

Can't Get Right

The Game

These are the last days, settle in
Look at the turmoil our kids left the ghetto in
They bustin' metal and ain't got remorse for the innocent
It's just another nigga in the morgue
My momma was pregnant with a son she should abort
'Cause she ain't knowin' what I'm fin' to be facin'
Is nothin' short of a racially motivated killin' 'cause them boys
See a nigga as only a third of a human [Incomprehensible]
Every time I see a cracker with a badge, I'm in awe
'Cause I'm knowin' how he feel and I'm just bein' real
I don't hate and I don't preach it, ain't no motherfuckin secret
We ain't first class citizens and we ain't second either
Need to get up and get out and cut that bullshit out
Nigga get yo' own, you strugglin' at this bitch house
The lack of makin' money make a motherfucker bend
If you'd rather me than you die in the end again and again
I made it over to dry land but still wound up sinkin' in quicksand
I'm tryin' Lord, I just can't get right
Paid my bills on Monday, even went to church on Sunday
But I, but I, but I just can't get right
I lay in bed lookin' up at the ceiling
As the fan turns in a circle thinkin' 'bout my evil
Seein' end on my TV, bombs in the skies
Over Baghdad they fight but they don't know why
What they said about Hussein was a goddamn lie
Raised a war against a religion for oil, don't lie
I seen kids from the hood livin' like they gon' die
With the mindset of be broke or let's go get high
If the cost of livin' so crazy how we gon' get by
Gasoline five dollars, how the fuck we gon' drive?
Can't afford to fill our prescriptions so we all gon' die
CVS is slingin' dope on every block worldwide
Since, spies up and had the dope game on fine
Then it's only right for one nigga to go get mine
If they injured then how they gon' survive?
If they stuck at the bottom how the fuck they gon' ride?
I made it over to dry land but still wound up sinkin' in quicksand
I'm tryin' Lord, I just can't get right
Paid my bills on Monday, even went to church on Sunday

But I, but I, but I just can't get right
Ain't life a muthafucker, first you think you got it
Then it all falls apart in front your eyes, try to stop it
But it's part of the plan that was written by the man
Got me down on my knees and my hands prayin'
Forgive me Lord, thank the Lord I'm alive
'Cause I'm knowin' deep down I coulda died
I shed so many tears, lost so many peers
In the grave or the penitentiary facin' twenty years
Pourin' beers on the corner 'cause Frankie told me look a killer
Told me I was high, livin' blind to the fact that they sold us out
America the beautiful, there's a funeral on every day of the month
Tryin' to get our knees broken, huh
It's another chance under these circumstances
My people ain't advancin' but if we pray
Maybe we'll get to live our life in the sun
Instead of livin' on the blocks dyin' young, here I come
Ooh, made it, made it, made it
But I just can't get right, oh

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