

## **Bone Thugs N Harmony**

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

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(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 harassment from the police?  
(What about us?)  
What about my young thugs cry?

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It's for my, incarcerated niggaz  
That stuck in the pin they coming home  
Gotta stay strong 'cause you ain't alone  
Remember you always got love from home  
But still 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 to 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 it's mass hysteria  
So bring your knees and hope we can fight and if bury

us

At least we can live as we believe  
Dog ain't ever gonna break our pride  
Ain't 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

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What about them thugs that's dead and gone?  
What about them thugs that ain't even grown?  
What about them thugs that out here lost  
And ain't ever gonna find their way home?  
Suspicion got you furious, so grab your shit and listen  
up  
It's violence and violence, it's the only way their gonna  
respect us  
If it's 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

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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

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My partner called me after court  
He 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  
It's sad 'cause it's sadder for us  
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 possess  
What about our babies, that struggling in this mess,  
don't streets  
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 to  
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

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