

# Heavy D, Letter To The Future

Intro (spoken):

People,  
The world today is in a very difficult situation,  
And we all know it,  
Because we're the ones who created it.

Chorus:

What's wrong with our future? (4x)

Verse One:

Bust this

How long will this last?

A friend to the end, a memory in the past

You think you're big, cause you walk with a shotgun

I got new for you, your days are numbered, son

Why don't you get yourself a job?

When your kid grows up, do you want him to rob?

Look at your mother, teardrops

She just received a phone-call from the cops

"Your son will do life, 'cause he wiggled a man's wife

Shot her with a gun and stabbed her with a knife.", or

Take a look at your mother's heart torn

She just received a phone-call from the morgue

"Your son is dead from three shots to the head.

The killer left a note and this is what the note said:

"Never be bigger than you are.

Never try to pose like you're a superstar

Next time you rob somebody, and you give him the death-wish.

When you pull the trigger, nigga, don't miss."

Is this how you wanna be

Dead on the street or locked in a penitentiary?

It's cool to be free

And it's alright for you to be you and for me to be me

Look at you, 15 years old

Coolin on the corner with a can of Old Gold

Whatever happened to school?

Yeah, sure you go to school, but you go to be cool

To sport sneakers that you took from somebody

To talk about the kid that you bucked at some party

Life is a gamble, and you're losin

Before it's too late, brother, you better start choosin

Left from right, right from wrong

Or you'll be singin that old blues song

(Yo, you gotta buck em, or else you're soft)

Some I knew thought the same, now they're way up North

You ain't soft, cause you didn't buck a shot

Put the pistol down, throw up your hands, see what ya got

Old Johnny Walker from around the block

Was livin' rather large 'till he got knocked

He had "Livin' Large" on his Jeep plates

"Livin' Large" on his real estate

He even bought a diamond "Livin' Large" name plate

He used to look at cops and smile in their face

Drive a BMW and pump the bass

One day, he made a move for a friend

The f-r-iend, the voice said, "Yo, I need ten.", Johnny said, "When?"

Later on that day, Johnny went to play the game he normally plays

To do a favour for a chum

You see, a friend is a friend, but then, some are none

Cause when he got to the spot they were supposed to meet

All he found was a police-infested street

I guess havin a friend is rough

Cause now Johnny's up north, doin push-ups, gettin buffed

You see this chain I've got, I've got it, honestly

You see the clothes I wear, I've got it, honestly

You see the Jeep I drive, I've got it, honestly

I work hard, it ain't easy being me  
Never had an excuse for life  
Just did what I did, now what I do, I do it right  
"Jumbo, Jumbo", they cry on the block.  
5.0, 5.0, lay low, here comes the cops  
Man, your lifestyle is petro  
On your knees again, because Jumbo said so  
"Free Mandela", you cried  
But you still sell dope to brothers and sisters outside  
Martin Luther King had a dream (ooh yeah)  
That's exactly what turned his dream into a nightmare  
Malcolm X said, "By any means necessary."  
He didn't mean just for you, brother, he meant for everybody  
Maybe if we were still slaves, we'll be closer; however  
Pickin cotton was bad, but we picked it together  
I pray for you, and you pray for me  
Sincerely yours, the overweight lover, Heavy D  
Repeat chorus to end