

Dead Poetic

"Don't Forget Where U Goin'"

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[Intro]

For my dogs in the pen, my niggaz hold ya head
For my dirties on the block, come up any way you can
For my homies in the street game, trying to get ahead
For homeless people sleeping on the sidewalks for
beds
To the babies, born already on dope
Straight to his veins from the coast guard boat

[Verse - M1]

Baby daddies and if you late you can't participate
Baby mommas, I know what you going through. So
sorry to disappoint you
Ghetto children your'e the spark, your'e the energy,
your'e the heart
To the gran-ma's, your'e the glue 'cause you know
things fall apart
To the PP's, the P-O-W's, M-I-A's
To to A-R's, to the H-K's, to the M-1's, to the A-K's
To the comrades on the grind
Let me see who comes to mind
To my clic, to stic, Oh yeah I can't forget
What up Tahim, What up Abu
What up Common what up Badu
Jermaine, Dem, and Dee-Don
We bout to get our freak on
Our F-R Double E on
In case you did't hear me, hear me, hear me

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