

Rising of the Ghetto

Ryan Bingham

Can you hear the sound, of footsteps gather round?
Loud and clear, been going round here for years
From land to the sea, from shackle to city streets
They struggle and strike, troubling through day and night
Two colors of skin, who stand here to all join in
Among the crowd, say all loud
The time is now, for the rising,
Of the ghetto
For the rising, of the ghetto There's no turning around, we will never be put down
Alive and well, we have not the time to fear
It's here and it's real, for all who can see and feel
To speak up for truth, to speak up for me and you Time and again, it ways for us to join in
Among the crowd, say out loud
The time is now, for the rising,
Of the ghetto
For the rising, of the ghetto Well it's been a long time, here on the wrong side
Running from flashlights, in alleys on dark nights
Watching the home team,
And keep us at arm's reach, in case there's a war to feed in
And it's been the same around here, for years
And everybody's tired of the fellows
Who try to make it hard, to live, around here
Get ready for the rising of the ghetto, whoa.

Songwriters

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