

The evil that men do

Ras Kass

Psssshh, I guess niggaz don't realize a good thing til it's gone
You know what I'm sayin man?
Runnin around in these streets trickin, shit's hard man
You know? But sometimes man
fools be bringin that shit on they god damn self

Nappy headed nigga stigmatism at birth
Born to a family of four and so that makes me one-fourth
of a dysfunctional home
I had a father who only stayed to see me grown
When I turned twelve he was gone
Alone, no role model
I used to watch my Granddaddy and Uncle hit the bottle
and then hit each other
Granddaddy beat Grandmother, but that's before my time
but I still see how it affected her mind
As a child I introverted, and drew pictures
While my mother prayed to Jesus reading King James scriptures
She used to take me to church so I could put money in the basket
Tell the preacher how she used to get her ass kicked
And me, I mastered the art of hatred
After pops left ran with my niggaz tryin to take shit
Petty theft, I got caught a few times, but bust it
Life is a bitch so fuck it
In eighty-one I remember the night
I covered myself with baby powder, so my black ass could be light
Cause God is white, and Bo Derek is a ten
I hate my black skin, it's just a sin to be a nigga
Then again, I'm like the Frenchman, cause Granny's creole
And therefore, we're black French people
So I think it's best if I go to Catholic school
And study under nuns and then I'll be a Catholic fool
Cause none of these cults want none of us up
and don't none want to see none of us live to be adults, sheeit
No wonder brothers take lives for red and blue
It's the evil that men do

But every nigga on my block
can't stop, and he won't stop, and he don't stop
(4x)

Nigga, nigga wake yo' punk ass up nigga!
Nigga *smack* *smack* wake yo', wake yo' punk ass up!! *siren*
(Where the fuck we at?) *helicopter*
Nigga, one time nigga
(Man I feel strange man, and I'm fin to go man)
Shit, I'ma get you out, shit, bitches man)
(Fuck that shit man, nigga what the fuck am I gonna do man?) *siren*
We go make another gold LP nigga stop trippin nigga
Nigga we own a gold LP, nigga stop trippin!

By the time I hit adolescence and found hair on my nuts
I grew twelve inches so now it's time to fuck sluts
Never respected women, just had to keep my dick wet
Fucked this virgin named Lena, I made a bet
with my homies I could hit it first, then kicked her to the curb
til next year, I got a call from my man Kurt

Since I never used jims I left a seed in the Earth
that left a nigga feelin like dirt
Cause now I'm a father, and got a two-week old daughter
ironically, don't even know her name it's a damn shame
And ol girl never told me she was havin my baby
The more I thought about, she fuckin played me
Cause the family's lookin at me like I raped her
Plus with another fuckin mouth to feed I need paper
Did a caper, and took my Guinness Stout to the head
September 1990, drunk drivin, the light turned red
Somebody hit from the rear, I hit the brakes
Then lost control of the steering wheel
Hit a black Camaro and that's all I remember that night
I woke up to a five-oh flashlight
The car that I hit had exploded on impact
One woman escaped, but the driver was trapped, he burned to death
Manslaughter, off to C-Y-A
Liftin weights in the yard and playin spades all day
Now I'm eighteen, hit the County in the mix
'Name and last three!' Austin, oh-six-six
By now Grandpa went crazy and my Uncle had died
And me I'm at the ranch makin pruno in Wayside
In ninety-three, I got probation
Searchin for an occupation, cause now I'm pickin restitution, confusion
I'm lookin at myself and seein every other nigga I knew
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