

# The March

## Aceyalone

I was born

I was born

I was born I was born in a concrete jungle and I learned to make my own way

(Learned to make my own way)

I was raised by streets and the beats and the books and crooks of L.A.

I was taken by the power of the word and I had a whole lot to say

(Had a whole lot to say)

And I vowed, always to move the crowd and leave 'em in disarray 'Cause I live by the word and I die by the sword

These here are strange days and we here are strong

We live by the sword and we die by the slug

This here is war and this here is love Soldiers are marching in and they're going to battle again

Somebody's going to win and somebody will lose and that's the truth

Gotta learn to fight for yours livin' in this life of yours

See they can't stifle yours, if you refuse to be abused, fools listen to this news I don't beg, steal or borrow, I don't expect to see tomorrow

I don't usually soak in sorrow 'cause I keep all eyes on the sparrow

'Cause we live by the word and we die by the sword

These here are strange days and we here are strong

We live by the sword and we die by the slug

This here is war and this here is love Soldiers are marching in and they going to battle again

Somebody's going to win and somebody will lose and that's the real!

Gotta learn to fight for yours livin' in this life of yours

See they can't stifle yours, if you refuse to be abused, fools listen to this news Uh-huh, fools listen to this news

Whassup? Crews listen to this news

Oh yeah, you listen to this news

Listen, listen, listen, to this news

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