



If I could retrace my steps  
 I'd sit and relax on the good days  
 I'd stop and rest under my heart  
 They told me that they understood  
 Your days are numbered  
 Every day is a youth cause the truth looks strange  
 And for the first time we left them a world that's cursed, and it hurts  
 Cause you pushed the button  
 and you'll see the pain of Alvin and Bobby Hunter, died for nothing  
 Don't think the world looks dreary  
 but when you see it clearly  
 there's no one you can learn to cheer me  
 if you talk to me, cause we're all in it  
 it ain't about the money, it's about the man  
 we're all in it, cause we're all in it

# Welcome to my HOOD

