

## Don't Cry

### Army of the Pharaohs

The first time I heard rap I was so gased  
'Cause back then, you could make an album with no cash  
But now adays everybody is so cool  
You got niggas dropping out of school to learn pro tools  
And this is all facts  
I had to learn how to fall back  
And stop wasting my time with small cats  
They'll have you caught up in beef that you'll get killed for  
Or caught up in the current, my nigga, that you ain't built for  
And young jewels, getting loose with the cooch  
Not understanding everything in this life started with you but  
I know this life is getting kind scarey  
When you only here you secondary  
Man, you most necessary  
And AOTP family is too strong  
We hold our head high  
'Cause it's been down for to long  
And once you get it, don't get it and boast  
Just do the knowledge, the greater the trial the greater the growth  
Man up

Don't cry when the struggle aproches  
Keep your self at arms reach  
Away from haters and jokers  
When it's time to be a man  
Make your plan and face it  
Things are gonna get better  
Once you get out of the basement  
The struggle only (?)  
It lasts if you let it  
The only way to overcome it  
Is to shuffle through the negatives  
It's the positives that allow you to proceed promptly  
To react on impusles  
And show your results calmly  
Take it from a man that'll do for his family  
More Vinnie do for Celph, (the line is: More then he do for (him)self)  
Who else could understand me  
The streets are watching so the option is yours  
The only way to make an effect  
Is ride for the cause my nigga

We gotta hang on, shorties is giving up,  
The hoods broke, 'cause the government don't give a fuck  
Don't waste your whole life trying to get cheddar  
Hold your head high and don't cry, shortie it gets better  
Don't live everyday rain and hand's help  
This is grown man shit, put in work for your damn self  
Don't waste your whole life trying to get cheddar  
Hold your head high and don't cry, homie it gets better

I'm coming from a broken home  
Bloody tears no cameras  
No footage of dad fucking with grandma  
And now my daughter get larger by the minute  
Asking question like "where my daddy?" I tell her  
Baby, in this life we live, theres a life to give

To a upperhand, maybe pretty soon you'll understand that  
I took a sip of your Bacardi my nigga (Oops)  
I was 12, you were mad, look, I'm sorry my nigga  
And thanks for the party my nigga,  
You threw for my birthday at parks  
Nothing with ever break us apart  
Now I'm much bigger, life is much clearer  
Perks have been abused dumbing zanis in my syrup  
'Till I've been in the grammys with a Shakira look alike  
Hopes shes right, I don't wanna be a crip tonight...  
Nope, hope a major label looks tonight  
'Cause I don't wanna have to strong arm you and your book on tight

Call it the hood a gutter,  
'Cause all they looking for is a good mother  
But it ain't none of them left,  
They took the good from 'em  
It ain't safe no more, the street is Vietnam  
The older guards (?)  
Trying to keep it calm  
The streets rought out here, it's tought out here  
And young boys they don't give a fuck out here (Damn)  
But the government the one who put the crack in hoods  
We gonna start a revolution, take it back for good  
And I don't give a mothafuck about the police  
They the reason every single ghetto having no peace  
They putting poison in the water  
I don't know why  
This is for the little shorties  
Hold your head and don't cry

Chorus