Contribution

Deuteronomy

Yo, yo, yo, yo, either you a part of the problem or you a part of the solution
What's your contribution to life? Yo
So many people complain, always talk about change, yo
But what's your contribution to life?
Yo, either you with or ain't with it, if it ain't broke don't fix it
Yo, what's your contribution to life?
Yo, either you give or you take, make moves or you wait, yo
But what's your contribution to life? Yo{You're about to witness three of the most common tales
Of man, woman and human
The difference between the three is that there is no difference
Just other outcomes
Listen and witness the common tales}Aye yo, my Momma and a nigga for life
Love, carousel, cuss, yell and fight
Seven nights a week
No respect when they speak
Disrespect between the sheets, the ends don't meet
No rice beans or meat
My Momma was the bread winner plus she had to cook us dinner
My Daddy was a full time sinnerPoppa was a stoner stay gone till November
Off of that, gawk that made emack
Like the Devil done took his soul and ain't given it back
Remember that, when you play for the bless
Speedy victory for the poor and the press
I can't stand the stress, it's test and time press
Up against my Momma and Daddy chest, I try to rest
With no stretch of the mind, I can't find no peace of mind
Within this family of mine, yoShe got chips and you don't, that's bottom line
Is this the way love goes? Hmm, let's rewind
You really ain't paid, you clockin' minimum wage
Now basically you a slave, your wife studies for days
No money for much, just movies and such
The way your two hands clutch, you know it's love not lust
Now she's sick of the bus and using you as a crutch
And on top of this stuff, she graduates in a monthDamn, her new job got her clocking the dough
Now she's buying new clothes, and takin' you to the show
You feeling like you a ho, not knowing which way to go
And ultimately you know, you ain't feeling her so
You need to get up, get out and get something
Your job ain't nothing, all these years you've just been frontin'

That's the way she played ya, the talked in rager went back
To your days ofBut she always said I'm out husslin' for food, kitchen indeed
While this nigga spend his ends on booze, bitches and weed
I thought that we'd agree, with two kids to feed
That you would slow your own, but instead of switchin' your seed
You slapped me, you can't attack me thinkin' I'm be happy
In fact it's a packing and leave rapidly
After we witness, no love between parents
The father type that was once on the scene vanishedSupreme bamish, the couples that match these
Producin' generations of kids with latched keys
Her daughter learned from Momma how to reject men
Her son attracts women that don't respect men
And then one parental provided can be the plan
But no woman can truly teach a boy to be a man
That's why I'm always telling these many pals of mine
The most that you can spend on any child is timeLook, we don't have all the answers
We're victims also to the same situations
But man plans and the Lord plans
And the Lord is the best of planners
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