

"THE PAIN RUNS DEEP".

Yes, some will agree that the pain runs deep
We think we're on top but we at the bottom of the heap

Glorified high rise gladiators battling from building to building on concrete jungles fighting amongst each other

**But who are those Spade guinea pig experiments running through the bricked project maze
of stacked cinderblocks, padded fences and locked gates**

We duck those stray bullets with no names meant for he who looks like me
But the pain runs deep
And we go with the flow
on blood-soaked streets,

With Black trash bags piled high, we appoint Kings and Queens to Hip Hop music and break dance beats
While Cockroaches, water bugs and rodents have faster moves across the tiled floors

We stand to lose our worldly possessions to bedbugs, and hallway thugs, drug fiends who fell through the
"cracks" planted by land grabbers and culture vultures that invaded our space

Yeah, the pain runs deep
with wounds that never heal

Our fate is closed and sealed
Just like those court cases we catch by rouge pigs on two legs who police our hoods
but they be the real hoods

Robbing us of our freedom and our lives

The pain runs deep so I and we keep running from the pain, now that's real Deep...

~ Dawoud Afrika is David X ♠️❤️