

Jones, George**"Be a Man"**

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{*sampled singer singing "Be a man"
and "bad situation man" throughout the song*}

[RZA]

Yeah it's Bobby Digital
Just floatin over +The City+
I came across this, this, this black man
He was talkin about (look down below)

Sure of yourself risin, prices of food skyrisin
Foreign countries movin in USA, enterprisin
Snatchin your mic then speakin, while you might be
leakin
Then losin the luxury, average man be seekin
Thought he was so smart; hoe's cheatin, life fall apart
Fuckin a hundred bitches couldn't mend a broken heart
Start as a soda jerk job, as a mail clerk
Fucked this white bitch in the office, got fired from
work
Nine-to-five, government high taxes, police dispatches
Beauracatic attackin black Asiatics, resident with bad
plumbin
Cocaine got my brain numb an' bitch complained 'bout
cummin'
Pussy stay hummin; \$200 parkin, summer's out of state
warrants
High blood pressure pills prescribed by Dr. Lawrence
Got me gainin weight, fuckin up my right kidney
Cousin raped at school Allah wit me
Peoples' eyes closed like envelopes by folk
membership
With unpaid doctor bills
Framed got shot and killed, cops poppin pills
Three pair cotton, steel closet, cabinet of +No Frills+
Mo' bills, sister got evicted from Park Hill
Punch a hole inside the NARC wheels
My dogs bark, still carry dark steel
And unmarked bills, I'm from the uncut, dope, found
on director's reels
Bobby Digital may switch back to Bobby Steels
Rusty .38's, bought rust inside the herb gate

So +Hungry+, son, 'bout to shrink down to a bird's
weight
Rash break out, where's the blue ointment, face-to-face
appointments
Un-proudly in the church paid for annointment
Bet the checks don't come late
About to separate with her man
In +The City+, +Domestic Violence+ excavates
Get a highest ratio in five years
The idea is to plant fear
Boy you slap yo' bitch, po-lice is there to cuff you or
snuff you
They might bust you
Cause your hoe snatched your money up, didn't want
to fuck you
We must learn to communicate, and unificate
Stop the black on black, hate on hate
White on white, black on white
Put the love in love
I'm blunted up, blasted inside the strip club
Shorty wop, fifteen year old, all she needed was love
And mo' dough so she won't have to show her knotty
afro
Collect call from my son to now, he might blow trial
Foul cut, and cop out to a 3 to 6
Bad situations, bein a man is hard shit
Somethin'll get trapped out, I mean, yo
Got crack fiends in spots with vaccine shots
Black teens drop out of high school, white teens sellin
stock
with bonds they can't put their word on
20 years, shorty wop, pussy 'bout to swerve on
Up in the crib, new fridge, dead pig
Two kids, pawned this older cat who looked like Calvin
Coolridge
But got splat in his back last year
Robbin' his jewel inside the diamond district
No one got convicted, heard they never found the
biscuit
I'm booby trapped by the capitalists
Tryin to subsist, sometimes happiness is hot grits and
catfish
Or a bowl of Cookie Crisp, I got harassed by this rookie
bitch
Talkin' 'bout I couldn't put my feet on the fire hydrants
to tie my kicks, \$50 ticket, 'bout to strike and picket
and shout at the City Hall, motherfuck the wicked
Too greedy, give to the needy, down on my luck
'bout to jab a ouija board, that's when Bobby Digi seen
me
Said, "Yo son, don't stress out over no one, learn the

slogan:

Knowledge is half the battle, that's one to grow on

And don't be counterfeit

It's a bad situation which bein a man, but we got to
handle it"

Bad situation when you ain't bein a man

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