Keep Ya Head Up

Lyfe Jennings

Little somethin' for my godson Elijah and a little girl named CorinneSome say the blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice

I say the darker the flesh then the deeper the roots

I give a holler to my sisters on welfare
Tupac cares, if don't nobody else care
And uh, I know they like to beat ya down a lot
When you come around the block brothas clown a lot
But please don't cry, dry your eyes, never let up
Forgive but don't forget, girl keep your head up
And when he tells you you ain't nuttin' don't believe him
And if he can't learn to love you you should leave him

Cause sista you don't need him

And I ain't tryin' to gas ya up, I just call em how I see em
You know it makes me unhappy (what's that)

When brothas make babies, and leave a young mother to be a pappy

And since we all came from a woman Got our name from a woman and our game from a woman

I wonder why we take from our women

Why we rape our women, do we hate our women?

I think it's time to kill for our women

Time to heal our women, be real to our women

And if we don't we'll have a race of babies

That will hate the ladies, that make the babies

And since a man can't make one

He has no right to tell a woman when and where to create one

So will the real men get up

I know you're fed up ladies, but keep your head upKeep ya head up, ooh child things are gonna get easier Ooh child things are gonna get brighterKeep ya head up, ooh child things are gonna get easier Ooh child things are gonna get brighterAiyyo, I remember Marvin Gaye, used to sing ta me

He had me feelin' like black was tha thing to be

And suddenly tha ghetto didn't seem so tough

And though we had it rough, we always had enough

I huffed and puffed about my curfew and broke the rules

Ran with the local crew, and had a smoke or two

And I realize momma really paid the price

She nearly gave her life, to raise me right

And all I had ta give her was my pipe dream

Of how I'd rock the mic, and make it to tha bright screen

I'm tryin' to make a dollar out of fifteen cents

It's hard to be legit and still pay tha rent And in the end it seems I'm headin' for tha pen I try and find my friends, but they're blowin in the wind Last night my buddy lost his whole family It's gonna take the man in me to conquer this insanity It seems tha rain'll never let up I try to keep my head up, and still keep from gettin wet up You know it's funny when it rains it pours They got money for wars, but can't feed the poor Say there ain't no hope for the youth and the truth is It ain't no hope for tha future And then they wonder why we crazy I blame my mother, for turning my brother into a crack baby We ain't meant to survive, cause it's a setup And even though you're fed up Huh, ya got to keep your head upKeep ya head up, ooh child things are gonna get easier Ooh child things are gonna get brighterAnd uh To all the ladies havin' babies on they own I know it's kinda rough and you're feelin' all alone Daddy's long gone and he left you by ya lonesome Thank the Lord for my kids, even if nobody else want em Cause I think we can make it, in fact, I'm sure And if you fall, stand tall and comeback for more Cause ain't nothin' worse than when your son Wants to kno' why his daddy don't love him no mo' You can't complain you was dealt this Hell of a hand without a man, feelin' helpless Because there's too many things for you to deal with Dying inside, but outside you're looking fearless While tears, is rollin' down your cheeks Ya steady hopin' things don't all down this week Cause if it did, you couldn't take it, and don't blame me I was given this world I didn't make it And now my son's gettin' older and older and cold From havin' the world on his shoulders While the rich kids is drivin' Benz I'm still tryin' to hold on to my survivin' friends And it's crazy, it seems it'll never let up, but Please, you got to keep your head up

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