

# Twinkle

Joe Simon

They don't know their language, they don't know their God  
They take what their given, even when it feels odd  
They say their grandfathers and grandmothers  
Work hard for nothing and we still in this ghetto  
So they end up in prisons, they end up in blood They keep us uneducated, sick and depressed  
(They end up in blood)  
Doctor I'm addicted now, I'm under arrest  
(They end up in blood)  
We makin' mo' money than a muthafucka  
(They end up in blood)  
With no choices there's no hope for us  
(They end up in blood) Started with a rhyme from old ancient times  
Decedents of warlocks, witches with ill glitches  
Children of the matrix be hittin' them car switches  
Seen some Virgin Virgos hanging out with Venus Bitches 'Cause they don't know their language, they don't  
know their God  
They take what their given, even when it feels odd  
They say their grandfathers and grandmothers  
Work hard for nothing and we still in this ghetto  
So they end up in prisons, they end up in blood They keep us uneducated, sick and depressed  
(They end up in blood)  
Doctor I'm addicted now I'm under arrest  
(They end up in blood)  
We makin' mo' money than a muthafucka  
(They end up in blood)  
With no choices there's no hope for us  
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