

## Carman

### "What You Be About"

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For about as long, as I can remember  
From January on, through to december  
Motherfuckers in chi town been bangin  
They had they little blocks and you could find 'em all  
hangin

The year was eighty-one, del plains and broadway  
Vicelords and eagles, strappin in broad day  
I heard this braud say call the cops  
They swingin bats and chains, and they throwin rocks

And that was as bad as it got back then  
Noone was servin blows pullin glocks or mack tens  
So I kept to myself amongst the pimpin, and hoein  
Gang population consistantly growin

Years went by and that shit got tight  
Half my homies went left and the other half right  
Despite all the past, they heads got swoll  
And with the increasin age came the loss of control

We all knew better, but some didnt care  
Like 'Fuck the next man ima get my fair share'  
And with that came the shootin and sellin  
and in the grade school hallways you could always  
hear 'em yellin

Chorus:

What you be about, What you be about  
Some choose the people, some choose the folks  
What you be about, What you be about  
Some choose the people, some choose the folks

Now age 16 came and everyone had dropped out  
And as far as beef goes, getting knocked out  
Was cool, cuz you coulda got shanked, or blasted  
In Chi town the gangbangin art had been mastered

At last it was just too far gone  
The year was eighty-nine and it wouldnt be long  
Till shit got as bad as it could get

Cuz wit no conscience, theres no regret

False flaggin techniques, were bein perfected  
And fist to fist combat had long been neglected  
Infected by the plague, of crazy ass shortys  
Doin more dirt than men in their 30's and 40's

The more these kids did, the more they wanted to do  
And if you got to catch a slug hope that its a twenty-two  
Cuz survivin nowadays is a task  
So you best know what to tell them when they ask

Chorus

Now the present day is in effect and I cant walk down  
the street  
Without some type of shit to put walks in retreat  
Cuz these sets got the addicts acting dramatic  
And in the summer time its even more sparatic

Cuz heat makes marks straight tameless  
And all things considered, shits gettin outrageous  
New sets poppin up like everyother day  
Motherfuckers claimin shit cuz they know no other way

Sayin either flip this sighn, or hear a poppin sound  
Im like I cant throw it up let alone throw it down  
I done lost track on whos who and whats what  
So to simplify shit I be layin in the cut

While my homies out there raisin hell cappin shit  
Im creatin it my best wit this rappin shit  
But if you think that you can hide then you dreamin  
Cuz just chillin in my crib I can still hear 'em screamin

Chorus

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