

Dead Prez, U Can't Sell Dope 4eva

(Chorus: Young Noble)

Homie, you can't sell dope foreva
You can't sell coke foreva
You can't sell smoke foreva
Baby, you can't sell ex foreva
You can't sell sex foreva
We gotta get ourselves togetha

(Young Noble)

It ain't too many dope dealers retiring
It ain't too many old prostitutes vacationing on the islands
Instead of knock 'em down, my focus is to inspire 'em
Stop worshiping money and worship something higher up
Don't get me wrong cuz, I done been there
Bottom of the barrel man and it ain't shit there
No food, no love, whole lot of kids there
Hand me down footwear, we got put here
She wanna have a baby, what coz he got good hair?
But he ain't got no job, and she on welfare
All he do is go rob, she do the blowjobs
For '06 Bonnie & Clyde, life is so hard
Stuck between a rock and a hard place
Look into the sky and there's no sign of God's face
We can't get a break, I see my people all stuck in a slump
It's like we just can't get over the hump
We need some motivation, we need some inspiration
We need to be more creative in our ways to get paper
The block will have ya ass in a box for your duration
Nigga, all I'm sayin' is this, all I'm sayin' is this ..

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(Young Noble)

Homie, I ain't tryin' to preach to ya, I'm just sayin'
The government the bigger gang, and they ain't playin'
Hangin' my niggaz for hangin' where they bang at
This is where we live, where we suppose to hang at
Don't love the rent, I can't afford to rent this month
I gotta hit this blunt, I gotta get this done
I know it feel like it ain't no options
A little education for a broader horizon
It's hopeless, I'm focused on reachin' the children
If what you doin' ain't workin', try somethin' different
Listen, there's lynchings and killings in corners
With nothin' left to show but a prison diploma
The crooked ass cops tryin' to meet they quota
So every time they see me, they gon' pull me ova
The life of a soulja, the world is colda
And when it get's worse, man it still ain't ova
I told ya ..

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(Stic.man)
Every new nigga think he not gon' get caught
The same thing the next man thought, sittin' in court
It's nothin new under the sun, it's been done
There's a million niggaz locked up, you just another one
That got caught up in it, like the government intended
A pawn for the system at the bottom of the pyramid
The game is a set up, that's why they call it a trap
It's infested with informers, snitches and rats
So watch ya back if you in it, get in and get out
Invest in ya future, gotta try to find another route
Coz the war on drugs, is just a war on us
And the wrong time to see it is when you in them cuffs
On that bus, frustrated, headed to the big house
Lookin' at so much time, you might never get out
If you headed down this route, whoa before you crash boy
You don't wanna see them red sirens on the dashboard

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We gotta get ourselves togetha, c'mon