

# Subb, Fast Redemption

You got no place to complain about those angry days  
There's no fight and no war, but you're still left under par  
It's a sign of the times, there aren't no equal rights  
You have trouble with decision, so you're pointing the blame

Think of what you are, don't stand this accusation  
You'll never get rest, cause there ain't no fast redemption  
Worst than you think, more than you ever thought  
And you're up to your neck and you keep on being fashioned  
This is not fad, it's an emotional breakdown  
And that's how you're gonna feel, when your nerves call this shutdown  
You're not gonna fight, you're not gonna rebel  
Disease is in your face, and it's worse than Latrell Sprewell!

So you're down with the truth and you take it on the youth  
Got no plan no morals and an empty self esteem  
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Don't break your arm with a slap, tryin' a throw down  
You'll wind up on your back, wishing you just had your face down  
It's shun certified, the palm is on your blind side  
This is what you get, when you beg for fast redemption

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