

Mr. Lif, New Man Theme

Now this is my escape from many things on many levels
I couldn't settle the pedal these are words of a rebel
Come and dance with the devil in the bloody meadow
The ground is metal from the armor of a soldier's medal
I used to revel in the ways that were before me
Go to school get a job c'mon you know the usual story
I was 18 and just about to hit the college scene
On to Colgate, considered it prestigious and pristine
What I mean I was told that in life there's a goal
And this goal, those without it die unhappy and cold
Another unwritten code, a savage story that's told
By the media, the medium by which were controlled
It doesn't benefit the spirit or the soul so when I enrolled I went bold
Here's the list of things I wanted to know: MYSELF
And a list yet the jest professors are pissed tally up the classes I missed
But I did read books, opened up my mind, took a look within
Noticed hip hop was oozing through my skin
Cut my demo at the end of '94
After hustling to get loot, troopin' far and sleepin' on floors
Went to college as an athlete, was feedin' a fade
And came home as a dread who used his pen as a blade
Did I make the right decision; well my folks don't think so
I let them down I'm in my room I'm locking my door

(Hook)

New man
I'm black, strong, intelligent man you ain't steering me wrong
New man
I got heart, skill; follow my collar drop knowledge and build
New man
They can't hold me back, they can't hold me back

My once beloved room became hell; burning flesh is the smell
The temperature rose, my self esteem fell
In the morning I would rise to get some cereal
Then return to my torture quarters for my slaughtering burial
Paralyzed by the tears from my fathers eyes
Couldn't even raise my head to know the somber skies
Mom and I would sit and chat about me getting "back on track"
She'd leave, then I'd crawl into my lack of confidence trap
What a vicious format
The system sets parameters for livin'
By using tunnel vision funneled to the money system
Ads are dads, sitcoms are moms
Dollars are our legs and arms, and our heart is a bomb
Detonate if you hesitate to slave or matriculate
You'd better participate, survivals your interest rate
Financin' is Manson, hopes are held for ransom
Powers dance and sorrows the anthem
Well, let's return to this point in time where I'm
Standing next to my ex job's "Help wanted" sign, you'll find
My mind overflowin' with adrenalin and energy
I infuriated my enemy with my integrity
Essentially, if you want to work there, don't mention me
They'll cut in half your pay and punch your face as a penalty
I'm self empowered hit the showers, I'm on the road
I'm goin' to the club, I'm out my crib, I'm lockin' my door

(Hook)