

Army Of The Pharaohs, Don't Cry

[Verse 1: Doap Nixon]

The first time I heard rap I was so gased
'Cause back then, you could make an album with no cash
But now adays everybody is so cool
You got niggas dropping out of school to learn pro tools
And this is all facts
I had to learn how to fall back
And stop wasting my time with small cats
They'll have you caught up in beef that you'll get killed for
Or caught up in the current, my nigga, that you ain't built for
And young jewels, getting loose with the cooch
Not understanding everything in this life started with you but
I know this life is getting kind scary
When you only here you secondary
Man, you most necessary
And AOTP family is too strong
We hold our head high
'Cause it's been down for to long
And once you get it, don't get it and boast
Just do the knowledge, the greater the trial the greater the growth
Man up

[Verse 2: Planetary]

Don't cry when the struggle aproches
Keep your self at arms reach
Away from haters and jokers
When it's time to be a man
Make your plan and face it
Things are gonna get better
Once you get out of the basement
The struggle only (?)
It lasts if you let it
The only way to overcome it
Is to shuffle through the negatives
It's the positives that allow you to proceed promptly
To react on impusles
And show your results calmly
Take it from a man that'll do for his family
More Vinnie do for Celph, ("the line is": More then he do for (him)self)
Who else could understand me
The streets are watching so the option is yours
The only way to make an effect
Is ride for the cause my nigga

[Chorus: Doap Nixon]

We gotta hang on, shorties is giving up,
The hoods broke, 'cause the government don't give a fuck
Don't waste your whole life trying to get cheddar
Hold your head high and don't cry, shortie it gets better
Don't live everyday rain and hand's help
This is grown man shit, put in work for your damn self
Don't waste your whole life trying to get cheddar
Hold your head high and don't cry, homie it gets better

[Verse 3: Demoz]

I'm coming from a broken home
Bloody tears no cameras
No footage of dad fucking with grandma
And now my daughter get larger by the minute
Asking question like "where my daddy?" I tell her
Baby, in this life we live, theres a life to give
To a upperhand, maybe pretty soon you'll understand that
I took a sip of your Bacardi my nigga (Oops)
I was 12, you were mad, look, I'm sorry my nigga

And thanks for the party my nigga,
You threw for my birthday at parks
Nothing with ever break us apart
Now I'm much bigger, life is much clearer
Perks have been abused dumbing zanis in my syrup
'Till I've been in the grammys with a Shakira look alike
Hopes shes right, I don't wanna be a crip tonight...
Nope, hope a major label looks tonight
'Cause I don't wanna have to strong arm you and your book on tight

[Verse 4: Vinnie Paz]

Call it the hood a gutter,
'Cause all they looking for is a good mother
But it ain't none of them left,
They took the good from 'em
It ain't safe no more, the street is Vietnam
The older guards (?)
Trying to keep it calm
The streets rought out here, it's tought out here
And young boys they don't give a fuck out here (Damn)
But the government the one who put the crack in hoods
We gonna start a revolution, take it back for good
And I don't give a mothafuck about the police
They the reason every single ghetto having no peace
They putting poison in the water
I don't know why
This is for the little shorties
Hold your head and don't cry

Chorus