

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

Refrain

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