## **Blue Boss**

## Sampa the Great

Can I get it a bit higher? Got up exactly in the age Probably The hunger had struck me The push to stay alive is a part of me When I wash I wash the pain So over that my work's in vain No access to being out of life Sometimes the force change I respect And I bleed, bleed even if there is no blood My family washing out my tears Their water thinner than blood And I ain't talk to them in years for them my shit my blood And now they shot me in the street I thought that we were blood It's not enough Walk my fingers to the born land uh It's not enough This mic I'm spitting on, and my fridge is not enough I'm an artist, this how long in the streets Not enough And when the world stop treating people like they think we ain't enough Sweet life under a rock my G Flawless with no eyes, we're watching God, I awoke my G Honest, then I order the revolt that we sought my G Honest, we listen to our hearts change but But we been on it Mama said Use your head, girl you're stuck up in the clouds Well I think we fly high cause we stuck up in the clouds We no longer in this world, cause we stuck up in the clouds All we do is blow trees when you stuck up in the clouds Damn. see that Damn, Freedom Damn, Damn, Freedom, Freedom Damn, Damn, Freedom, you see that Heart beat, free Heart beat, free Heart beat

Revolution, honestly you open til you dead Then she kitchen for a fix and for her life crackhead Then go ahead, and try to tell me we ain't living in two different worlds my uh It's time for you to see That this is democracy If the rich are getting richer boy how poor we gona be Oh how dumb we gona be Freedom is the lullaby Under you breath "for free my uh" Sweet life under, I rep my G flawless Ain't no eye's we're watching my God I awoke my G honest Then I order the revolt that we sought my G honest Listen to our hearts and show you what they really wanted Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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