

# Can't Get Right (feat. Bilal)

## Scarface

These are the last days, settle in  
Look at the turmoil our kids left the ghetto in  
They bustin' metal and ain't got remorse for the innocent  
It's just another nigga in the morgue My momma was pregnant with a son she should abort  
'Cause she ain't knowin' what I'm fin' to be facin'  
Is nothin' short of a racially motivated killin' 'cause them boys  
See a nigga as only a third of a human [Incomprehensible] Every time I see a cracker with a badge, I'm in awe  
'Cause I'm knowin' how he feel and I'm just bein' real  
I don't hate and I don't preach it, ain't no motherfuckin secret  
We ain't first class citizens and we ain't second either Need to get up and get out and cut that bullshit out  
Nigga get yo' own, you strugglin' at this bitch house  
The lack of makin' money make a motherfucker bend  
If you'd rather me than you die in the end again and again I made it over to dry land but still wound up sinkin' in  
quicksand  
I'm tryin' Lord, I just can't get right  
Paid my bills on Monday, even went to church on Sunday  
But I, but I, but I just can't get right I lay in bed lookin' up at the ceiling  
As the fan turns in a circle thinkin' 'bout my evil  
Seein' end on my TV, bombs in the skies  
Over Baghdad they fight but they don't know why What they said about Hussein was a goddamn lie  
Raised a war against a religion for oil, don't lie  
I seen kids from the hood livin' like they gon' die  
With the mindset of be broke or let's go get high If the cost of livin' so crazy how we gon' get by  
Gasoline five dollars, how the fuck we gon' drive?  
Can't afford to fill our prescriptions so we all gon' die  
CVS is slangin' dope on every block worldwide Since, spies up and had the dope game on fine  
Then it's only right for one nigga to go get mine  
If they injured then how they gon' survive?  
If they stuck at the bottom how the fuck they gon' ride? I made it over to dry land but still wound up sinkin' in  
quicksand  
I'm tryin' Lord, I just can't get right  
Paid my bills on Monday, even went to church on Sunday  
But I, but I, but I just can't get right Ain't life a muthafucker, first you think you got it  
Then it all falls apart in front your eyes, try to stop it  
But it's part of the plan that was written by the man  
Got me down on my knees and my hands prayin' Forgive me Lord, thank the Lord I'm alive  
'Cause I'm knowin' deep down I coulda died  
I shed so many tears, lost so many peers  
In the grave or the penitentiary facin' twenty years Pourin' beers on the corner 'cause Frankie told me look a

killer

Told me I was high, livin' blind to the fact that they sold us out  
America the beautiful, there's a funeral on every day of the month  
Tryin' to get our knees broken, huhIt's another chance under these circumstances  
My people ain't advancin' but if we pray  
Maybe we'll get to live our life in the sun  
Instead of livin' on the blocks dyin' young, here I comeOoh, made it, made it, made it  
But I just can't get right, oh

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