

Bizzy Bone, What Have I Learned

Yeah, some people wonder, you know, well they say: "what have you learned"?
And to your left, your right, your left, your right
It's to your left, your right, your left, your right
To your left, your right, your left, march with me!
It's to your left, your right, your left, your right [x4]

What have I learned?

Surrounded by nothing but snakes and worms

What have I learned?

It don't matter when nobody take it, they is a concern

See the good in the ones that have burned

And you never got all that you've earned

Don't interrupt me, I speak to the lord

Heavenly choir, now we are in Church

In the temple, we cleaning the mental; the evil it lurks

Coming up off of on the corner, with dirtier thoughts

Here's thirty seconds to start

They slither like worms, they jealous of purity

Jealous of people in love;

They caught on a women, destroy the connection, they see that you happy

And here come the scrubs, I'm tellin you bruh

They down with the serpent to get in their mind

Believe the people who witness the Christ

Look at my life, and now they blind

Nobody to find, they sellin' their souls without even knowing I catch em'

Without definitions, and give em reditions of scriptures and shit,

I keep walking knowin' is mine

I walk and I shine in the sublime, gotta ward of all the demons

Outta my thought, they caught, they gone I tell em sit back and wake em',

Literally thuggin, just come in and clog up their mind

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With a bounty on my head, and the county holdin' my mind

Angels grippin' my spine, dear lord, these are scandalous times

We livin' in revelations, nation against nation

Blood in the hood on the boat like Haitians

Me and little brother, we are runnin' for salvation

Everyday, comin' and facing temptation

Casin' joints, with the base and the point, the place with a dutch

Little joy, little souljah boy, you better keep your boys with no noise, no voice, and? no choice

Runnin, we stop, you better watch the cops, you better get off the block

You mean to tell me that motherfuckers is still sellin' rocks?

And they mob with the glock, and they nod... Allah

Who do you think you are? Dead in the heart

Dead man walking, man don't even start

A tear for the above, but we thuggin' in the park

Another? on the porch with a sawed of shotgun, let it spark, on the multitude, is that all you got?

Trying to shock the dude, and give him... in his heart

And laugh at him fast like... and the ark

Rubbin' the eye, you better hold that stash

Weeded out, and baby, even now

A poor child in the hood, no hood, no doubt, no wood, no mort, no dream, no style

Ambulances, coroners, and some that never know no doors

Brain cartiledge up on that floor, it's one friend, please, let me tell you one more

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Grind in the days in a maze
Amazed with the phase in the plague of a homeboy blazed
Now the homeboy slayed in the streets, so crazed
Know that he prayed, that shit is played
It's ok, it's alright
Spirit will be better when you see that light
When you see that flight
And Allah provide, perfections, let's go take a ride
Loadin' up clips, hollow tips, ready for murder, swallow this
Follow this, model this; with death, you don't have to swallow shit
When it's bottled up and it tastes like piss
Ridin' on up...
... with the hurt and pain, but the hurt remains
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