

Mary J. Blige, Children Of The Ghetto

Children, children, yeah, yeah....
I'm talkin' bout the babies yeah yeah yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
We gotta fight the battles
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Children of the Ghetto
Runnin' wild and free
In the concrete jungle
Filled with misery
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Theres no inspiration
To brighten up our day
None at all, not at all, none at all
So out of desperation
I would like to say

Children of the Ghetto
Keep your head
To the sky

Keep it up, keep it up

Children of the ghetto
We're always in the news
See toughness is our moto
And bitter blues
See there's no inspiration
To brighten up our day
None at all
So out of desperation
I would like to say

Children of the Ghetto
Keep your head
To the sky

Keep it up, keep it up
Oh keep it up

Cornell serenade the people

[Musical Interlude]

There's no inspiration
Ooh ah
To brighten up our day
No, no, no, no
So out of desperation
I would like to say

Children of the Ghetto
Keep your head to the sky

Keep your head up, keep your head up
See to me, see to me
We are all God's Children

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la
(repeat x2)

Hold on tight

Everything will be alright

Children of the Ghetto
Keep your head