

Sound of My Tears

Tanya Stephens

Any people who don't spend enuff to provide for the poor
You won't be able to spend enuff to protect the rich
Think poverty a poor people problem?
Think again how much people problemHow can I be good?
When it is so much cheaper to be bad
How can I survive when the chances I don't have?
Me have to hustleHow can I promise me a go change
When me legal life is above my price range, me have hustle?
The law forbin' me to carry a gun but my enemies have one
Me na gone run now me have to buss itThey want me to call the police
But me a dem already in some serious beef me now gone trust it
We use to be the best of friends
But politcs a cause the whole a we face for bend me can take itThis one bag a orange turn green
And the whole a we a play for the same fucking team
That now gone make rude bowy not no makeWhat me say wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o
(This a the sound of my tears)
Wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o
(Most time they fall from there peers)Wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o
(This a sound of your pain)
Wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o
(Let it rain)How can you judge they way how me live?
When you don't provide me with no good alternative me a have to juggle
The way tings a run me can't take it no more
I rather to be dead then poor me nah gone struggleCan't afford to buy my son a slice a bun
How me gone convince him to drop the gun
He nah gone listen
You think him gone follow good advice from what himGot over the phone from his father who's still in a prison
And all who a love the ghetto the youths pon TV
And come a streets and hype up dem way me have to let goAnd all who a say a solider couldn't last a day
In a hour postion dem for let go yah rude bowy
Don't make them stress you ma have a turn over this
Yeah, and tell them Tanya said soWhat me say wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o
(This a the sound of my tears)
Wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o
(Most time they fall from there peers)Wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o
(This a sound of your pain)
Wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o
(Let it rain)Yo acknowledgment is the first step to all the solution
But everybody a act like they a not part a the problem

And the minute the youth a really get out of the slam
Is like there mind completely out of the slam
Soon they want everybody start call them big man and boss
And the only time they go back to the hood
Is when the want floss sorry What me say wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o
(This a the sound of my tears)
Wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o
(Most time they fall from there peers) Wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o
(This a sound of your pain)
Wo, a wo, o, o, o, o, o
(Let it rain)

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