

Danny, Talk To You (Remix)

Yeah

You know I had to do a remix, right?

D. Swain, let's go

[Verse 1:]

Hate crimes, rape, lies, feelings of hopelessness
Crack fiends on the corner looking for dope to get
Teenage mothers and the stress that they copin' with
Drunk babydaddys beatin' on 'em with open fists
And this the thanks that we supposed to get
I got a big can of worms, pardon me if I open it
But I gotta speak this before somebody else does
So bump this in your speakers from the lobbies to the health clubs
America, we owe you so much more
But our problems keep poppin' up like a doughnut store
We borrow money from our little brother just to stay high
But when we pass him on the street, we don't even say hi
America, if you had a face
You'd be shedding tears
And I'll bet that you'd be all cried out
Man I wish this was a game so I could call time-out
Or a foul or somethin'
Baby it's now or nothin'
I wanna talk to you

[Chorus: x2]

I wanna talk to you

I wanna talk to you

[Verse 2:]

'Cause we disgrace you everyday while AIDS runs rampant
Activists for civil rights? Yeah, they parade on campus
But their campaigns are falling on deaf ears
And it's a damn shame racism is dead everywhere except here
One person uses drugs to escape the pain
Times that by a million and, what do you gain?
A million Americans are addicts, man I've had it
Up to here, maybe better luck next year
Yo it's about time we had this little heart-to-heart
'Cause other people wouldn't have the heart to start
To sit and speak to you like you was a real person
I'm talkin' to you like you was a real person
And as the mouthpiece
Of every single citizen without peace
Direction and leadership
I'ma spit it 'til your ears can't believe this shit
We got weapons of mass destruction, and we is it
I wanna talk to you

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3:]

Man I'll be damned if I have other people choosin' my role
I swear this shit'll have you losing control
I'm just a baby boy, 21, brand new to the polls
But I'll be voting like I'm used to the rigamarole
Livin' in cold for so long, my hands have frostbite
But I'm happy that we're having this talk like
My thoughts might, start a revolution of sorts
I'd be glad to be a leader, let me carry a torch
To spark a generation of youth
I'm penetratin' the truth
With the words that I spit in the booth
And I ain't trying to give a sob story

But the truth is, America you've been robbed of glory
You've had it rough, bad luck
Name dragged in mud
And I've had enough
But if everybody's to blame, then who must pay?
Am I the only one that cares about the USA?
I wanna talk to you

[Chorus x2]