

# 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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