Promised Land

Roby Duke

Sometimes I wonder
Man, how long is it gon' be for my people to come out
Man we strugglin, it's hard sometimes, but
Tomorrow's better than yesterday, uhh

[The Game]
I was, born in the slums, struggled from day one
Ray Charles vision, blinded by the light from the sun
No navigation, no sense of direction, darker complexion
Made it hard to live; dad, how you fathered your kids?

Stranded on the highway of life, left us out to die, left us out to dry
Shhhh, I'm still here, my mother's cries
Nigga no father figures make harder niggaz
Through the years, went to war with niggaz from what I saw in the picture

Now your son is bigger, 13, but just like you
Moms said I would grow up and be just like you
From what you did to my sister she disliked you
Sixteen, eleventh grade, look at me just like you

Gunnin for riches, runnin hoppin project fences
Street corners to Arizona, how I earn my digits
And I'm far from finished, gamin 'til my coffee diminish
Why pray for the afterlife when mines just beginnin, huh

[The Game]
Only son by our mother, no brothers, only sisters by this one
Every time I kissed one I missed one, let me explain
Eight years before the game, everything came with pain

Watch the fate of my family slain would never see good times a-gayn
Cursed with pain by a nigga with no shame
My father, that have the same name as his father
My grandfather wouldn't believe, he pulled up our family tree

I can see him rollin over in his coffin
I'm left with often, thoughts of how could you molest your daughter
They say that's ten times worse than manslaughter

Man you ought of, be dead in a grave

But it wasn't my call, so instead you sat in a cage
High-powered, two-hundred and fifty pound, six-five coward
Would of been dead in an hour
Heard you was scared to take a shower, scared of the yard
Your end is near, you shoulda been scared of God, motherfucker

[The Game]
All my niggaz listen, huh
I stay a step ahead of the rest of y'all
Why I gotta keep a vest for y'all
Though I made it dog I still stress for y'all
Funny how my folks think rap money stretch so far

Pray to God my niggaz see through all the checks and the cars
I'm tryin to invest in what's ours, gimme a couple of years dog
I'll turn your tears stress and your scars
Into lawn chairs and green grass in your yard

I'm tryin to watch my kids wrestlin yours
Not have to get 'em ready for school and strap a vest on 'em all
I know sometimes it get hard
Keep your head up mami, reach for the stars

Havin a child is like a blessing from God
You just gotta work hard, can't let your youngest star strip in that bar
I feel your pain, this shit is rippin my heart
But where and when do we start, listen to the voice in back of my mind

Can't reach all my women so I attack it in rhyme
I know what you're feelin, I'm wripin ya tears ma, it could happen in time
For now I take your tear strife sufferin, imagine it mine, huh
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