

Masta Ace

"Late model sedan"

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[...I think underground is
whatever, your mood or your feelings might be at the
time
So long as it's the truth... truth... truth...]

Verse One:

I could tell the pimped-est story
About street homicide, and make it sound gory
Cause you know, shit be happenin everyday
And then on the weekends twice as much shit comes
into play
So I better watch my back or
I might get caught up, in a fuckin crack war
So I use the back door, cause the front ain't safe
Seven different brothers got stuck and I don't wanna
be the eighth
Don't make no sense
Walkin through my own neighborhood I feel tense
Don't wanna carry no gun
Cause the cops be stoppin us, and pattin us down just
for fun
So, the only protection I got
Is my smitties, but how many kids get shot
Fuckin that throw up your hands shit
And fight like a man but he don't get to land shit
Not one punch, the only hit
Was when his head hit the concrete, got knocked clean
off his feet
Got a lot of blood on they shoes
But they got that Rolex, and jumped in the cruise
Late model Sedan, either blue or black
Was the only description, no plates in the back
I know one thing, they ain't from around here
But what block would dare to come down here
Stickin up shit, must be new jacks
Trying to get a rep, they better watch they backs
echoes

[...they better watch they backs *gets steadily louder*]
[Guess what happened to me when I was wa-walk-wah-

walkin down the street]
They better watch they backs!

Verse Two:

Cause my man Shiloh, is out on the prowl
With some East Medina, brothers that's foul
Lookin to protect, the streets that our mothers
Have to walk on, from black young brothers
It's bad enough, that if I walk through a white
Neighborhood, that, I gotta be prepared for a fight
Why should I be scared of the dark?
Scared on a brother that be lurkin in the park
I oughta be safe in a black neighborhood
But someone's always up to no good
Niggaz ain't never gonna make no progress
Killin one another, but you know I guess
I'm feelin thirsty, I'm goin to the store
If anybody calls, I went to the store!

["Walkin down the, walkin down the, walkin down the
block" -- Scarface]

["Walkin down the, walkin down the, walkin down the
block"]

Verse Three:

Well it's quiet on the block tonight
Everything is peaceful, I'm feelin alright
Yo there go Dino, and little Jamar
And yo that must be, a stolen car
I think they see me, they puttin up the two
fingers meaning peace, then check what they do
Come pullin up in an eighty-three Deuce and
Jump out the car and start produc'in
Automatic handguns, both of them got one
Some kid in the backseat sticks out a shotgun
It can't be, but I guess it can
That I know the kids in the black Sedan
gunshots fire

I oughta be safe in a black neighborhood...

Why should I be scared of the dark?

["Say fuck it put a cap in a nigga" -- Scarface]

["This type of sh-shi-shit it happens eve-eve-everyday"
-- Slick Rick]

I oughta be safe in a black neighborhood (repeat 8X)

