

Sights In The City

Guru

Sights in the city got people cryin'
Sights in the city got people cryin'
Sights in the city got people dyin'
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In the city

One Friday, little Emmitt reached his limit
School was wack, he wasn't with it
His man told him that he could make some dough
Deliverin' packages for Mac Money Joe

So he said, "Cool, yo, I need a hustle
Yo, hook me up, plus I need a pistol or
A 380, a two-two or a 25
I'm gonna get large kid, I'm all the way live"
But he was sadly mistaken
Now he's locked up, he's doin' time and he's thinkin'

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One Saturday, sweet Renee ran away
Couldn't take moms yellin', didn't wanna stay
Her girl told her, that she could get quick cash
Goin' on dates for Pimp Daddy Nash

She said, "Well, I don't know, I gotta meet him
You say he's fly, mmm? I gotta see him"
The next thing you know she's out late nights
Makin' dollars for Nash, wearin' her skirts tight
Now she's a victim of the system
Man, what happened to her dreams and her ambition?

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Old Mr. Fillmore, he owns a grocery store
It's a small little shop, the children call him 'Pop'
But, of course, he keeps a shotgun
Just for protection 'cause he's got a little grandson

On Sunday, while he was there cleanin'
He heard the front door slam, a lady screamin'
He grabbed the shottie and walked out from the back
All he saw was two kids, wearin' black ski masks
He fired, they fired, all at the same time
Now there's a funeral on Wednesday, a quarter to nine

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Many sights and sounds in the city, knahmsayin'?
People dyin', innocent victims
The babies ain't got no future
What are we gon' do?
Brothers can't make a buck
Mmm, just some of the sights and sounds, that's all
Guess, I'm just gonna get mine