

What About Us

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

(What about us?) What about my niggaz still out on the street?
(What about us?) What about my partners doin' time?
(What about us?) What about this arresting from the police?
(What about us?) What about my young thugs cry?
(2x)

Its for my, incarcerated niggaz
That stuck in the pin they coming home
Gotta stay strong cause you aint alone
Remember you always got love from home
They steal this pain and may not know it
I'm a boy and I gotta show it
I hear them cries from the babies
I wish they had a chance don't wanna blow it
But unemployed for all the little girls and boys
You got'sa, love your mom and daddy
And make them wonder why you give them ploys
Oh boy, its getting deep but more expensive then ever cheap
But what about that little nigga running the streets
Making a living through his beats
What about these whack ass politicians
They don't care if we live or die
What about that elderly barely breathing, gotta survive on SSI
They say America, it's the land of the free and home of the brave
Its mass hysteria, so bring your knees and hope we can fight
And if bury us, at least we can live as we believe
Dog aint ever gonna break our pride
Aint nothing you can do to keep us weak
And all of my soldiers come together
Get on your feet and get ready to bust
What about this war against terrorism (fuck that)
And what about this war against us

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What about them thugs that's dead and gone
What about them thugs that aint even grown
What about them thugs that out here lost
And aint ever gonna find their way home
Suspicion got you furious, so grab your shit and listen up
Its violence and violence, it's the only way their gonna respect us
If its this system, in the ghetto back far to one place one time
Know we gone, how they sleep at night if they know they be lying
This shit we deal wit', we young black and fit less
Living in the ghetto to ghetto and ghetto
to ghetto cause ghetto is all we know
They beat us down for dumb shit, they lock us up for dumb shit
Find out that I'm innocent and still gotta fight for money they owe me
And they wonder why we riot in the damn streets
They can't hold us down we getting all that money
And watch what I tell ya, everybody wants some
how they get it they don't care
Try to kick it when you spittin' real smooth
But they listening in my business trying to fuck up my move

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Dead niggaz I've been to war
Been tall with shit I seen it all
Like soap operas from ghetto stars
I can tell when rappers getting bored, really
Sometimes she a bitch sometimes my lady
And times when niggaz die she help like I was a baby
The simplest things in life were always the best
Breathing you ass back inhaling when chronic in your chest
Hey somebody call my momma and help me one more time
Before I die my momma she carry me no comma
Niggaz bitches and drama
I recollect walking and stoppin'
Cops not even checking on me, juvenile delinquent
And baby y'all be respecting me
The B.O. it taking me in
Whether we saving fuck the last thing we did
And let the cops see all the shit that I did
Like spittin' on them foxies skied up
In the palm of my dick
This is the life that I love
This is the life that I live
And it's a life full of lust nigga

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My partner called me after court
They said they got 25 to life just for slingin' some dope
They making some cheese just to feed their folks
And they like somebody won't go home
Its sad cause its sadder for us to get caught up by the po-po fo sho'
And what about our boys and young girls
In their wicked young world
Coming to school wit' heaters bustin' their teachers
Whatever happened to family and humanity we posses
What about our babies, that struggling in this mess, don't strees
Crooked coppers scaring the niggaz off in the hood
What about them niggaz that get blown off this block if they good
See most of the niggaz still on the street
Still struggling and hustlin' trying to get something eat
Some of them resting in piece and some will never get free
Bone Thug gotta show love, keep it real and really real
And let 'em know about us

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