

Jill Scott "Rasool"

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His name was Rasool
Carmel complected boy from the twenty two
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 from the Avenue
Always seen 'em 'bout a quarter to two
Shakin' hands with everybody
But at the same time sharin' the blues
And ohh he passed it on
Shakin' 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 ten thirty on that dreary night
His boys said they were hungry
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
Ohh, 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
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?
Do you? Do you? Do you? Do you?
You don't want that
You don't want that
You don't want that
You don't want that

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