

Satisfied

J-Live

Hey yo
Lights, camera, tragedy, comedy, romance
You better dance from your fighting stance
Or you'll never have a fighting chance
In the rat race
Where the referee's son started way in advance
But still you livin' the American Dream
Silk PJ's, sheets and down pillows
Who the f**k would wanna wake up?
You got it good like hot sex after the break up
Your four car garage it's just more space to take up
You even bought your mom a new whip scrap the jalopy
Thousand dollar habit, million dollar hobby
You a success story everybody wanna copy
But few work for it, most get jerked for it
If you think that you could ignore it, you're ig-norant
A fat wallet still never made a man free
They say to eat good, yo, you gotta swallow your pride
But dead that game plan, I'm not satisfied

[Chorus]

The poor get worked, the rich get richer
The world gets worse, do you get the picture?
The poor gets dead, the rich get depressed
The ugly get mad, the pretty get stressed
The ugly get violent, the pretty get gone
The old get stiff, the young get stepped on
Whoever told you that it was all good lied
So throw your fists up if you not satisfied

{*Singing*

Are you satisfied?
I'm not satisfied

Hey yo, the air's still stale
The anthrax got my Ole Earth wearin' a mask and gloves to get a meal
I know a older guy that lost twelve close peeps on 9-1-1
While you kickin' up punchlines and puns
Man f**k that shit, this is serious biz
By the time Bush is done, you won't know what time it is
If it's war time or jail time, time for promises
And time to figure out where the enemy is
The same devils that you used to love to hate
They got you so gassed and shook now, you scared to debate
The same ones that traded books for guns
Smuggled drugs for funds
And had fun lettin' off forty-one
But now it's all about NYPD caps
And Pentagon bumper stickers
But yo, you still a nigga
It ain't right them cops and them firemen died
The shit is real tragic, but it damn sure ain't magic
It won't make the brutality disappear
It won't pull equality from behind your ear
It won't make a difference in a two-party country
If the president cheats, to win another four years
Now don't get me wrong, there's no place I'd rather be

The grass ain't greener on the other genocide
But tell Huey Freeman don't forget to cut the lawn
And uproot the weeds
Cuz I'm not satisfied

[Chorus]

{*Singing*
All this genocide
Is not justified
Are you satisfied?
I'm not satisfied

Yo, poison pushers making paper off of pipe dreams
They turned hip-hop to a get-rich-quick scheme
The rich minorities control the gov'ment
But they would have you believe we on the same team
So where you stand, huh?
What do you stand for?
Sit your ass down if you don't know the answer
Serious as cancer, this jam demands your undivided attention
Even on the dance floor
Grab the bull by the horns, the bucks by the antlers
Get yours, what're you sweatin' the next man for?
Get down, feel good to this, let it ride
But until we all free, I'll never be satisfied

[Chorus] - Repeat 2x

{*Singing with talking in background*
Are you satisfied?
(whoever told you that it was all good lied)
I'm not satisfied
(Throw your fists up if you not satisfied)
Are you satisfied?
(Whoever told you that it was all good lied)
I'm not satisfied
(So throw your fists up)
(So throw your fists up)
(Throw your fists up)