I walk down the street, yo pick any one I see a little ruffneck kid with a gun I said, "Little homeboy what's up with the glock 19?" He said a damn crack fiend just went and took his mama's life And now the kid's over there smoking the pipe I said, "Guilt will let him know what he did and you don't need to go to jail, you're just a kid. Give me the gun little G, just cool it down. You've got a lot to live for you're college bound." And so he screams and cries, we start huggin On the corner in Ft. Greene, we're buggin Tears drip as we walk to the crib And I'ma try to be there to comfort the kid I woke up it's a brand new day Little man blew himself away And I'm scorned, an emotional thorn And I'm lost in the storm Well back in the hood, understood, I mean understand The conspiracy upon the first man Death to the Klan pump the fists that's connected To the elbow joined by cartilage to the dark hand And the plan to conserve this confused violent land Different races, faces share the same spaces Sewed by arrogant laces Taste t his peace is real sweet Extra reasoning seasoning to the weak Will be done before the sun starts to nova Or we'll be over Reveal the passion button now hit it Cause no one is born a bigot Delete what you have engraved in your mind And throw up the peace sign And maybe be reborn or be lost in the storm Well it's ninety-two we will make it to ninety-three With no P-E, A-see-E It won't happen so stop your damn finger tappin Find the music of peace and start rappin The answer lies in your hearts then your minds And maybe then we can save human kind Put away the guns and have fun was a strong motto in ninety-one But a Woodstock ninetytwo the many join the few to delete the racist crew Without death cause that will be illogical Peace will cover every newspaper article So now then, where do we start Everybody knows they have to play a part Open your minds and clear your minds And throw up the peace signs Cause to scorn, be reborn, everybody let's be reborn Or be lost in the storm