Catch 22

Truth Hurts

What's gangsta
In my humble opinion
What's gangsta is knowledge
Spilled out on the track
Tell me who are we really
When we don't know our history
What good is the church for
When you can't trust the priest
Guess the lies are easier to swallow
Than it is to face the truth
But the struggles of tomorrow
Are the same ones as the past
Wishing I could prophecy
Or perhaps just fade away
For brand new better day
So until my dying day
Living life like a catch 22, yeah yeah
For every step I try to take yet they wanna push me back
Yeah, yeah, yeah
I ain't worried about it see
'Cause I can handle that, yeah yeah yeah
If the sidewalk could speak
It would tell you how blood is lick?
While little girls were playing double dutch
And look outs were guiding the police
While they restored the projects
For the inside to remain the same
'Cause if it looks brand new to me and you
We won't feel the need for change
It's got me passing back and forth on concrete
Wishing I could prophecy
Or perhaps just fade away
So until my dying day
Living life like a catch 22, yeah yeah
For every step I try to take yet they wanna push me back
Yeah yeah yeah
I ain't worried about it see
'Cause I can handle that, yeah yeah yeah
This one is for my profess

That don died way to soon
In the same block with the cracked rocks
And another closed down school
For all the precious babies
With fathers locked down with fake crime
For the sleep walking and blind chilling
On ice slain by the mind
I ain't gonna settle
No change is going to come
Each one reaches one
My word ain't done, am gonna keep on living
Living life like a catch 22, yeah yeah
For every step I try to take yet they wanna push me back
Yeah yeah yeah
I ain't worried about it see
'Cause I can handle that, yeah yeah yeah
Living life like a catch 22, yeah yeah yeah
Living life like a catch 22, yeah yeah yeah
Living life like a catch 22, yeah yeah yeah

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