

# Heavy D & The Boyz, 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