

Joey Bada\$\$, Temptation

I come here today to talk about how I feel
And I feel like that we are treated differently than other people
And I don't like how we're treated, and-
Just because of our color doesn't mean anything to me
This just the way I feel
Mind's been racing so long, yeah
It's just no way to deal
With these problems alone
And I really can't take it no more
I've been fighting temptations, my Lord
I'm young and I'm restless
(And I really can't help it)
I never felt selfish before
I've been living so reckless, I know
Tell me Lord, can you help me?
(I said Lord, can you help me?)
Now everybody got problems, yeah
But wouldn't know what way to solve 'em
I really came up from the bottom
Strugglin', my momma on her last dollar
Hustlin' and I've been puttin' in these hours
The government been tryna take away what's ours
It's really all about the money and the power
I just wanna see my people empowered
Uh, uh, tell me how we gon' shape this vision?
Complainin' all day, but in the same condition
If you wanna make change, it's gon' take commitment
Some people enslaved by they religion
Can't emancipate them from the mental prisons
What I seen through optics transform to wisdom
Watch me use my prophets, get 'em all to listen
I've been on a mission, ah
And I really can't take it no more
I've been fighting temptations, my Lord
I'm making them restless
(And I really can't help it)
I never felt selfish before
I've been living so reckless, I know
Tell me Lord, can you help me?
(I said Lord, can you help me?)
Now everybody got vices, yeah
But wouldn't know what good advice was
Until they leave 'em lifeless
Another mama cryin', it's another crisis
Lord knows we just tryna live righteous
Are you willin' just to make the sacrifices?
I know we can't continue livin' like this
And I'll never sell my soul 'cause that's priceless, uh, uh
Tell me how we gon' make a livin'
Hustle on the block, who gon' save the children?
Man, it's all a plot and I'm just revealin'
The media just tryna make a villain
I just take the pain and a paint a picture
Voices in my head, I hear the whispers
When I feel this way, inhale the swisher
Or I sip the liquor, ah
And I really can't take it no more
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Do not stop
We are black people and we shouldn't have to feel like this
We shouldn't have to protest because y'all are treating us wrong
We do this because we need to and we have rights