, he pulled up our
family tree
I can see him rollin over in his coffin
I'm left with often, thoughts of how could you molest
your daughter

They say that's ten times worse than manslaughter
Man you oughta, be dead in a grave
But it wasn't my call, so instead you sat in a cage
High-powered, two-hundred and fifty pound, six-five
coward
Woulda been dead in an hour
Heard you was scared to take a shower, scared of the
yard
Your end is near, you shoulda been scared of God,
motherfucker

All my niggaz listen, huh
I stay a step ahead of the rest of y'all
Why I gotta keep a vest for y'all
Though I made it dog I still stress for y'all
Funny how my folks think rap money stretch so far
Pray to God my niggaz see through all the checks and
the cars
I'm tryin to invest in what's ours, gimme a couple of
years dog
I'll turn your tears stress and your scars
into lawn chairs and green grass in your yard
I'm tryin to watch my kids wrestlin yours
Not have to get 'em ready for school and strap a vest
on 'em all
I know sometimes it get hard
Keep your head up mami, reach for the stars
Havin a child is like a blessing from God
You just gotta work hard, can't let your youngest star
strip in that bar
I feel your pain, this shit is rippin my heart
But where and when do we start, listen to the voice in
back of my mind
Can't reach all my women so I attack it in rhyme
I know what you're feelin, I'm wripin ya tears ma, it
could happen in time
For now I take your tear strife sufferin, imagine it mine,
huh

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