

Big Daddy Kane

"W. G. O. N. R. S."

Visit "[W. G. O. N. R. S.](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

People people, we gotta get over
Before we go under, and I wonder
Why we can't find a little piece of mankind
Instead of always step back, gimme my damn nine

Livin' the thug, like the shoot up the drug type
They love to hear the people sayin, "Yo that kid is
bugged right?"
Just a game, so please, out here men die
The average black man today don't make it to see
twenty-five

'Cause someone else got the clock rocked
Tryin' to get the neighborhood locked, to be the new
man on the block
But if you asked me who's the man I'm like, "You tell
me?"
I don't know, Ed Lover, Dr. Dre and Heavy D?"

I got my mind on comin' up, if not in first place
Then damnit I plan to be the first runner up
But it seems, I got a lot of problems under my belt
And everyday I gotta ask myself

Ah what's goin' on, in our society
What's goin' on in a de country
What's goin' on in your community
What's goin' on, tell me

[Unverified]

I seen a kid freshly dipped with mad gold
Fifteen years old, with plenty drugs bein' sold
But then somebody caught him for his Air Jordans
his drugs the cash and the jewels he was sportin'

You wanna call your girl a B I T C H
You can't appreciate so now she's humpin' your man,
then she ain't
'Cause when you teach her that hoe mentality
They accept that as reality and give all your friends the
skin

You need to show some love for your people
All men are created equal, that's why with everybody I
always
Spread love, and keep my pockets full of dol-dollars
But check it out now

We're not the uncivilized, the Kane ?
So let's get it together, man we did it when we were
slaves
Instead of always tryin' to blame someone else
Take a look around, and ask yourself

Ah what's goin' on in your community
What's goin' on in a dis country
What's goin' on, in our society
What's goin' on, whoa

[Unverified]

Nowadays it's all about provin' you ain't nuttin' soft
And everybody's always talkin' about bustin' off
But that ain't where we gotta go, kid we can throw
And handle this thing like Holyfield and blow

Then when we get it off our chest, let's put it to rest
And try to make some money progress
Because if I got a dollar, and you got ten
And you can get a hundred from a friend if five others
kick in

Shoot, we can take that stack and put it back
In a community that's black, to make our people attract
Like somethin' magnetic 'cause word is bond it's
pathetic
We always talkin' about this piece of the pie

But it seems we can't get it
Unless we field the life of a drug dealer
And start stellin' llello but you know where they go
Up to the penile, because they chose to be wild

And now you're upstate kid, uh, waitin' patiently to see
trial
Now let that whole gangsta route slide
There's too much money and skins here on the outside
For me to ever let my freedom go
'Cause I got mine, now get yours, and let me know

Ah what's goin' on, in our society
What's goin' on, when you nah haf no money

What's goin' on, people on the street
Whoa, why is it so

[Unverified]

Visit [Big Daddy Kane](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.