Rememba

Patrice

This city ain't for the livin'
It is for the dead
And this place ain't for the givin'
It's for the ones that take
Nine to five twenty four seven
Everyday's the same
Don't want to die this way
I want to fly away
The meter ah run
And soon we gotta pay
There's a traffic jam
On the fast lane
If I could I woulda run
But I'm too far away
Mystery Babylon get off my brain
You're callin' this freedom
Tru you no see no chains
Look what I've become
A stranger to myself
I can't think straight
Let me hear you if you feel the same[Chorus:]
Gotta rememba
The dreams we used to have
Gotta rememba
Things used to be so simple then
Gotta rememba
Rememba and learn
And never surrender (never surrender)
This is my life my only turnWhen you meet the King of Kings
Will it matter then?
All your diamond rings
Will they matter then?
When we get an inch
We take a mile my friend
Tell me what are you respected for?
You think you got a lot of game (yau)
Nuff people once were black
And now them no black again
Reachin' out to all the rude boys

And the shotter them
Reachin' out to all the good girls
And the hooker them
From those that push afros
Down to the red neck cracker them
From the highest of uptown
Down to the gutter them
From those that love black music
Down to the rocker them
(He tried to kill my daddy?)
Not again![Chorus:]

Songwriters
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