Patrice, Rememba

Verse This city ain't for the livin' It is for the dead And this place ain't for the givin' It's for the ones that take Nine to five twenty four seven Everyday's the same Don't wanna die this way I wanna fly away The meter ah run And soon we gotta pay There's a traffic jam On the fast lane If I could I woulda run But I'm too far away Mystery Babylon get off my brain You're callin' this freedom Tru' you no see no chains Look what I've become - A stranger to myself I can't think straight

Chorus
Gotta rememba
The dreams we used to have
Gotta rememba
Things used to be so simple to

Things used to be so simple then Gotta rememba

Let me hear you if you feel the same

Rememba and learn

And never surrender (never surrender)

This is my life my only turn

Verse

When you meet the King of Kings Will it matter then? All your dimond rings Will they matter then? When we get an inch We take a mile my friend Tell me what are you respected for? You think you got a lot of game (yau) Nuff people once were black And now them no black again Reachin' out to all the rude boys And the shotter them Reachin' out to all the good girls And the hooker them From those that push afros Down to the red neck cracker them From the highest of uptown Down to the gutter them From those that love black music Down to the rocker them (he tried to kill my daddy) Not again!

Chorus

Gotta rememba yes I gotta yes you gotta yes we gotta babatunde ina di place, shashamani ina di place yagaya Don't just stand there ana gaze