

# Vendetta

Andy Mineo

I told you so  
I told you  
We are the ones  
'Cause 'Pac  
Did a lot more for me than Barack  
Salute  
La, da-da, da, da, da, da, da  
We're not afraid to lose everything we got  
'Cause all we really got is our word, word, word  
The pen is greater than the sword  
La, da-da, da, da, da, da, da  
By the people, for the people  
Seems like you only look out for your sort of people  
I look around, it's more evil  
God I see it in me  
You see, um  
Everyday we closer to that funeral  
Everyday a struggle, but the struggle still beautiful  
And doctors don't got patience for their patients  
So they just send them to that pharmaceutical  
We tell 'em that they need drugs  
But I know that they need love  
I ain't scared of that war or the violence  
The thing I'm more terrified of is (silence)  
I wanna snatch my generation out this apathy  
Gotta do that now 'fore this voice grow out of reach  
And what we feedin' people that's a tragedy  
So what you want, the chemicals or calories?  
Nobody taught us how to eat  
Momma gon' work the sixty hour weeks  
What's for dinner?  
Well, what's quicker and cheap  
You got remote parents, you'll be raised by the TV  
My momma worked the night shift  
Still made it out to every single game While my father sat at home I promise when I have my  
own that we will never be the same Vendetta I told you so  
I told you We are the ones 'Cause 'Pac  
Did a lot more for me than Barack Salute  
La, da-da, da, da, da, da, da  
Look, Mr., Mr. or Mrs  
Government official, we just won't listen  
You can't relate to how we livin' from where you're sittin'

That's why the artist got more influence than the politician  
This my generation  
we the news never tell the truth  
It's so fast, ya'll seem slow to us  
By the time you print it tomorrow it's old to us  
We are the ones that you used to be, brave idealists with a dream  
That went corrupted by the cream, yeah  
This pen is not for sale  
They nickel and dime'n  
We still throwin' quarters in a wishing well  
And I know you can't imagine losin' the lifestyle that you so used to havin'  
And, yo, we still make decisions for the fact that they awesome Not just for the profit margin  
Hold up, how i'm talkin?  
I got excess, others got need I gotta answer to God for all of the sneaks  
I got a hundred pairs, but only two feet God forgive me, I've been thinkin' 'bout me  
We point fingers at people who sin different, skin different  
But the same color we bleed You wanna know the real problem in America?  
Always has been and it always will be, me If you had any other answer you've been deceived  
We've been lookin' for salvation in education, money, leaders, and policies  
But we got a bigger need We got a sin debt that we inherited  
We divide ourself by class, skin color, and our heritage  
Well our Creator bankrupt the heaven so that we could all be there with Him  
Brothers and sisters  
I told you so  
I told you  
We are the ones  
'Cause 'Pac  
Did a lot more for me than Barack  
Salute  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>