

## Chingy

### "Thinka 'Bout It"

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Yeah! Another funky song for your mind in the nine-two  
and the nine-three, P-Dog in the motherfuckin house!  
Bout to get it started  
Bout to get it started, live and direct from the  
underground  
Still sayin what I wanna say, and I ain't gon' never  
change

[Verse One]

Oh what a shame, the way that we're dyin up  
Killin ourselves with no help from the other one  
Only thought, was how the hell to get your money on  
Livin in fear cause you're livin in a war zone  
So much funk, jump off from a wrong look  
Make a wrong move one time and your life's took  
Just the way it is when you're livin in the city  
The way we dyin off is a motherfuckin pity  
Extra, extra, read all about it  
Another one dead, he seen a bullet and he caught it  
How many gotta fall off victim to the game  
or being a ho, to the cocaine thang  
Makin a rush up, to keep 'em comin back again  
You oughta know by now it ain't no love for African  
People stay enslaved to the ways of America I'm scarin  
ya  
But I ain't goin out like that, so think about it now

[Chorus]

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.." - "Young brothers just don't  
realize"

[Paris] Yeah, think about it

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.." - "Young brothers just don't  
realize"

[Paris] Think about it

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.." - "Young brothers just don't  
realize"

[Paris] Uhh, think about it

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.." - "Young brothers just don't  
realize"

[Verse Two]

People keep comin up, askin the news  
They wanna know, why I do what I do  
It's really kinda simple, so don't be amazed  
It ain't no secret it's the way I was raised  
Got much props from my pops cause he never stops  
bein a father to his child, he cared a lot  
Raised me up, and told me like this:  
You better stand up for yours or be dissed  
Be a man, and do for yourself  
Better love your own befo' anyone else  
It ain't nothin in the big city but a small thang  
to see a brother straight fall victim to the game  
Somethin that I roll with straight from the start  
in a city where a fool and his money soon part  
where brothers might die over anything at all  
I can't call it but I know you better watch your step  
and think about it now

[Interlude]

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.." - "Ay nigga what you need?"  
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.." - "I got five ten, what?"  
"Yeah five ten fifteen twenty. I heard they got fifty."  
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.." - "Ay nigga what? Ay nigga  
where you from?"  
"Get that motherfucker! Get that ol' nigga!"  
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.." - {\*gun shots\*, \*police  
siren\*}  
"Move man! Move!"  
"Freeze motherfucker freeze! Get your god damn  
hands in the air!"  
"Oh shit. Oh shit! Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh Shit."  
"The jury, having found you guilty, twenty-five years."  
{\*jail cell door slams shut\*}

[Verse Three]

And now there's one last thing, I think we need to talk  
about  
It might save your life and you die if you do without  
Pokin in the puddin mean you better wrap tight  
Tragic to Magic my soap in your eye  
And now you better straighten up, and straighten up  
fast  
Relyin on the guts and the luck of the last  
Cause the fool was in with the skins shoulda never  
been  
in with the skins no cap for the lap get waxed  
Now, who growin up next?  
Ready for the sex better check with the latex  
So many trapped and set for the funk  
who take they life for a joke so I say wait a minute  
Genocide from the suicide of dippin inside

Everybody die when the legs spread ride  
Gave to the sons of the slave and it's man-made  
AIDS and you're off to your grave, think about it now

[Chorus]

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.." - "Young brothers just don't realize"

[Paris] Uhh, think about it

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.." - "Young brothers just don't realize"

[Paris] Yeah.. think about it

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.." - "Young brothers just don't realize"

[Paris] One time for your mind, think about it

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.." - "Young brothers just don't realize"

[Paris] Uh, yeah..

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.." - "Young brothers just don't realize"

[Paris] P-Dog

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.." - "Young brothers just don't realize"

[Paris] For the nine-two, and the nine-three

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.." - "Young brothers just don't realize"

[Paris] Think about it

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.." - "Young brothers just don't realize"

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