

# Drama

RZA

I wanna dedicate this song to the young god, Kareem  
The Genius... Digi...  
Sing it 'em to real quick, yo

Like to keep my head up to the sky  
And ask myself, why, it has to be this way  
I'd like to live my life in peace  
And have, not to worry about  
All the drama, I can't take  
Cuz we strive for luxury  
And try to feed our families  
It always seems that someone seen our way  
I'd like to live my life in peace  
And have, not to worry about  
All the drama, I can't take

I met a young brother, about 28  
Who seemed intelligent and rather quite straight  
I greeted him, and struck a conversation  
To see if the youngster had some self motivation  
Peace brother, whats your name? How you be?  
(I'm Rugged Monk and I'm all about the currency)  
You mean gettin' paid?

Yeah like my man's brother  
Who has a condo, he shares with his baby mother  
You know a condo beats my apartment  
With no lights, no gas and backed up rent  
No hot water or heat, infested with plenty rats  
That'll eat up the average alley cat  
(I'm like damn, homey, thats poverty, he's like)  
Word O.G. that bothers me  
Plus I'm about to be a new father, G  
(We need to wise up and change the hood policy)

Yo, why you fear the devil, as a grown man?  
Why you not out there trying to make your own plan?  
See we are a victim, of a situation  
Where a wicked man, separated the nation  
And got us killin' off one another  
Black on black, they pit brother on brother  
It's gettin' hot, hotter than July  
See the murder and crime rate is risin' to the sky  
(For example, in my neighborhood it's so hot  
I'm often woke up, from the alarming sounding of a shot, so I'm thinking what)  
Is your neighborhood a trap?  
{Could this be the place marked X on the map?}  
(And I'm spotted like a target in a shooting gallery  
So I strive to seek for a better salary  
So I can escape from where? From this ghetto life area  
{Cuz everyday it gets scarier}