

Ms dynamite, Watch Over Them

Everday I wake I feel like cryin'
Every second I feel like prayin'
Everywhere I turn my people dyin'
Brothers and sisters now listen what I'm sayin'
I don't really feel like writin',
And I don't really feel like singin',
'Cause everywhere I look my people fightin',
And it's our own that we're killin'.
The same gunmen that cry bout suppression,
Of the white man and his racist oppression,
Go a church and give God his confession,
Gun in thy pocket and crack in his possession.
Damn hypocrtite don't be disillusioned,
Yeah life is tough but that's not no solution,
You g'wan like ya brave but that's just an illusion,
Brave man wouldn't kill his own would start a revolution.
Gunmen and too much drugmen,
What are we showin' the youths them we should be protectin',
Instead we're destroyin',
Oh father watch over them.