

John Lennon - original  
**A PERFECT CIRCLE LYRICS - do ver remake**

**"Imagine"**

Imagine there's no heaven,  
It's easy if you try,  
No hell below us,  
Above us only sky,  
Imagine all the people  
living for today...

Imagine there's no countries,  
It isn't hard to do,  
Nothing to kill or die for,  
No religion too,  
Imagine all the people  
living life in peace...

You may say I'm a dreamer,  
but I'm not the only one,  
I hope some day you'll join us,  
And the world will live as one.

(Imagine all the people sharing all the world)

Imagine no possessions,  
I wonder if you can,  
No need for greed or hunger,  
A brotherhood of man,  
Imagine all the people  
Sharing all the world...

You may say I'm a dreamer,  
but I'm not the only one,  
I hope some day you'll join us,  
And the world will live as one.

Thanks to sometimesjustgoforit for adding these lyrics.

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**N.W.A. LYRICS** original**"Boyz-N-The Hood"**

(feat. Eazy-E)

*[Eazy-E:]*

Cruising down the street in my 6-4  
 Jockin the freaks clocking the dough  
 Went to the park to get the scoop  
 Knuckleheads out there cold shooting some hoops  
 A car pulls up who can it be  
 A fresh El Camino rollin' Kilo G  
 He rolls down his window and he started to say  
 It's all about making that GTA

*[Chorus:]*

Cause the boyz n tha hood are always hard  
 You come talking that trash we'll pull your card  
 Knowing nothing in life but to be legit  
 Don't quote me boy, cause I ain't saying shit

*[Eazy-E:]*

Donald B's in the place to give me the pace  
 He said my man JB is on freebase  
 The boy JB was a friend of mine  
 Till I caught him in my car trying to steal my Alpine  
 Chased him up the street to call a truce  
 The silly cluck head pulled out a deuce-deuce  
 Little did he know I had a loaded 12 gauge  
 One sucker dead, LA Times first page

*[Chorus]**[Eazy-E:]*

Bored as hell and I wanna get ill  
 So I went to a place where my homeboys chill  
 The fellows out there, making that dollar  
 I pulled up in my 6-4 Impala  
 They greet me with a 40 and I started drinking  
 And from the 8-ball my breath start stinking  
 Love to get my girl, to rock that body  
 Before I left I hit the Bacardi  
 Went to her house to get her out of the pad  
 Dumb hoe says something stupid that made me mad  
 She said somethin that I couldn't believe  
 So I grabbed the stupid bitch by her nappy ass weave  
 She started talkin shit, wouldn't you know?  
 Reached back like a plmp and slapped the hoe  
 Her father jumped out and he started to shout  
 So I threw a right-cross cold knocked him out

*[Chorus]**[Eazy-E:]*

I'm rollin hard now I'm under control  
 Then wrapped my 6-4 round the telephone poll  
 I looked at my car and I said, "Oh brother  
 I throw it in the gutter and go buy another"  
 Walkin home I see the G ride  
 Now Kat is drivin Kilo on the slide  
 As they busted a U, they got pulled over  
 An undercover cop in a dark green Nova  
 Kat got beaten for resistin arrest  
 He socked the pig in the head for rippin his Guess  
 Now G is caught for doin the crime  
 Fourth offence on the boy, he'll do some time

*[Chorus]**[Eazy-E:]*

I went to get them out but there was no bail  
 The fellaz start to riot in the county jail  
 Two days later in municipale court  
 Kilo G on trial cold cut a fart

N.W.A. LYRICS - Boyz-N-The Hood

Disruption of a court, said the judge  
On a six-year sentence my man didn't budge  
Balliff came over to turn him in  
Kilo G looked up and gave a grin  
He yelled out "FIRE!" then came Suzy  
The bitch came in with a sub-machine Uzi  
Police shot the bitch but didn't hurt her  
Both up state for attempted murder

*[Chorus]*

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# Boys In The Hood Lyrics *remake*

by Dynamite Hack

Woke up quick at about noon  
 Just thought that I had to be in Compton  
 soon  
 I gotta get drunk before the day begins  
 Before my mother starts bitchin' about my  
 friends  
 About to go and damn near went blind  
 Young niggas on the path throwin' out  
 gang signs  
 I went in the house to get my clip  
 With the Mac 10 on the side of my hip  
 I bailed outside and I pointed my weapon  
 And just as I thought, the fools kept  
 steppin'  
 I jumped in the fo', hit the juice on my ride  
 I got front and back, side to side  
 Then I let the Alpine play  
 I was pumpin' new shit by NWA  
 It was, 'Gangster, Gangster' at the top of  
 the list  
 Then I played my own shit, It went  
 somethin' like this  
 'Cruisin' down the street in my six-fo'  
 Jockin' the bitches, slappin' the hoes  
 I went to the park to get the scoop  
 Knuckleheads out there, cold, shootin'  
 some hoop'  
 A car pulls up, who can it be?  
 It's a fresh El Camino rollin' Kilo G  
 He rolls down the window and he starts to  
 say  
 "It's all about makin' that G.T.A."  
 'Cause the boyz in the hood are always  
 hard  
 Come talkin' that trash and we'll pull your  
 card  
 Knowin' nothin' in life but to be legit  
 Don't quote me, boy, I ain't said shit  
 Bored as hell and I wanna get ill  
 So I go to a place where my homeboyz  
 chill  
 The fellas out there tryna make that dolla'  
 I pulled up in my six-fo' Impala  
 Greeted with a 40 and I start drinkin'  
 And from the 8 ball, my breath starts  
 stinkin'  
 I gotta get my girl to rock that body  
 Before I left I hit the Bacardi  
 Pulled to the house, get her out of the pad  
 And the bitch said somethin' to make me  
 mad  
 She said somethin' that I couldn't believe  
 So I grabbed the stupid bitch by her  
 nappy-ass weave  
 She started talkin' shit, wouldn't cha know  
 I reached back like a pimp and I slapped  
 the hoe  
 And her father stood up and he started to  
 shout  
 So I threw a right cross and knocked his  
 old-ass out  
 'Cause the boyz in the hood are always  
 hard  
 Come talkin' that trash and we'll pull your

card  
Knowin' nothin' in life but to be legit  
Don't quote me, boy, I ain't said shit  
Punk ass trippin' but its alright  
Homie scored a key, he's gonna fly, punk  
ass, fly

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# DISTURBED LYRICS - *remake*

## "The Sound Of Silence"

(originally by Simon & Garfunkel)

Hello, darkness, my old friend  
I've come to talk with you again  
Because a vision softly creeping  
Left its seeds while I was sleeping

And the vision that was planted in my brain  
Still remains  
Within the sound of silence

In restless dreams I walked alone  
Narrow streets of cobblestone  
'Neath the halo of a street lamp  
I turned my collar to the cold and damp

When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light  
That split the night  
And touched the sound of silence

And in the naked light I saw  
Ten thousand people, maybe more  
People talking without speaking  
People hearing without listening

People writing songs that voices never share  
And no one dare  
Disturb the sound of silence

"Fools," said I, "You do not know:  
Silence, like a cancer, grows.  
Hear my words that I might teach you,  
Take my arms that I might reach you."

But my words like silent raindrops fell  
And echoed in the wells of silence

And the people bowed and prayed  
To the neon God they made  
And the sign flashed out its warning  
And the words that it was forming

And the sign said,  
"The words of the prophets are written on the subway walls  
And tenement halls."  
And whispered in the sound of silence

Thanks to Hailey, Lew, AJ, Juan, Justice for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Simon Paul

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**SIMON & GARFUNKEL LYRICS** *-original***"The Sound Of Silence"**

Hello darkness, my old friend  
I've come to talk with you again  
Because a vision softly creeping  
Left its seeds while I was sleeping  
And the vision that was planted in my brain  
Still remains  
Within the sound of silence

In restless dreams I walked alone  
Narrow streets of cobblestone  
'Neath the halo of a streetlamp  
I turned my collar to the cold and damp  
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light  
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And echoed in the wells of silence

And the people bowed and prayed  
To the neon god they made  
And the sign flashed out its warning  
In the words that it was forming  
And the sign said "The words of the prophets  
Are written on the subway walls  
And tenement halls  
And whispered in the sounds of silence"

Thanks to Cameron, Madeline for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Paul Simon

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## GEORGE JONES LYRICS - original

**"Tennessee Whiskey"**  
(originally by David Allan Coe)

I used to spend my nights out in a bar room  
Liquor was the only love I've known  
But you rescued me from reaching  
For the bottle  
And you brought me back from  
Being too far gone

You're as smooth as Tennessee whiskey  
You're as sweet as strawberry wine  
You're as warm as a glass of brandy  
And I stay stoned on your love all the time

I looked for love in all the same old places  
Found the bottom of the bottle always dry  
But when you poured out your heart  
I didn't waste it  
'Cause there's nothing like your love  
To get me high

You're as smooth as Tennessee whiskey  
You're as sweet as strawberry wine  
You're as warm as a glass of brandy  
And I stay stoned on your love all the time  
I stay stoned on your love all the time

Writer(s): Linda Ann Hargrove, Dean Dillon, Linda H. Bartholomew

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**CHRIS STAPLETON LYRICS** *remake*

**"Tennessee Whiskey"**

*w/ Justin Timberlake*

*[Verse - 1:]*

Used to spend my nights out in a barroom  
Liquor was the only love I've known  
But you rescued me from reachin' for the bottom  
And brought me back from being too far gone

*[Chorus:]*

You're as smooth as Tennessee whiskey  
You're as sweet as strawberry wine  
You're as warm as a glass of brandy  
And honey, I stay stoned on your love all the time

*[Verse - 2:]*

I've looked for love in all the same old places  
Found the bottom of a bottle always dry  
But when you poured out your heart I didn't waste it  
'Cause there's nothing like your love to get me high

*[Chorus]*

*[Instrumental]*

*[Chorus]*

You're as smooth as Tennessee whiskey  
Tennessee whiskey  
Tennessee whiskey

You're as smooth as Tennessee whiskey  
Tennessee whiskey  
Tennessee whiskey

Thanks to Jaylynn, Dave Weston for correcting these lyrics.

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**NINE INCH NAILS LYRICS** *original***"Hurt"**

I hurt myself today  
To see if I still feel  
I focus on the pain  
The only thing that's real  
The needle tears a hole  
The old familiar sting  
Try to kill it all away  
But I remember everything

What have I become?  
My sweetest friend  
Everyone I know  
Goes away in the end  
You could have it all  
My empire of dirt  
I will let you down  
I will make you hurt

I wear this crown of shit  
Upon my liar's chair  
Full of broken thoughts  
I cannot repair  
Beneath the stains of time  
The feelings disappear  
You are someone else  
I am still right here

What have I become?  
My sweetest friend  
Everyone I know  
Goes away in the end

You could have it all  
My empire of dirt  
I will let you down  
I will make you hurt  
If I could start again  
A million miles away  
I would keep myself  
I would find a way

Thanks to 123, soundguysays, sweet\_stef\_90, denizaryay for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Trent Reznor, J. CRANE, REZNOR MICHAEL TRENT, A. JACOBS

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**JOHNNY CASH LYRICS** *remake***"Hurt"**

(originally by Nine Inch Nails)

I hurt myself today  
 To see if I still feel  
 I focus on the pain  
 The only thing that's real  
 The needle tears a hole  
 The old familiar sting  
 Try to kill it all away  
 But I remember everything

*[Chorus:]*

What have I become  
 My sweetest friend  
 Everyone I know goes away  
 In the end  
 And you could have it all  
 My empire of dirt  
 I will let you down  
 I will make you hurt

I wear this crown of thorns  
 Upon my liar's chair  
 Full of broken thoughts  
 I cannot repair  
 Beneath the stains of time  
 The feelings disappear  
 You are someone else  
 I am still right here

*[Chorus:]*

What have I become  
 My sweetest friend  
 Everyone I know goes away  
 In the end  
 And you could have it all  
 My empire of dirt  
 I will let you down  
 I will make you hurt

If I could start again  
 A million miles away  
 I would keep myself  
 I would find a way

Thanks to dreamon\_89, sbd21, Rich198dy for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Trent Reznor

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**REFINANCE**  
 EASY. POWERFUL.  
 COMPLETELY ONLINE.

**PUSH BUTTON**  
**GET MORTGAGE**

START HERE ►

 **ROCKET**  
**MORTGAGE**  
 by Quicken Loans  
 NMLS #3030

# NINA SIMONE LYRICS *-original*

## "Four Women"

My skin is black  
My arms are long  
My hair is woolly  
My back is strong  
Strong enough to take the pain  
Inflicted again and again  
What do they call me  
My name is AUNT SARAH  
My name is Aunt Sarah

My skin is yellow  
My hair is long  
Between two worlds  
I do belong  
My father was rich and white  
He forced my mother late one night  
What do they call me  
My name is SAFFRONIA  
My name is Saffronia

My skin is tan  
My hair is fine  
My hips invite you  
my mouth like wine  
Whose little girl am I?  
Anyone who has money to buy  
What do they call me  
My name is SWEET THING  
My name is Sweet Thing

My skin is brown  
my manner is tough  
I'll kill the first mother I see  
my life has been too rough  
I'm awfully bitter these days  
because my parents were slaves  
What do they call me  
My name is PEACHES

Writer(s): Nina Simone

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# For Women Lyrics *remake*

by Talib Kweli

Yea, so we got this tune called "for women" right  
 Originally, it was by Nina Simone  
 She said it was inspired by, you know  
 Down south, in the south, they used to call her mother antie  
 She said no mrs.  
 Just antie  
 She said if anybody ever called her antie  
 She'd burn the whole goddamn place down  
 I'm over past that  
 Coming into the new millennium, we can't forget our elders

I got off the 2 train in Brooklyn on my way to a session  
 Said let me help this woman up the stairs before I get to steppin'  
 We got in a conversation she said she a 107  
 Just her presence was a blessing and her essence was a lesson  
 She had her head wrapped  
 And long dreads that peeked out the back  
 Like antenna to help her get a sense of where she was at, imagine that  
 Livin' a century, the strength of her memories  
 Felt like an angel had been sent to me  
 She lived from nigger to colored to negro to black  
 To afro then African-American and right back to nigger  
 You figure she'd be bitter in the twilight  
 But she alright, cuz she done seen the circle of life yo  
 Her skin was black like it was packed with melanin  
 Back in the days of slaves she packin' like Harriet Tubman  
 Her arms are long and she moves like song  
 Feet with corns, hand with callouses  
 But her heart is warm and her hair is wooly  
 And it attract a lot of energy even negative  
 She gotta dead that the head wrap is her remedy  
 Her back is strong and she far from a vagabond  
 This is the back of the masters' whip used to crack upon  
 Strong enough to take all the pain, that's been  
 Inflicted again and again and again and again and flipped  
 It to the love for her children nothing else matters  
 What do they call her? they call her aunt Sara

I know a girl with a name as beautiful as the rain  
 Her face is the same but she suffers an

unusual pain  
 Seems she only deals with losers who be  
 usin' them games  
 Chasin' the real brothers away like she  
 confused in the brain  
 She tried to get it where she fit in  
 On that american dream mission paid  
 tuition  
 For the receipt to find out her history was  
 missing and started flippin'  
 Seeing the world through very different  
 eyes  
 People askin' her what she'll do when it  
 comes time to chose sides  
 Yo, her skin is yellow, it's like her face is  
 blond word is bond  
 And her hair is long and straight just like  
 sleeping beauty  
 See, she truly feels like she belong in 2  
 worlds  
 And that she can't relate to other girls  
 Her father was rich and white still livin' with  
 his wife  
 But he forced himself on her mother late  
 one night  
 They call it rape that's right and now she  
 take flight  
 Through life with hate and spite inside her  
 mind  
 That keep her up to the break of light a lot  
 of times  
 (I gotta find myself)  
 She had to remind herself  
 They called her safronia the unwanted  
 seed  
 Blood still blue in her vein and still red  
 when she bleeds  
 (Don't, don't, don't hurt me again)

Teenage lovers sit on the stoops up in  
 harlem  
 Holdin' hands under the apollo marquis  
 dreamin of stardom  
 Since they was born the streets is watchin'  
 and schemin'  
 And now it got them generations facin'  
 deseases  
 That don't kill you they just got problems  
 And complications that get you first  
 Yo, it's gettng worse, when children hide  
 the fact that they pregnant  
 Cuz they scared of giving birth  
 How will I feed this baby?  
 How will I survive, how will this baby  
 shine?  
 Daddy dead from crack in '85, mommy  
 dead from aids in '89  
 At 14 the baby hit the same streets they  
 became her master  
 The children of the enslaved, they grow a  
 little faster  
 They bodles become adult  
 While they keepin' the thoughts of a child  
 her arrival  
 Into womanhood was heemed up by her  
 survival  
 Now she 25, barely grown out her own  
 Doin' whatever it takes strippin', workin'  
 out on the block  
 Up on the phone, talkin' about  
 (My skin is tan like the front of your hand)  
 (And my hair)  
 (well my hair's alright whatever way I want  
 to fix it,  
 It's alright it's fine)  
 (But my hips, these sweet hips of mine  
 invite you daddy)  
 (And when I fix my lips my mouth is like  
 wine)

(Take a sip don't be shy, tonight I wanna  
be your lady)  
(I ain't too good for your mercedes, but  
first you got to pay me)  
(You better quit with all the question, sugar  
who's little girl am i)  
(Why I'm yours if you got enough money to  
buy)  
(You better stop with the compliments we  
running out of time,)  
(You wanna talk whatever we could do that  
it's your dime)  
(From harlem's from where I came, don't  
worry about my name,)  
(Up on one-two-five they call me sweet  
thang)

A daughter come up in georgia, ripe and  
ready to plant seeds  
Left the plantation when she saw a sign  
even thought she can't read  
It came from god and when life get hard  
she always speak to him  
She'd rather kill her babies than let the  
master get to 'em  
She on the run up north to get across that  
mason-dixon  
In church she learned how to be patient  
and keep wishin'  
The promlse of eternal life after death for  
those that god bless  
She swears the next baby she'll have will  
breathe a free breath  
And get milk from a free breast  
And love beeing alive  
Otherwise they'll have to give up being  
themselves to survive  
Being maids, cleaning ladies maybe  
teachers  
Or college graduates, nurses, housewives,  
prostitutes, and drug addicts  
Some will grow to be old women, some  
will die before they born  
They'll be mothers, and lovers who inspire  
and make songs  
(But me, my skin is brown and my manner  
is tough,)  
(Like the love I give my babies when the  
rainbow's enuff,)  
(I'll kill the first muthafucka that mess with  
me, I never bluff)  
(I ain't got time to lie, my life has been  
much too rough,)  
(Still running with barefeet, I ain't got  
nothin' but my soul,)  
(Freedom is the ultimate goal  
Life and death is small on the whole, in  
many ways)  
(I'm awfully bitter these days  
'Cuz the only parents god gave me, they  
were slaves,)  
(And it crippled me, I got the destiny of a  
casualty,)  
(But I live through my babies and I change  
my reality)  
(Maybe one day I'll ride back to georgia on  
a train,)  
(Folks 'round there call me peaches, I  
guess that's my name.)

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