

Black With N.V. (No Vision)

Black Sheep

Now, I was told to never bite off more than I could chew
But then you better bite enough for if you don't, my boy, you're blue
Now I wonder, can others see the system that I see
Or do they see and say they don't and blame it on society?
The days of smart enough come to over, just say thousands
And as I live and learn because there's always someone mouthing
Speaking on an issue, praise you or they diss you
Long as I am strong, the words fly by me like Scott tissue
My people, from nigger to negro to man of color
Killed my father and my brother so that you could rape my mother
Now you wonder, why is it through instinct you fear
Wouldn't dare me to stare, one for yourself, you're out of here
Not to worry, to harm you not intention of my creed
But to stop your greed and give me what I need
Opportunity, for a life for me
And generations to come with in tranquility
Now harmony, is a total love of things
For those who are inclined or better yet like to sing
But piece of mind it is my right for the spark will ignite
'Till I can catch a cab at Midtown at midnight
'Till I can be myself and not be thought as worse
'Till I can buy a slice from Howard Beach to the 'Hurst
'Till I can get the pill without fear of eject
And occupations which I seek I can have if I select
Now if I so select and reach out to make touch
How can you say that I ask for too much? Don't speak to me if good times are granted 'till I be
Don't tell me of the countries or the islands that you seek
Don't tell me to keep trying, you know I won't agree
Double negative means positively black with N.VAs a player of the game, of the lifetime game I'm playing
I bet you're nodding, shake your head to what I'm saying
It's keep then but those of men color of skin could even begin to wonder
What is it to ponder to let another bother
Listen, stay open not dismissing
Lack of vision makes division product no ambition
Wishes which you wish upon which for more you wishes
If I wish not to record steady now then I wash dishes
Wish while I wash, the water hot gets colder
Black I'm saying that in fact the dish gets clean and I get older
Seemingly so, the dishes will grow to dishes far beyond me

Lost my wish and broke a dish so now I'm wishy-washy
 Understand foundation, create my own creation
 If dumb and pumping jump, then get no ovation
 But only restriction, boom penes a lot of friction
 I then wash a dish with out pay? Boom! N.W.A
 Think I'm lying? Black I'm crying, salted tear would turn to crystal
 Crystals forming on my dishes so I wash them 'til dismissal
 Wash until my prints are wrinkled then they let me go
 I know not where I'm going so I know not where I go
 My people give me money, but the money much too low
 For me to meet the match of present day so I still need more dough
 Conjure up a suit, I wish that it were cute
 Borrow a token and a smoking I begin a wish less hope
 Intervening, application leads me on into frustration
 And duration of my time is spent with lack of occupation
 Time to go for what I know. I know not of what I wish
 But of soap and a towel and some water and a dish
 Don't speak to me if good times are granted 'till I be
 Don't tell me of the countries or the islands that you seek
 Don't tell me to keep trying, you know I won't agree
 Double negative means positively black with N.V
 But lay o.k. cause you can get the play
 I pick your style, your smile shown bright about a mile away
 But anyway, another day, in the land of shove
 Just living in the life of who?
 A black man on a green land with a blue skyline
 Don't tell me I'm color blind
 I'm seeing system is hard to believe in
 Underneath the underside I'm underachieving
 Bust my ass in school, to be a certified fool
 Now intellect of curb is my only tool
 But street game is so uncouth
 I took the SAT and that's the sad-ass truth
 I'm not gliding but I'm striving hanging on by a thread and it's called surviving
 Hang on, hang on, hang y'all
 Walk the street and keep you head so tall
 For time is short, no time is bought
 You're only in the wrong if you get caught
 So kick in doors, bang on walls, shout in halls
 Get yours, y'all, get yours
 Don't speak to me if good times are granted 'till I be
 Don't tell me of the countries or the islands that you seek
 Don't tell me to keep trying, you know I won't agree
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Songwriters

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