

Non Phixion, Say Goodbye To Yesterday

Yo.. three-hundred and sixty-five days a year
We preoccupy self to find life's true meaning
We indulge irrelevant contradiction
Contradiction which steps up growth
Live life each day like it could be your last

(Verse One)

Yo.. I'm from a place where some mothers sell they babies for crack
Where young cats buy gats, shoot and never look back
Where the whites live with the whites, and the blacks live with the blacks
But somehow we unite, through the culture of rap
I'm from Brooklyn, word to the Dodgers, Russian massages
Where thugs bust guns, and sons are raised without they fathers
We do away with has-beens, rock the latest fashion
The rule's never rat - what you want to know, or who's askin
Just some habits of highly effective MC's
Y'all is pussy rap, my speech made you weak in the knees
But talk's cheap, I'm straight from the streets
I'm action-oriented when I'm screamin KILL CORRUPT POLICE
I read books, reap intelligence to compromise my bad looks
I roam with God-bodies and crooks
But when I rest my head at night, I'm just happy that I made it
Cause someone could take your life, be it my friends or my neighbors
Whether, you police or a thug on the streets
Whether, you look for beef or you livin in peace
Whether, you back down or you stand strong bold
Yo we never know what tomorrow gon' hold

(Chorus: *sung*)

We can live today, but we're not promised tomorrow
We can pass away, say goodbye to yesterday
We can live today, but we're not promised tomorrow
We can pass away, say goodbye to yesterday

(Verse Two)

It's either me or you in this world cause I be tryin to cope
I'm lookin for answers, but still I'm comin up broke
They supply the (?) tops, smack, the guns and the coke
Who shot Lennon and Malcolm X, one in his throat
I'm an old soul that hold but probably young as the Pope
Reincarnated as a prophet through a symbol of hope
I move through the projects, lights, rhythm and smoke
Idiom quotes, somebody said religion's a joke
Buried my man at 18, the cancer took him in months
He died before he lived, but once gone I felt touched
My old earth followed in '91, 6 months apart
Project stress, blackouts, and walks in the park
People change, cause when I look back I feel strange
Goin through old flicks, our days numbered, turnin the page
I can't go back, we learn to live with hate and respect
A tale from the heart prevail through the pain and regret
Whether, you police or a thug on the streets
Whether, you look for beef or you livin in peace
Whether, you back down or you stand strong bold
Yo we never know what tomorrow gon' hold

(Chorus)

{*singer ad libs to fade*}