

# It's Going Around Outside

Silkk The Shocker

Yo' let me holla at y'all for a minute  
It's like when, I was in the ghetto  
I was never in the ghetto, because my mind was elsewhere  
And if I was locked down, I would invision myself being free  
But God, I got so many questions  
I just want you to answer  
Help Me Out...

I wish that God would talk to me (Talk to me)  
About all the pain that I've seen (I know you seen it too)  
Move on, coming out right  
Cracked out Mother got nerve to be crying  
All my friends seem to pass away (Rest in peace, all y'all rest in peace)  
I heard one say, that's the only way (No it ain't)

But I wish it would rain  
I wish I'd rain, I wish I'd rain, so it could wash away all my pain  
It's going around outside  
I wish I'd rain, I wish I'd rain, so it could wash away all this pain  
It's going around outside

My best friend's house payments behind  
Now he lives in the park outside  
Mary complains about the money she makes  
I see some more people dying of AIDS (I feel ya dog, I feel ya)

Yo'  
Trying to make the whole world invision my pain (invision my pain)  
Trying to pretend that the ghetto was all good  
Ya' know what I really wish for change  
But it seems killas and drug-dealas  
But they stereo-type me as a thug  
Hard to see clear  
Supposed to be one-night stand, I ain't supposed to be here, Mom and Dad never was in love  
It seems domestic violence is always the problem  
When I go home (Go home)  
Hoping once in my life that Mom and Dad would get along  
See my grandfather died in the war  
And all he ever got was medals, and my grandmother got a letter  
Only things my kids ever GOT!?  
Was a trip to the ghetto  
Have you ever seen a crackbaby? Or someone die of AIDS?!  
Watch them suffer and with all this money I got  
They can't be saved  
We all hustle so fuck the color, white or black  
We all struggle, we act like  
We better then each other, we're supposed to be all sistas and brothas  
Feel my pain  
It's better that you know  
But don't feel sorry for me, even though I lived hard and rough  
I lived better than most  
Knowin' one day I gotta go, and I can't buy time  
I gotta homie that's doing 99  
He sending me pictures and letters like it's all fine  
I know it's not

And ya' know what? It's even worse  
They got us killin' over turfs  
I don't know when the last time I went to church  
Can't sleep, doin' too much dirt  
In the middle of the ghetto, just wishin' for clout (wishin' for clout)  
Ladies forget having babies by these fake playas and shady bustas  
Thinkin' they can get you out  
See now my quest to live hard, a quest to live large  
God I have a question  
Why's it so hard?! (Feel my pain, feel my pain...feel that?)

Ya' know what I'm sayin'  
Killin' over dolla bills, paper  
Fightin' over turfs, when none of it don't belong to us  
And racism?! Still exist, but ME?! I'm color-blind  
We gotta realize we gotta problem  
And the government? The only time they care, is election time  
And they seem to think the only solution is  
Build more prisons to throw us in...it's not right  
But I got homies dyin' over nothing (Rest in peace Biggie, rest in peace Pac)  
And all the fallen soldiers  
Ya' know what, it used to be in my community...drugs and violence  
Now it's going around, now it's going around...it's going around  
Soon to be in your spot, if it's not there already  
I'm out  
(It's going around outside)