

# Freddie Foxxx, So Tough

It's all around us everywhere we look you see it everyday  
my brotherman's smile is upside down going the wrong way  
I dig deep and try to search for the cause  
is the answer in the nine milli stuck in my drawers  
or is it coincidence the projects is full of blacks  
and when you're black and trying to get ahead they pull you back  
we went from African kings to Martin Luther King  
now they wanna make us all Rodney King  
so they conspire to murder for hire  
is the world just a big cup of water trying to douse the black fire  
is it because I'm the man that you brought to this land  
and rose above being labelled as a field head  
I made hustle a trade in the ninth grade  
figured out a way to get paid before I got laid  
but either way I got my hands in a cuff  
I got my grill guarded and I knuckle up cause it's real tough

How can I find who's the real divine  
when everytime I take a book and take a look my strong mind sees a new sign  
my black woman degrades me  
so I grab the clothes, get the gun, kiss the kid and I get swayze  
should I think about the baby at home and go back  
or should I just say 'fuck it' and leave it alone  
I'm on the road like Billy Jack never looking back  
with the fat mack eleven in the backpack  
will another man take my place and have my child screaming daddy  
looking all in his face  
or do I turn around and make it up  
or do I let my pride take control and make it real tough

Who do I follow and who do I lead  
do they really wanna help me or is it just greed  
is everybody all for self to get wealth  
the street wanna dust me off and throw me on the shelves  
is he my man or is he trying to play me  
or is he some hitman, somebody sent to lay me  
can I turn a young black boy into a man  
can I kick a rhyme and spread knowledge to a fan  
or do I gotta play the role just to be like  
like a whole lotta suckers I know that get the mic  
do I let a label change me to something I'm not  
and make records that cold flop whenever they drop  
who do I blame if I'm not in succes  
do I blame it on my pops that left when I was feeding on my momma's breast  
or do I blame it on society  
with all this black-white stuff, man this shit is real tough