

Reef the Lost Cauze

"Sound of Philadelphia"

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[Intro]

Yeah

It's the sound of Philadelphia

Yo, yo

[Verse 1]

Welcome to the home of brotherly love

Brothers covered in blood

The man's office is covered in bugs

The youth dreams cut short, swept under the rug

Love for self is outweighed by the love for the drugs

Go Eagles, McNabb and T.O.

We ain't hard to find homey, just follow the weed
smoke

We eat rolls of greased beef soaked, overweight and
evil

A city of justice unequal

The shadow of New York we still under

So we gotta kill 'em every summer, walk a little tougher

Guns bustin' how we chose to fight

When you can go from bein' a star to a scumbag
overnight

Streets often deserted on the coldest nights

All hair trigger thunderbirds show you're right

Cops don't ask if ya know your rights

Hopeless hypes smokin' pipes

Pavement gamblers rollin' dice

Short sentence describe your whole life

Low expectancy at a low price for a low life

The mind of many years shines, soul so bright

But they could give a fuck, in their crib no lights

Everybody rhyme and they claim they don't write--it
down

Sit down, take it all in

Civilization, this is where it all ends

The city I call kin

Yo, so take caution

[Hook] (2X)

It's the sound of Philadelphia

Gun shots and pretty beats

Come along with me, hear my city speak
It's talkin' to ya, it's giving you a heads up
It's sayin' that niggaz 'round here is gettin' fed up

[Verse 2]

On stoops the fruits of my labor
Are made by moves that major
Hood gossip never news from the newspaper
Don't ask me for shit, we never do favors
The elders are now just a bunch of reclused neighbors
Tax dollars go to prisons, new judges, new chambers
Love it when you lose, kill ya if you came up
Niggaz passin' disease, fuckin' the same slut
You either cuttin' a demo or gettin' 'caine cut
Don't go to school, they'll treat you like a lame duck
You ain't my master, yeah it's a shame but
What do you expect from--kids who need respect
Cuz no one was at home for them to learn respect
from?
We respect guns, we respect funds
Let's face it, my future don't look like the Jetsons
Don't ask the government for help cause we expect
none
Our heroes get murdered and replaced with the next
one
It's like a wild west done
On the way out I hope I get one
But I doubt that will happen
Cuz of crabs in a barrel
I'll probably end up in a cage
Cuz I had to let a blast from the barrel
The city of Philly {*echoes*}

[Hook] (2X)

It's the sound of Philadelphia
Gun shots and pretty beats
Come along with me, hear my city speak
It's talkin' to ya, it's giving you a heads up
It's sayin' that niggaz 'round here is gettin' fed up

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