

Cow Henry

"Drama"

Visit "[Drama](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Talkin bout drama

I met a young brother, how young about eight
He seemed intelligent and rather quite straight
I greeted him, and struck a conversation
To see if the youngster had some self-motivation
Peace brother, what's your name, and how ya be
He said I be soon coming off the currency
I said gettin paid, he said yeah like my man's brother
Who has a condo he shares with his baby's mother
He said a condo beats my apartment
With no lights and no gas and much backed up rent
No hot water or heat, and invaded by plenty rats
That'll eat up the average alleycat
He said yeeahhhh boyyyyyye, that's poverty
I said word, I know and it bothers me
Cuz we are the victims, of a situation
How wicked man, seperated
a nation and got us cold-killin off one another
(Word-word, to the mother)
It's getting hot, how hot, hotter than July
Cuz the murder and crime rate is rising very high
For example, in my neighborhood, it's so hot
I'm often woke up, from the alarming sound of a shot
So I'm thinking what, is my neighborhood a trap
Could this be the place marked X on the map?
Now I'm spotted like a target, in the shooting gallery
So I start to seek for a better salary
So I can escape from where, from this ghetto life area
Cause everyday you're getting scarier
blam blam and scarier and scarier
Causing mass hysteria, it's drama
Talkin bout drama

Not to be bold and disrespect the homeless
Cuz I can see that they suffer from a long list
From not having shelter, and out on the street
without a job and days without a bite to eat
Yo I feel for those, but here's another side
about some more people that's living on the outside
Because of the fact that they chose the wrong way

And it took em on a trip for a long day
Got to the point you started stealing from your house
Stalking the rooms late at night like a mouse
Your family's upset and you've got to go
When it's, five, below and we're ex-pecting snow
And then you're on the train with a cup in your hand
Kicking dirt, and making it look like sand
Then after you run that game for a while
You start sucking up tokens from out the turnstile
Are you that desperate, just to get a hit
Is it so effective that you won't quit, and yo
Why do you come to me crying the blues?
About you can't get a job well go sell some street news
Then you can get straight and be real
But you'd rather rob and steal
And that's drama
Talkin bout drama
Not wonderama
But I'm talkin bout drama
Here what I'm sayin?
I'm not talkin bout your mama
Nahhhh, but I'm talkin bout drama

Shaolin fist versus the llama
Talkin bout drama

Visit [Cow Henry](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.