

# Brotherly Love

Murs

This is dedicated to all my little brothers, little homies, yo check it out  
Man you 21 now and I still can believe it  
Been living on your own, just hard to conceive  
That you on the right track, out pursuing that knowledge  
But a few years back I couldn't see you in college  
You was all out crippling, brought a gun in the house  
My first thought was to take it, give you one to the mouth  
But never that, we been through way to much  
I always tried to give you guidance but not say too much  
Tried to lead by example, didn't I have some nerve  
Telling you stay out the street while I was out slanging herb  
But I always preferred you do it smarter then me  
You didn't have to prove nothing being harder then me  
You helped mom at the cleaners  
Stayed away from misdemeanors  
I was proud of you then  
Please believe I still am  
Don't let the world get you down, throw you off your program  
Life is hard, even harder on a young black man  
If it gets rough blow a blunt and bump some more slow jams  
Know every man with a badge is probably a punk  
But don't ever risk your freedom, just to throw one punch  
Let a coward be a coward, he has to deal with his past  
I know these pigs deserve it but give em a pass  
I know you want to keep it gangster, just do it with class  
Above all remember this, no matter how big you get  
I'm still your big brother and I can always whoop your ass  
They say a wise man knows nothing, so I know a lot less  
But I been where you at homie, put to the test  
The answer lies deep within, so open your chest  
And find God within yourself and he'll show you the rest  
I know the world is against you and your going through stress  
But long as you still breathing God, and know you been blessed  
The only sin is giving up, there's no need to confess  
Find a God within yourself and he'll show you the rest  
Now take that doo-rag off when you get in my ride  
Man that shit ain't fresh, you're supposed to wear it inside  
Not under bandannas or under a cap  
I might be getting old but I don't understand that  
You want your hoodie on or off, please make up your mind  
Trapped in a rap video, losing your mind  
Getting lost through someone else helps you find yourself  
I guess that's how it works  
I seen this kid the other day with murder written on his shirt  
And never been to a funeral  
Now am I out of touch, if I say it's unusual  
This dude will sing a love ballad to his homeboys, before a young lady  
Now ain't that crazy  
If you didn't love that bitch then why you make her keep your baby  
Ooh abortions not right  
But just the other night  
You were a killer pull a trigger before you have a fare fight  
But if you value one, then why not value every life  
Its obvious you know the difference between wrong and right  
Its not about being self, its hard to follow the light  
When you're surrounded by darkness, almost drowning in evil  
Been searching for some help but still ain't found no real people

Here's a shout, know we out here, we struggling too  
Some of us do it legal; some will thug our way through  
We got to fight to show the world that our youth are intelligent  
So keep it gangster in your CD changer, not your residence  
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