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Marcus McCaleb

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LISTEN

Marcus McCaleb

Look up, look far, know where to stand,
The men who built this land with frail AND tired hands
Walked through HOT sands and tall grasses, got whipped and lashed, some until they passed.
Now these days they want to give us life,
For the drugs THEY supply, WE sell, and put in THEIR family’s pipes.

That’s the way they try to hold us back
Passing so many years of living hell, Mothers finally getting to become grandmothers
As their children grow large in numbers
As these numbers grow, more problems arise.
Like people killing babies, taking the innocence from a child’s eyes; then taking their lives.
Brother vs. Brother, Mother, Father, Sister and all others against one another.
So many funerals, our people go away; pain every day.
Destruction in the eyes of all who fall

Hearing talks of new world orders, what about TODAY, not what’s around the corner.
We could walk in a different town and be treated like a foreigner; hearing “I’m gonna get that guy!”
But Why?... we’ll all still be people ‘til we die.
We might as well kill ourselves if we can’t unite as one.
We were all one, at one time or another.
It is time to change, no more being deranged.
Getting up in a world delayed by weak minds, dumb crimes; Wake up people, it is time.
Life is what we make it...we all can do it people, stand tall, pushing away all negatives,
Living breathing, speaking as one, throw down your guns. Raise your families with bonds so tight,
Loving them, teaching them, uniting them, once again...we are one...one!
For EVERY RACE LISTEN, I CONSIDER THIS TO BE MY NEW WORLD ORDER.
WHAT I WANT TO SEE, ARE MY PEOPLE AROUND THE CORNER.

~ 56 ~