

## Grand Puba "How Many More"

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Pour it out

How many more gotta die  
How many more mothers gotta cry  
How many more locked away for life  
Just tryin' to get a piece of the pie

The struggle continues, we hate each other  
And we don't know the reason why, petty shit  
Crabs in the back room, holdin' each other back  
Until the day we die, uh

I been droppin' knowledge like this for a long long time  
They don't feel me  
When I strive to help the dumb deaf fly  
Long as I'm sittin' bullshit is just fine  
But when I speak on them, that's when they draw the  
line

Conspiracy is a theory, let's promote the black-on-black  
Niggas don't know how to act  
Let em' send each other back

Too many shorties dyin' everyday  
Too many niggas bein' locked away  
Realize what's really goin' on  
And how the black community got so torn  
How many more mothers gotta mourn  
He didn't make eightten and he's livin' in the lawn  
Somebody tell me what's that all about  
There's too many shorties checkin' out  
My nigga's locked up for a lifetime  
Didn't even get a chance to use his lifeline  
The game is setup for you to lose

So watch the po-po cause like Tom they cruise  
Focus get cha' head straight, fix ya plate  
Learn from others and don't make the same mistake  
Know who you are, where ya at, and where ya goin'  
The worst thing about life is not knowin'  
Knowledge break it down it's know to ledge  
Cause if you don't know the ledge you droppin' off

edge  
The hood drama is horrific  
Enough ghetto tears for years that could fill up Pacific  
I'm not standin' here tryin' to be no preacher  
But each one, teach one, hope I reach ya  
See I'm here to enter brain then I entertain  
Those who lost one in the struggle, I feel ya pain  
Cause everyday somebody else is gettin' blown  
But we don't moan until it hits close to home  
Hear me y'all cause the numbers seem to multiply  
And that's the reason that I ask myself

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