

# Die Trying

## Cee-Lo

(Chorus)

See there's no way and there's no how  
I'd ever stop now, Imma die tryin', I'mma die trying  
And sometimes I get weak from walking the road I'm on  
But I'mma keep on. I'mma die tryin', I'mma die tryin' (mmm.) Before we came being southern  
wasn't something to claim

In fact wasn't something to fly it was something to blame  
Smilin and shuckin and jivin I was so ashamed  
They gave the dirty an apparently appropriate name  
I wrote about a revolution and sung from the soul  
Spoke with my spirit and mind my ambition was blind  
Answering the call of god like a child obeying  
Preaching the very same power they killed martin for saying  
But you can't break the mold in by holding your breath  
Thought if I died for ya, that would be an honourable death  
So sincere my eyes begin to swell up in tear  
And it's clear my music may not do well up in here  
Oh my god being a nigger must be a good payin job  
With all the fringe benefits, ignorance is bliss  
There is a time and a place for everybody's taste  
But I know too much and I owe too much

(Chorus) So here it is, an invitation to an open book

A painful past my heart is still broken look  
I know you don't hate me it's not assured they anyone appreciate me  
See i've been having a hard time selling my album's lately  
In recent news the source couldnt find any microphones to rate me Using words I could scream  
an alternative to equate me

Which is true I'm in a box with a view would you still wanna date me?

I could be a pretty good thug but it wouldnt compare to a great me  
The final cross to bear is mine it's not a cross to share  
But isn't it ironic I still woulda bought a cross to wear  
That obviously cost to wear but considerably less than the price that it costs to care  
Now I have another loss to spare I dare em say that I can't win  
Even though I know talking intelligent just ain't in  
You most likely to go broke when you just can't bend  
So me and JJ both gon' have to pay bills (Chorus)

Listen

People still standin in line at the World Party for some Soul Food  
To get put back in that old mood  
They say we like the new 'Lo  
and we respect everything that you trying to do 'Lo  
Do what you do but just do more that you know

It's a catch 22 and I couldn't cry  
Now I'm under oath with them both and I couldn't lie  
Cussed 'em said that I'm too dope and I couldn't fly  
But you getting rich talkin shit so why shouldn't I  
I'm just playing but I guess that couldn't go without saying  
I'm just gon ride this revolution until they stop me where I'm stayin  
But I ain't gotta lie to ya to make it sound fly to ya  
I keep my feet on the ground and bring the sky to ya(Chorus)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>