## Black Cotton (feat. Eminem, Kastrom & Noble)

## **<u>2Pac</u>**

Black cotton, black cotton, black cotton A symbol for unrewarded struggle Time for a little gospel tale Ghetto gospel that is, listen Robbin's black cotton in God's eyes, speakBlack cotton Steady stressin' Smith and Wessons count my blessin's Class is in session the worst question is the first question Why do we work like slaves, sweatin' blades to an early grave Never got paid but still we slave Em and AndreAnswer that then answer this too Loves gonna get ya you know it's true life's a bitch true You best to backtrack and try to act black and live Not to be phony and positive but why be negative? What's the matter G? Black cat got your tongue Fat track gotcha sprung now your hung, do ya feel me? Dum dum diddy is it me? Attempt to reach each and every brother on the streetsIf not peace then at least let's get a piece I'm tired of seein' bodies on the streets, deceased Lookin' through my high school yearbook Reminiscin' of the tears as the years tookOne homie, two homie, three homies, poof We used to have troops but now there's no more youth to shoot God come save the misbegotten Lost ghetto souls of black cotton in God's eyesNobody don't care (No matter how hard I try look to the sky) (And I ask god why) Nobody don't care (Seems like my dreams drowned in by screams) (No answer to my questions) Nobody don't care (Feels like I'm pressed, why do I stress?) (It's like I'm being tested) Nobody don't care (Seems like my prayers vanish to thin air) (Please answer my questions) Nobody don't careIn the belly of the beast I'm bubblin' up Runnin' out of luck, about to self destruct Old heads say live your life like such Your sure to catch her witch one day boy I wouldn't listen to 'emYour power movement was cool but it ain't fix nothin' So I just go with what I know, I don't trust none

Look what the 80's did to us baby kids And now we grown up, nobody ain't own us yetBlack cotton, I'm plottin' on what they owe me I'm workin' without a profit they shacklin' all my homies I'm hurtin' but keep the momoners irkin' And we ain't stop, it's cutains, you try to rise And certainly we survive with Outlaw RidasWhat's the reward for a strugala If the Lord lovin' us then why they hate to see us comin' up Runnin' up, gun cocked like nasty gloves If you ain't got a penny, mind the glove no loveWaitin' for my 40 acas and a blunt to blaze Biblicle times good hearts with milita minds Black cotton I'm hoppin' over enemy lines Black cotton I ain't stoppin' till they givin' me mine, black cottonNobody don't care (No matter how hard I try look to the sky) (And I ask God why) Nobody don't care (Seems like my dreams drowned in by screams) (No answer to my questions)Nobody don't care (Feels like I'm pressed, why do I stress?) (It's like I'm being tested) Nobody don't care (Seems like my prayers vanish to thin air) (Please answer my questions)Nobody don't care (No matter how hard I try look to the sky) (And I ask God why) Nobody don't care (Seems like my dreams drowned in by screams) (No answer to my questions)Nobody don't care (Feels like I'm pressed, why do I stress?) (It's like I'm being tested) Nobody don't care (Seems like my prayers vanish to thin air) (Please answer my questions) Nobody don't care

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