

# Rebuilding

## Goodie Mob

You see a buffoon, caught up in your own cocoon  
Leave your head rest maroon  
Drunk heavy in the side street saloon  
Till I figured it out, to the 3rd degree I'm the Milli in the meter  
I'm the gram up in the kilo  
I'm the wave up in the ocean  
The C up in the coast and the B up in the Boston So what you looking for or looking at now  
You ain't got what you gotta shake  
Caught it on the sidewalk fake  
I gets down, further digging down Hurt for the red dirt at the same time  
Hit rewind if your ass didn't hear me clear  
Hit rewind if your ass didn't hear me clear  
My old hood could use a little rebuilding  
A better place for these ghetto children  
I ain't gonna let 'em take the O out my JOY  
Before you can rebuild, you've got to destroy  
And these walls gonna come tumbling down  
These walls gonna come tumbling down Well, I remember when, I was slanging nothing but  
weed  
I ain't round here that can't tell you about me  
Fortunately I done changed the way I used to be  
When so many didn't have an alternative to see Music saved my life and now I'll never forget it  
That's why I try to glorify God with it  
But it still remains, its in my veins  
I know that I'm a sin, I just hope he'll forgive me again Okay, I'm right and wrong in the same  
day  
And it's always gonna be someone who'll see it the same way  
And if I react, who was that guy to blame, hey  
You fuck with me, I fuck with you that's how the game played  
I had a choice to let it go, but if you don't let it go  
Then I ain't got no choice no more  
Two lives gone to waste, one dead and the other caught a case  
With 50 years to face I'm raising ghosts, I'm rebuilding My old hood could use a little rebuilding  
A better place for these ghetto children  
I ain't gonna let 'em take the O out my JOY  
Before you can rebuild, you've got to destroy  
And these walls gonna come tumbling down  
These walls gonna come tumbling down I'm so tired of my people not knowing what we doing  
to ourselves  
And we blame it on them but we stuck in the same frame  
Trapped inside a mental instrumental bond  
Hoping to run but there's a gun, what could you really do Everybody new kicking the old to the

floor

But now its more shit, crooked, shady, talking 'bout the president  
He's fucking other ladies, blowing up spots we supposed to hit  
And casually they spreading billions to the little children overseas  
Niggas moving G's, I'm on my knees praying god please  
A nigga just wanna eat and sleep  
With my gun in my own little world and raise my little kids  
Doing the best I can nigga  
Shit, look who talking now  
You gots to crawl before you walk, oh don't follow to close  
Where I think you might stop we all can see that the grass  
Is the same color on the other side of the fence  
Give thanks, people thank alarm clocks, wake 'em up  
Every morning brother I gotta stay prayed up  
'Cause the pistol ain't gonna save my life when it's time to go  
Its just in case I get a chance to retaliate  
I used ain't have nothing positive to say  
Doing my little five minutes of fame  
Who done forget from which they came  
Acknowledge his name, Lord, you've been so good to me  
Better than I've been to myself keep us in good health  
The white mans food makes my stomach upchuck  
But I gots to be strong, to defeat my enemies  
For the kill, MAC's in your side  
Judging buildings, they can't be no playgrounds for these children  
My old hood could use a little rebuilding  
A better place for these ghetto children  
I ain't gonna let 'em take the O out my JOY  
Before you can rebuild, you've got to destroy  
And these walls gonna come tumbling down  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>