

Joan Rivers

"Head Up"

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Violent aint what im trying to be
But this violence follows me
Never had money for a P.H.D
Now I get money when i make these beats
Give to my hood, Renovate these streets
Speak from my heart motivate my peeps
Everyday i struggle trying to find some peace
Never had shit, Never be shit
But i keep my head up
Nigga gotta get that cheese
Livin a dream
Its alright
But it aint all good, We misunderstood
So bound to repeat the same ol things
Same ol ghetto 20" rims on on the whip, gold chains,
and a Diamond Ring
Smoking that shit, selling crack cocaine
Tattoo's of the dead homies
Mostly poor broke and lonley
Never made it past the age of 18
Thats why brothers like me get locked up,
Man just live shackled, In handcuffs pants saggin
Packed up in the back of the wagon,
Dawg get off me, Your killin me softly, Brush it off me,
Speak like I know
But I gotta go
5-0, wanna freeze my pay roll (oh)
Its unlikely that i do the right thing like Spike, Nigga's
too caught up
Look at all us, Want to ball up
to the club, in the mall up, till we fall up
Im lost trying to find my way back home
I've been gone for way too long,
I was a king, now im back claim my throne
my black pain and my black family that I was taken
from

-Verse 2-

Always dreamin, Tired of scheming, Theres no hope
for me

I'm born to struggle, That's the only way I see
I just wanna do right
The Lord gave me this life
Everyday is a fight
But I still keep my head high

-Chorus-

Head up
Nigga gotta get that cheese
Livin a dream
Its alright
But it aint all good, We misunderstood
So bound to repeat the same ol things
Same ol ghetto 20" rims on on the whip, gold chains,
and a Diamond Ring
Smoking that shit, selling crack cocaine
Tattoo's of the dead homies man

(Uh)

No time to think, Take a deep breath don't forget to
speak
Pray to the Lord my life to keep,
Been through a lot of trouble way too deep
Down in my soul but I gotta flow speak
what I know always be quick, Never too slow
Trying to tell nigga's how to run the show, How to do
well, How to blow up
Nigga grow up, Throw your hands up, If you feel me
Po-po's out still trying to kill me
The real me's, just still wondering why I have to try
At God I cry
Doing the very best I can,
I'm the man, Nigga yes I am Nigga
That I am, Nigga gotta be proud
gotta be loud, Never be quiet

(But)Violent aint what im trying to be
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Chorus

(Yeahhhhh)
(Ooohhh)
(Yeah, Yeah)
(Oh, Keep your head up, Oh, Keep your head up)
(Oh)
(Keep your head up)
(Oh)
(Keep your head up)
(Yeah)
(Ooo)

(Yeah)
(Yeeeahhh)

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