Black Cotton

2pac

Black cotton, black cotton, black cotton
A symbol for unrewarded struggle
Time for a little gospel tale
Ghetto gospel that is, listen
Robbin's black cotton in God's eyes, speak
Black cotton
Steady stressin' Smith and Wessons count my blessin's
Class is in session the worst question is the first question
Why do we work like slaves, sweatin' blades to an early grave
Never got paid but still we slave Em and Andre
Answer that then answer this too
Loves gonna get ya you know it's true life's a bitch true
You best to backtrack and try to act black and live
Not to be phony and positive but why be negative?
What's the matter G? Black cat got your tongue
Fat track gotcha sprung now your hung, do ya feel me?
Dum dum diddy is it me?
Attempt to reach each and every brother on the streets
If not peace then at least let's get a piece
I'm tired of seein' bodies on the streets, deceased
Lookin' through my high school yearbook
Reminiscin' of the tears as the years took
One homie, two homie, three homies, poof
We used to have troops but now there's no more youth to shoot
God come save the misbegotten
Lost ghetto souls of black cotton in God's eyes
Nobody don't care
(No matter how hard I try look to the sky)
(And I ask god why)
Nobody don't care
(Seems like my dreams drowned in by screams)
(No answer to my questions)
Nobody don't care
(Feels like I'm pressed, why do I stress?)
(It's like I'm being tested)
Nobody don't care
(Seems like my prayers vanish to thin air)
(Please answer my questions)
Nobody don't care

In the belly of the beast I'm bubblin' up
Runnin' out of luck, about to self destruct
Old heads say live your life like such
Your sure to catch her witcha one day boy
I wouldn't listen to 'em
Your power movement was cool but it ain't fix nothin'
So I just go with what I know, I don't trust none
Look what the 80's did to us baby kids
And now we grown up, nobody ain't own us yet
Black cotton, I'm plottin' on what they owe me
I'm workin' without a profit they shacklin' all my homies
I'm hurtin' but keep the momoners irkin'
And we ain't stop, it's cutains, you try to rise
And certainly we survive with Outlaw Ridas
What's the reward for a strugala
If the Lord lovin' us then why they hate to see us comin' up
Runnin' up, gun cocked like nasty gloves
If you ain't got a penny, mind the glove no love
Waitin' for my 40 acas and a blunt to blaze
Biblicle times good hearts with milita minds
Black cotton I'm hoppin' over enemy lines
Black cotton I ain't stoppin' till they givin' me mine, black cotton
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Nobody don't care

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