

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 bloodThey 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

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