Children Of The World

'n Sync

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Just in case you was wondering
I did make the beat

Yeah, cause we just (children of the world)
And they wonder why we bang
Cause police do the same, that's the only rival gang
I'm just sitting here, praying to my father
Tired of today, forever scared of tomorrow
Where's a scale I could borrow? Cause living ain't cheap
I dropped out of school, pops, cause college ain't free
Plus college ain't me, sitting in the class
Questions rushing in my brain but I'm too proud to ask
Take it all in stride, teacher talking physics
And I just want to be fly
What good is a degree when there's no jobs to apply?
And fast food won't do 'cause you overqualified
I'm feeling like hustling
Tired of the foodstamps and budgeting
Running in so much work with school buzzing in
God, and our wrist the only things we be trusting in
All else fails, I'm in a casket like fuck it then
Either get rich or die poor
Nigga fell short and got jammed up, but he tried though
I'm pretty sure my first words were "survival"
Looking for the answers to my problems in the Bible
Cause we just try and decode all the secrets
My conversations with God always seem leave him speechless
And even when I was at my worst like "we got to make this work"
My girl found time to leave me, too broke to give a fuck, though
My past relationships got me like "what up, ho?"
I'm just bitter, I ain't asking what you fuck for
That's disrespectful, I admit
I was just saying, if you wonder why I call you "bitch"
Cause we just, guess I look up to the pimps
I ain't saying it wasn't wrong, but they had the freshest fits
The cars and the broads and the kicks
Is something to strive for when you ain't never had shit

I'm feeling like what the fuck, they want my soul
Like my ancestors' ain't enough
If I can't trust my own government, who can I trust?
If I abuse myself daily, who can I love?
Shorty might have AIDS like who can I fuck? Sure enough
That be the day that the rubber bust or I have a kid
The pride to all the things that my father did
Cause the momma was a groupie and I was on some rapper shit
They gave me Hell like I asked for it
Signing everything under the sun but they ain't after K.R.I.T.
I guess I didn't swag enough
Stupid fruity pebble chain, Louis bag enough
Popping tags, model bitches, couldn't brag enough
Bubble kushy, stupid loud patch, a lag enough
Steady acting like I ain't had enough
Ten chains on your neck like you ain't flash enough
I wreck so many times, I guess I ain't crash enough
On the track like a pusher of crack, bag it up
I tell these niggas to back it up
My bitch like Scar's, gave the Louis rag to her
'Sace shades on my eyes like I ain't seeing the hate
Too fresh to death, I couldn't attend the wake
That's too lyrical, he been round busting
Mississippi? Well, he don't sound Southern
He be down cause it's since '05, I swear
The game's a pound of Reggies
So anything I sell's a breath of fresh air
Yeah, fuck with me

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