

# Fr. Stan Fortuna, Everybody Got To Suffer

## Refrain

You think that you the only one that got to suffer ??  
You think that you the only one with pain to suffer ???  
Everybody got a thing they gotta suffer.  
Rich or poor don't matter gotta suffer.

## Verse I

Rich man goes to the doctor gonna find out  
All the rich food he ate gonna make him die of gout  
Wife and kids are cryin - sufferin the pain  
Wonderin if they don't change - gonna die the same  
Woman's man is dead and gone - got no mo salary  
Take her honey's Van Gogh to the art gallery  
She gotta try to find some other things that she can sell  
Now she knows how it feels livin in single parent hell  
What about the woman ten kids in the ghetto-hood  
The rich woman understands her sister did the best she could  
Getting kicked around prostitution smokin crack  
She had to work the streets makin money lyin on her back  
The two are now connected with all that they been through  
They seen the good that come from sufferin ' they changed their point of view  
It's gonna come to me and it's gonna come to you  
Everybody's got some sufferin they gotta go through

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## Verse II

Some brothers think that they was born only to die  
Ready to die willin to kill and crucify  
With the make believe fantasy violent life of a thug  
They didn't realize it was their own grave that they dug  
With vulgar intelligent rhymes they confuse  
On the same cd they wonder if God will excuse  
Fascination guns clips and chicks I can't explain  
But I know they all be sufferin -  
Can't deal with the pain  
Every move they make is a calculated step  
It brings them one step closer to embrace an early death  
Lookin back one brother wished he was killed as a baby  
They all trapped in a thug storm - it got em goin crazie  
Some a y'all got gifts I give props for ya skill  
Gotta chill - be still - knock off the thrill to kill  
Too much talent - already been wasted  
I thank God for y'all - know you're appreciated

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## Verse III

I don't think the thug thing is cool I think the thug thing is cold  
Check out what happened to the boy in the park he was just eight years old  
A thug drug dealer chasin down another thug brother  
Ran into the park there was the boy with his mother  
For the sake of frontin bluntin presidential Benjamin greed  
The kid caught a stray in the face and started to bleed  
That Saturday ' a tragic day ' a boy had to die  
What do you say to the mother when she come screamin why  
They entertain platinum violence kids get slain its insane  
2-pac and Biggie and the boy it's a constant refrain  
Pray to abstain from the lie sustain the truth  
We got to come together y'all we loosin mad youth  
Pain is a part of life its somethin we all feel  
Give your time and your money to the needy keep it real  
Sufferin is like a good thief it gives no warnin  
Let's stop playin the game, fa real, God is callin

Refrain