

## Guru

# "Sights In The City"

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Sights in the city got people cryin'

Sights in the city got people cryin'  
Sights in the city got people dyin'  
Sights in the city got people cryin'  
Sights in the city got people dyin'  
In the city

One Friday, little Emmitt reached his limit  
School was wack, he wasn't with it  
His man told him that he could make some dough  
Deliverin' packages for Mac Money Joe

So he said, "Cool, yo, I need a hustle  
Yo, hook me up, plus I need a pistol or  
A 380, a two-two or a 25  
I'm gonna get large kid, I'm all the way live"  
But he was sadly mistaken  
Now he's locked up, he's doin' time and he's thinkin'

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In the city

One Saturday, sweet Renee ran away  
Couldn't take moms yellin', didn't wanna stay  
Her girl told her, that she could get quick cash  
Goin' on dates for Pimp Daddy Nash

She said, "Well, I don't know, I gotta meet him  
You say he's fly, mmm? I gotta see him"  
The next thing you know she's out late nights  
Makin' dollars for Nash, wearin' her skirts tight  
Now she's a victim of the system  
Man, what happened to her dreams and her ambition?

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Old Mr. Fillmore, he owns a grocery store  
It's a small little shop, the children call him 'Pop'  
But, of course, he keeps a shotgun  
Just for protection 'cause he's got a little grandson

On Sunday, while he was there cleanin'  
He heard the front door slam, a lady screamin'  
He grabbed the shottie and walked out from the back  
All he saw was two kids, wearin' black ski masks  
He fired, they fired, all at the same time  
Now there's a funeral on Wednesday, a quarter to nine

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In the city, in the city

Many sights and sounds in the city, knahmsayin'?  
People dyin', innocent victims  
The babies ain't got no future  
What are we gon' do?  
Brothers can't make a buck  
Mmm, just some of the sights and sounds, that's all  
Guess, I'm just gonna get mine

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