

His name was Rasool  
Carmel completed boy from the 22  
Rough on the outside  
But on the inside he was cool  
Rasool was a king  
But also a fool  
Back on the block again with the same crew  
Tariq from the west side  
Little John from the avenue  
Always seen um bout a quarter to two  
Shaking hands with everybody  
But at the same time sharing the blues  
And oh how he passed it on  
Shaking hands till what was in his pockets was gone  
He'd be outside in the cold with his bubble goose on  
But inside  
I knew he wasn't warm  
Around 10:30 on that dreary night  
His bowaz said they were hungry they were hungry  
Wanted to get a bite  
But they didn't send a runner  
Rasool knew it wasn't right  
But he stayed anyway to get the chain he liked  
And oh how the shots rang in the streets  
Hitting everybody in the surrounding vicinity  
Children of the children  
One young father to be  
And Rasool lay dead in my north Philly Street  
At fifteen years old  
It was the first death I'd seen  
But the game ain't designed for no kind of winning  
And oh this is a friend of Rasool  
Telling you to think about what you do and who you call your crew  
The very choices you make  
May make a Rasool out of you  
Now you don't want that do you?