

Wishing (ft. Masta Ace) (pr. By DJ Supreme One)

Ed O.G.

(Masta Ace)

Yeah

I wish the president would stop lyin'
Black babies would stop cryin'
And young brothas would stop dying'
I wish the police would stop killin'
Politicians'll stop stealin' and actin' like they not dealin'
When they know they got bricks on the street
At the country club fixin' to eat
I can see 'em now
I wish we'd get this shit figured out
And stop goin' the trigger route
And actin' all niggered out
On the block with the nine cocked
I wish we'd try and stop
Stop pushin' for the prime box
I wish we wasn't so obsessed with death
Tell me, is it cuz we blessed with less?
I don't know really
I wish the world was safer
I'm scared to travel abroad
That's why, I travel with the lord
I wish a cab would stop for me in the rain
I know you wanna call me insane
I'm a dreamer (I'm a dreamer)(Edo G)
I wish my pops didn't die when I was seven years old
If there's life after death, Is heaven this cold?
I wish I could wipe the tears of all the cryin' mothers
Wish New York niggas didn't start flyin' colors
I wish my people stop avoidin' the truth
BET stop poisonin' youth
We need changes for teenagers
As they go through phases
More than just a concrete jungle, A world with green acres
I wish I'd been more diligent
Smart cats rhyme militant
The fresh rhyme ignorant
I wish the world didn't give us funny looks
Think we all just dummies and crooks

Athletes and entertainers singin' hooks
We need more black babies that's into books (Read on)
I wish God could take away the pain
I know you wanna call me insane
I'm a dreamer (I'm a dreamer)(Masta Ace)
I wish I didn't get searched when I come through customs
I wish Christians stop beefin' with Muslims
Wish the poor didn't have to take welfare
Wish America had universal health care
Cuz ain't no help here
In a country where we don't fight fair
The American Dream becomes a nightmare
It's all hype here
And on this track, Bust all I might bear
I wish Bush just get out of office (Get out!)
Before he start World War 3 and try to off us
It won't cost them, But it'll cost us
And right now, believe me, you lost us

Songwriters

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