

## Genius "Drama"

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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 boyyyeee, that's poverty  
I said word, I know and it bothers me  
'cause 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  
'cause 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

'cause 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

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