

# One Day Closer

## Scarface

My mama told me find a real job, 'cause I'm what I'm doing don't cut it

Say she never seen a nigga get rich struggling and shit

Just fussing and I ain't trying to hear that

Leaving out the house, I peep the news and it's clear that

If mama would have said a few words to them damn fools

You wouldn't have them killers in the classroom

The destructor of the innocent

Praises be to God the beneficent

Most merciful, and I would never question you

But babies being shot down'll hurt a dude

I know the devil's got her heels on

But as I walk through the valley, I just feel home

And life has got a funny way of testing

A man of faith but all in all it's a blessing

To walk up out the storm without a scratch on me

And live to talk about my journey, where you at, homie?

Sam was born by the river

Martin, he had a dream

But that don't mean there will be harmony

Just because the choir sings

They say that change gon' come

So when is change gon' come?

Somebody tell me, somebody tell me (I'm not gon' lie, I'm getting scared now) I started burying my classmates

I remember skipping classes in the 8th grade

And walking to the Burger King at lunchtime

And coming back before the bell rung, but one time

We decided we was finna ditch the whole day

And catch the metro to Sharpstown, I'll always

Remember Kurtis beatboxing on the back seat

Me freestyling, they knew every rapper that he

Bring up to us, K run through us

Man, I miss them old days, if one knew us

You knew that we was destined for greatness

Father's Day came, that's when God set to take him

Too many dying young, no sequel

And I have gone a many night sleepless

Every page turned brings the ending

One day closer, it's on you on how you spend it

Sam was born by the river

And Martin, he had a dream  
But that don't mean there will be harmony  
Just because the choir sings  
They say that change gon' come (Change gon' come, oh oh)  
So when is change gon' come? (When is change gon' come?)  
Somebody tell me, somebody tell me (And every day it's something different)  
It's either politics or one's religion (Yeah, yeah)  
We need to keep our guns in my opinion  
It's the people that you need to take control of  
You have the right to bear your arms what they told us  
It's tragic when an innocent is gunned down  
But Congress wants to take away our guns? Wow  
Now, what about off in Chicago?  
Huh? Them little children in Chicago  
Parents heart-broke, I pray I never know that feeling  
And although the truth is so revealing  
We push it to the side like we don't matter  
And that shit makes me madder  
That's right, my government Brad Jordan  
No different than a Trayvon Martin (no different)  
No different than a shot down leader  
Your picture of a blue-eyed Jesus

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>