

Queen Latifah F/ KRS One

"Easy to Slip"

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(Talking)

Solitaire, you know?

Nine eleven, S to the H to the A to the G y'all

This one's goin' out to all my peoples, you know what I'm sayin'?

One foot is in the street and one foot in the grave, you know what I'm sayin'?

We all know how easy it is to slip into that street life
Got no food on the table, nothin' to eat, this one's for y'all

(Verse 1)

I had a cousin named Derek, he hustled on the block

That nigga was a thug, I was not

14 years old, I watched him, he was the man that I wanted to be

And he was barely 16

He always had the shoes that I wanted to rock

And his moms didn't even know about the things he got

Gold chains, Nike Air Jordans, chicks on his jock

And it all seemed to come from bein' on the block, but

(Chorus)

It's so easy to slip

We sing a song of mercy for niggas that's caught in the struggle

It's so easy to faaaalllll

Cause the Devil's always tryin' to draw the kids into trouble

It's so easy to slip

We move like the sun over the ocean to see things clearer

It's so easy to faaaalllll

Feel like the only one checkin for you is the man in the mirror

(Verse 2)

I remember, he took me to the mall on a shopping spree

And bought the things my mom couldn't cop for me

He had my back till his last days, and now he's a ghost

That nigga taught me well, how the streets was hell
And a hussla's just a nigga that's tryin to make bail
A lot of dead niggas, even more in jail
Some even got a wife and a story to tell
How young blacks survive while living in hell, but

(Chorus)

It's so easy to slip
We got your back
It's so easy to faaaalllll
Y'all niggas ain't alone man

(Verse 3)

Drugs was apart of his life since he was born
His pops came home drunk and pissed on the lawn
And beat up his mom, and 'D' couldn't take it
His pops kicked him out of the house butt naked
He turned to his peeps, then turned to the streets
And turned his back on his screen filled sleeps
His pops passed away, but he never shed a tear
Like a self affiliated proficy, made himself clear
I grew watching him, we kicked it now and then
Sometimes I sit in wonder how life woulda been
If I had hussled with him, would I be dead too?
Was a bullet through the chest worth the shit he went
through?
Fuck, I ain't a hussla, my cousin packed a gun
And his memories the reason I will never pack one
Niggas, stay alive, and to your peeps be true
Or the next rhyme in right might be about you, cause

(Chorus)-x2

It's so easy to slip, it's so easy to faaaalllll (fades out)

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