All We Got Left Is The Beat

Ll Cool J

Ey, ey, check it out homie
Man, you need to get up out of this spot man
And get a job man before you get smoked man
I know you don't wanna hear it man
But, man, wait, hold up loc you've got company man
Where's my guns?
When I'm ridin' on the street I hear gunshots, rare shots
Swear crack niggas 'cause they're moms missed flips
So black man really care about politics
In the ninety's, our governments so slick
I watch CNN sometimes and I realize
They're playin' tricks on my mind
They want a man to work with his hands
Too young to die, and they don't give a damn
Rare-momma got down on her knees
But not no more, god damn it, I make cheese
I'm on the move and I'ma show and prove
You might cry to my political groove
Rest in peace, sauce brothers underneath
I love you to death while my beat's like a reef
In the middle of the night on the city streets
The only thing we got left is the beat
All we got left is the beat, is the beat, yo
All we got left is the beat, huh, give it to me
All we got left is the beat, the beat, yo
All we got left is the beat, uh
Who brings guns into the USA?
And then makes sure that they come around the way
Gain the points until the whole race traps
And teach up my woman that she should call up the cops
The projects are hell, wait a, minute
There's nothin' we do but ride on top of an elevator
Say the clubs, I can't get a job
Mouth to feed, somebody's gettin' robbed
I ain't worked, but I ain't workin' for crumbs
You ever seen a man-shelter? Check out the bombs
Brother of pain, their whole lives are over
They spent every dime tryin' not to be sober
And all the ladies got bags of clothes

They'll be your long lost momma, one never knows
The streets are like a nightmare
While the presidents secretary is chillin' in his leather chair
All we got left is the beat, is the beat, yo
All we got left is the beat, give it to me
All we got left is the beat, the beat, yo
All we got left is the beat, uh
Lemon to a lime, lime to a lemon
When you need a toga-black, hire black linen
Your ripper's man applause when he can't get a job
He gets up all of his family and feels like a slob
The black women don't understand
'Cause they don't realize what it is to be a black man
In the mornin' a brother feels like a jerk
Seein' black women and white men go to work
So all women fear, the brothers ain't real
'Cause they won't give us no jobs, that's the real deal
Hold my hand while I get it all together
They don't deserve me at times of bad weather
'Cause I'ma make it out the concrete walls
And there's another way besides basketball
Let me go, let me do what I do
I'm red, black and green, then red, white and blue
All we got left is the beat, is the beat, yo
All we got left is the beat, give it to me
All we got left is the beat, is the beat, yo
All we got left is the beat, uh, give it to me
Ridin' in the street you can feel the city heat
A little bit of grass and a whole lot of concrete
Creepin' I'm standin' on the corner
And you can get robbed if you wanna
Paybacks a mother on the street
You're seein' gold teeth, ya hearin' funky beats
Brothers ride by real slow
You get leary when they got tinted windows
Sittin' on the steps with a blunt
I'm drinkin' valentine, I wasn't raised up front
My aunt Ellie always talked about God
Tell me you never cried 'cause it's so hard
Government got a hell of a plan
But word is born they ain't destroyin' this black man
All we got left is the beat, is the beat, yo
All we got left is the beat, give it to me
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Uh, uh ,uh
Uh, uh, uh
Uh, uh, uh
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