

## **Chris Rock F/ Lil' Kim**

### **"What About Us?"**

Visit "[What About Us?](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Chorus 2x)

(What about us?) What about my niggaz still out on the street?

(What about us?) What about my partners doin' time?

(What about us?) What about this arresting from the police?

(What about us?) What about my young thugs cry?

(Layzie)

Its for my, incarcerated niggaz

That stuck in the pin they coming home

Gotta stay strong cause you aint alone

Remember you always got love from home

They steal this pain and may not know it

I'm a boy and I gotta show it

I hear them cries from the babies

I wish they had a chance don't wanna blow it

But unemployed for all the little girls and boys

You got'sa, love your mom and daddy

And make them wonder why you give them ploys

Oh boy, its getting deep but more expensive then ever cheap

But what about that little nigga running the streets

Making a living through his beats

What about these whack ass politicians

They don't care if we live or die

What about that elderly barely breathing, gotta survive on SSI

They say America, it's the land of the free and home of the brave

Its mass hysteria, so bring your knees and hope we can fight

And if bury us, at least we can live as we believe

Dog aint ever gonna break our pride

Aint nothing you can do to keep us weak

And all of my soldiers come together

Get on your feet and get ready to bust

What about this war against terrorism (fuck that)

And what about this war against us

(Chorus)

(Wish)

What about them thugs that's dead and gone  
What about them thugs that aint even grown  
What about them thugs that out here lost  
And aint ever gonna find their way home  
Suspicion got you furious, so grab your shit and listen  
up  
Its violence and violence, it's the only way their gonna  
respect us  
If its this system, in the ghetto back far to one place  
one time  
Know we gone, how they sleep at night if they know  
they be lying  
This shit we deal wit', we young black and fit less  
Living in the ghetto to ghetto and ghetto  
to ghetto cause ghetto is all we know  
They beat us down for dumb shit, they lock us up for  
dumb shit  
Find out that I'm innocent and still gotta fight for  
money they owe me  
And they wonder why we riot in the damn streets  
They can't hold us down we getting all that money  
And watch what I tell ya, everybody wants some  
how they get it they don't care  
Try to kick it when you spittin' real smooth  
But they listening in my business trying to fuck up my  
move

(Chorus)

(Bizzy)

Dead niggaz I've been to war  
Been tall with shit I seen it all  
Like soap operas from ghetto stars  
I can tell when rappers getting bored, really  
Sometimes she a bitch sometimes my lady  
And times when niggaz die she help like I was a baby  
The simplest things in life were always the best  
Breathing you ass back inhaling when chronic in your  
chest  
Hey somebody call my momma and help me one more  
time  
Before I die my momma she carry me no comma  
Niggaz bitches and drama  
I recollect walking and stoppin'  
Cops not even checking on me, juvenile delinquent  
And baby y'all be respecting me  
The B.O. it taking me in  
Whether we saving fuck the last thing we did  
And let the cops see all the shit that I did

Like spittin' on them foxies skied up  
In the palm of my dick  
This is the life that I love  
This is the life that I live  
And it's a life full of lust nigga

(Chorus)

(Krayzie)

My partner called me after court  
They said they got 25 to life just for slingin' some dope  
They making some cheese just to feed their folks  
And they like somebody won't go home  
Its sad cause its sadder for us to get caught up by the  
po-po fo sho'  
And what about our boys and young girls  
In their wicked young world  
Coming to school wit' heaters bustin' their teachers  
Whatever happened to family and humanity we posses  
What about our babies, that struggling in this mess,  
don't strees  
Crooked coppers scaring the niggaz off in the hood  
What about them niggaz that get blown off this block if  
they good  
See most of the niggaz still on the street  
Still struggling and hustlin' trying to get something eat  
Some of them resting in piece and some will never get  
free  
Bone Thug gotta show love, keep it real and really real  
And let 'em know about us

(Chorus) 2x

What about us? (Repeat till end)

Visit [Chris Rock F/ Lil' Kim](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.