

# warriors

## Fat Jack

Now I was raised in the projects  
With no running water  
Never really knew my father  
Sister was a dancer  
Granddad died of cancer  
Momma was a gambler  
(Uh huh)

Ran with the pimps and the hustlers  
Praying the police don't murder us  
Never met the president  
But I met some Mexicans  
(Who fly that kush like the pelicans)  
Lord, I know, we won't live forever  
Keep my homies together  
And if we die before our time  
(Has come)

Tell 'em it was glorious  
We were warriors, warriors  
Now I was born in the seventies  
When [unverified] still fist fought  
Wasn't no such thing as Tupac  
Daddy was a rolling stone  
Momma was a cordless phone  
None of them was ever home  
(Uh, uh)

Grandma died when I was twenty three  
In her last days she said to me

Something about fisherman  
But I wasn't listening  
Didn't know it was the last time  
We'd ever speak again  
Lord I know we won't live forever  
Keep my homies together  
And if we die before our time  
(Has come)  
Tell 'em it was glorious  
We were warriors, warriors  
I call my momma up yesterday

Told her I got found guilty  
Don't cry for me  
And tell my baby momma, hey  
I got ten years in the pen  
Don't know when I'm coming home again  
But it'll be okay maybe  
Lord I know we won't live forever  
Keep my homies together  
And if we die before our time  
(Has come)  
Tell 'em it was glorious  
And if we die before our time  
(Has come)  
Tell 'em it was glorious  
We were warriors, warriors

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