

## 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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