

# Children of the World

## BrunuhVille

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah  
Just in case you was wondering  
I did make the beat

Yeah, cause we just (children of the world)  
And they wonder why we bang  
Cause police do the same, that's the only rival gang  
I'm just sitting here, praying to my father  
Tired of today, forever scared of tomorrow  
Where's a scale I could borrow? Cause living ain't cheap  
I dropped out of school, pops, cause college ain't free  
Plus college ain't me, sitting in the class  
Questions rushing in my brain but I'm too proud to ask  
Take it all in stride, teacher talking physics  
And I just want to be fly  
What good is a degree when there's no jobs to apply?  
And fast food won't do 'cause you overqualified  
I'm feeling like hustling  
Tired of the foodstamps and budgeting  
Running in so much work with school buzzing in  
God, and our wrist the only things we be trusting in  
All else fails, I'm in a casket like fuck it then  
Either get rich or die poor  
Nigga fell short and got jammed up, but he tried though  
I'm pretty sure my first words were "survival"  
Looking for the answers to my problems in the Bible  
Cause we just try and decode all the secrets  
My conversations with God always seem leave him speechless  
And even when I was at my worst like "we got to make this work"  
My girl found time to leave me, too broke to give a fuck, though  
My past relationships got me like "what up, ho?"  
I'm just bitter, I ain't asking what you fuck for  
That's disrespectful, I admit  
I was just saying, if you wonder why I call you "bitch"  
Cause we just, guess I look up to the pimps  
I ain't saying it wasn't wrong, but they had the freshest fits  
The cars and the broads and the kicks  
Is something to strive for when you ain't never had shit

I'm feeling like what the fuck, they want my soul  
Like my ancestors' ain't enough  
If I can't trust my own government, who can I trust?  
If I abuse myself daily, who can I love?  
Shorty might have AIDS like who can I fuck? Sure enough  
That be the day that the rubber bust or I have a kid  
The pride to all the things that my father did  
Cause the momma was a groupie and I was on some rapper shit  
They gave me Hell like I asked for it  
Signing everything under the sun but they ain't after K.R.I.T.  
I guess I didn't swag enough  
Stupid fruity pebble chain, Louis bag enough  
Popping tags, model bitches, couldn't brag enough  
Bubble kushy, stupid loud patch, a lag enough  
Steady acting like I ain't had enough  
Ten chains on your neck like you ain't flash enough  
I wreck so many times, I guess I ain't crash enough  
On the track like a pusher of crack, bag it up  
I tell these niggas to back it up  
My bitch like Scar's, gave the Louis rag to her  
'Sace shades on my eyes like I ain't seeing the hate  
Too fresh to death, I couldn't attend the wake  
That's too lyrical, he been round busting  
Mississippi? Well, he don't sound Southern  
He be down cause it's since '05, I swear  
The game's a pound of Reggies  
So anything I sell's a breath of fresh air  
Yeah, fuck with me

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