

Sons and Daughters

Verse

We're the sons and daughters of the poor man, the middle class man,
Forced down to serve by the rich man's hand. This is the perspective
Of a poor dead man's son, another kid that had to run, another life
Struggling in the age of the gun. Running was only temporary, I tripped
Up and I fell. I've learned from what they wanted: Silent people living
In hell, where we're taught there's a price for every man and a price for
Every piece of land. Thrown into a life of stagnance, your mind's a Jail.
You're raised for profit and you were born to fail. Sometimes stepping out
Of line and walking away from all you know is the hardest thing to leave
Behind. A new life defined, now we can defy the greedy men with the greenest
Of minds. We never wanted to be seen as a commodity, I refuse to be an
Object of a vision that blinds me.
Aggression.
I gotta break the mold.
Aggression.
Never let them take control.
Aggression.
Hands in shackles, Mind's confined to a cage.
Aggression.
I won't stop until I've broken every chain.

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