

Caged Birdsong

Aloe Blacc

Yeah
S'a few things that I
I wanna get off my chest
So I'ma get 'em off
The drugs the streets the thugs that beat they women
The hate and the violence the guns the bullets that sent them
The ice the jewels the fools that's killing to get them
Or heist with tools strategically placed in their denim
The corner, the store, the spirits, the wine, the liquor
The sinning, it's venom, it's making society sicker
The henny, the 'tron, the dale, the goose, the crown
The pimps is up, the hoes is usually down
The kids in the hall that piss in the corner, the rats
The chicks be watching, the watchers be watching them back
The fatherless babies, the mothers that live in despair
The tenement builders with roaches just chilling in there
The silence is never the sirens be scraping the air
It kills to ignore it but it doesn't hurt you to care
It hurts to ignore it but it doesn't kill you to care
It kills to ignore it but do you
No

You have a soul
And it's worth more than gold
Worth more than gold
Hoping you're mine
Let it unfold
And you will find
Treasures untold
That are worth more than gold

If heaven is a place on earth
Then there ain't no way a dollar could replace your worth
I hope you know that you're priceless
This life gets the point that you feel like
You could point your steel right to the temple
It's so simple
The capitol hill is the capital killers
Bills passed to bill us back for stamps and keys
The system is so diseased
Ain't a vaccine to cure it
And if your skin like mine, we gonna have to endure it
Until we can birth a new nation
Mature it to the level of ancient African civilizations
Half of us up in this nation
Now I know about the hoops we share
Peace to my people who's already there
It's a family affair, sisters and brothers of one soul
Before we hit the heavens above, this world gold
Before we hit the heavens above, this world gold
Before we hit the heavens, do you
Know

You have a soul
And it's worth more than gold
Worth more than gold
Just let me help you

Carry your load
Open your heart
Share what it holds
'cause it's worth more than gold

The wait is up now
I'm throwing it around
The hate you handing out
I throw it to the ground
Too black, too strong for this
Never thought that I would sit and write a song to this
But what you expect when a hunger in your stomach so strong
That when you hear the radio you wanna vomit
And when you look at the TV your heart plummet
It shame me to see how they be showing us on it