

# Black Cotton

## 2Pac

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, speak Black 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 Andre Answer 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 streets If 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  
Reminisclin' of the tears as the years took One 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 eyes 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 In 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 a one day boy  
I wouldn't listen to 'em Your 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 yet Black 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 Ridas What'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 love Waitin' 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 cotton 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?)  
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Nobody don't care  
(Seems like my prayers vanish to thin air)  
(Please answer my questions)  
Nobody don't care

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