

Elemeno P

"Lesson to be Taught"

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Here we go, so pay attention to the teacher
Here to preach a lesson to reach ya
Brothers and sisters, nieces and nephews
Think that I'm joking? Well then F you
Cause I'm here to put you up on a crime scoop
It'll only take a minute of your time, troop
So don't be a dummy or a lame brain
Lord Finesse is teaching so just maintain
I'm not trying to diss you or even teach you
But here to teach you we are all equal
And show y'all in fact there's a better way
Than depending on Welfare or Medicaid
So finish up school and pass the scholar quiz
And show your children what the value of a dollar is
Cause many children are hard to please today
Cause they're searching for some type of easy way
But there's not, so who's at fault here?
So think about the lesson being taught here
How many brothers in the world you see today
Can say that they're living the legal way?
Out of 20, I could say a few of them
Out of seven I could say about two of them
Live correct and, show respect and
Don't sweat what is owned by the next man
Or front the role, being harder or tougher
Or live the life of a hustler
Selling that white stuff just to make a fast buck
But they don't stand tough when in handcuffs
So understand and comprehend and see, kid
You don't wanna take a fall like he did
Or she did or they did, or how others did
So don't sweat the lifestyle of another kid
Get yours by achieving and planning
So when they fall you'll still be standing
Set your goal, and know what your quest is
Open your ears to this positive message

"Listen up, listen up" "We're all in this together" - Cut
4x

Now I'll scramble, because life's a gamble

And like others, you go out like a candle
Like my man Tone who had crazy potential
Before he went to the house for the mentally
Disturbed, before he had crazy truck jewelery
If he wasn't scrambling, you could have fooled me
He was paid, to all the girls handsome
He could have passed for Donald Trump's grandson
He had what it took, the fame, the glory
Yeah, let's get deep in the story
Drug dealer Tone had everything sewn
Lots to own, he had a car with a phone
A cool brother, maxing, chilling
He always hung out in front of the building
But in the drug game there's no time for maxing
You always have others who want some action
And so many was jealous of Tone
Cause of the things he owned and how he got known
He had a few friends, or rather he thought he did
Some hired help, some really dirty naughty kids
Blood they shed, will kill people dead
And fill them with lead at the nod of Tone's head
For Tone, everything was going great
Because him and his friends would sit and conversate
He would chill, relax and just sit back
His friends got unruly, but Tone wasn't with that
Til one day he saw them sharing it
He thought to himself "It wouldn't hurt to experiment"
So they passed it (inhales) he hit it
There you have it, Tone got addicted
Like most drug stories, the end sound the same
Cause everything he had went down the drain
He lost everything, the money, the work
The car, to Tone, drugs came first
The wrong thing was for Tone to start that
He was getting beamed up like a member of Star Trek
The young brother went insane
Forgot his name, yo that's a damn shame
But someone in the street took responsibility
And checked Tone into a drug facility
Now Tone has a chance to get better
And clever, and get himself together
You may not like the way that I say this
But drugs ain't nothing to play with
So don't be pressured by what the grown say
Be yourself and walk your own way

"Listen up, listen up" "We're all in this together" - Cut
4x

