

Paris, Break The Grip Of Shame

Once again my friend I try
to help improve another brother's life
by coming through with the righteous groove
Tells right from wrong makes people move
Not idiot crossover songs
That appeal to all and make you sing along no
This one is for the chosen few
who want to build and uplift my people too so
Listen to the words I speak
Cause the words are truth and truth's what I teach
By talkin bout the things that I see
When talkin bout this color called ebony
This ebony
Not sellin drugs, I'm above a thug
Killin off his own, tryin to make a buck, naw
That ain't the way it's done today
Gotta come together and gotta educate
Gotta, uplift, lift up your head
Stand strong and proud, don't end up dead
Take time to make that move
Be sure to be straight and you'll improve
Live long, be strong, and you'll see
That better is a life lived long and carefree
Just stay on a righteous path
You'll see the truth and won't have to ask why
I don't make the rhymes that say
how ignorant brothers act nowadays
I just talk about the things that I see
When talkin bout this color called ebony
This ebony
Now break
Smooth
Now I want y'all to listen, see what you're missin
What lacks in the competition is
strong words, of pride and unity
I'm glad that y'all in tune to me
I'm here to let y'all know
P-Dog is sick and I'll run the show
By talkin bout the things that I see
When talkin bout this color called ebony
This ebony
Smooth