

Jill Phillips

"Rasool"

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His name was Rasool/ Carmel complected boy from the
22/ Rough on the outside/ But inside he was cool/
Rasool was a king/ But also a fool/
Back on the block again with the same crew/
Tariq from the west side / Little John form the avenue /
Always seen 'em bout a quarter to two/ Shaking hands
with everybody/
But at the same time sharing the blues/ And ooh he
passed it on /
Shaking hands till what was in his pockets was gone/
He'd be outside in the cold with his bubble goose on /
But inside /
Somehow I knew he wasn't warm/ Around 10:30 on that
dreary night/
His boyz said they were hungry and
Wanted to get a bite/ Now they didn't send a runner/
Rasool knew it wasn't right / But he stayed anyway tryin'
to get the chain he liked /
And oh how the shots rang in the streets/ Hittin'
everybody in the surrounding vicinity / Children of
children /
One young father to be / And Rasool lay dead on my
north Philly Street /
At fifteen years old/ It was the first death I'd seen / But
in years to come there'd be many many brothers
slained/ Tryin' to win at the game/But the game ain't
designed for no kind of winning /
And oh this is a friend of Rasool/ Begging you to think
about what you do and who you call your crew/
The very choices you make/ May make a Rasool out of
you/
Now you don't want that do you?/ You don't want that
do you....

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