

T-ara**"Straighten It Out"**Visit "[Straighten It Out](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Let's break it out all of this black-on-black, brown-on-brown, in every town,
Because I'm sick of seeing my people's sketches scattered all over the ground.
Since these murders occur every single day, so put the gun away because I want
To live to see another day. A happy day. Where there's peace between
Nations, love within races and no division in the congregations. No more
Pimps and drug dealers on every corner. A homeless people struggling with no
Homefreeze and they pump for quarters. I am talkin' about a world of peace,
With no mo' closed caskets if you know rows like most of my homies that have
Been deceased. No more murderers, diseases, or suicides, it's time we all
Wake up and wipe the mucus from my sleepy eyes.
And straighten things out
Like a ruler 'cause nowadays, the cart we juggle is full of hate, killas, and
Runaways. I'm sick of it, so I'll be the first brother to shout, let's
Straighten it out 'cause together we can work it out.
Chorus-
Let's straighten it out, from the west side to the east side.
Let's straighten it out, from the north side to the south side.
Let's straighten it out, from the east side to the west side.
Let's straighten it out, from the south side to the north side.
I wish somebody would tell me why, we can't just straighten out all this mess,
At times I think, my fat should be a bulletproof vest. Got all these homies
Claiming south side, west side, east side, north side, Asian, Black, and Brown
Pride. It seems that there's no mo hope, my own

people's send me their guns
And try to push me the dope, I can't cope. But I gotta,
why? Because I'm
Sick of all the shots ringing from the sixty-fo and
hollas. Remember where we
Was familia, where we could kick it and not worry about
your own kind killin'
Ya'. Seems like all we care about is money and fame,
drugs in the game, it's
Killin' me softly like Lauren from the Fugees sang. Man,
what's it gonna take
For us to grow up, before love is the only gang sign we
throw up? 'Cause all
Our peoples headin' straight for the morgue unless we
put down the guns and
Start to trust in the Lord, let's straighten it out!

I wonder what could make a man, hit a woman, wit' a
ferious hand. Somebody
Tell me because I just don't seem to understand. And
then we wonder why y'all
Kids is bangin' with none at home, it seems the parents
is the one givin' they
Kids a trainin'. Beatin' em' down, with your fists and a
buckle of a belt.
To prideful to accept that you needed some serious
help. So you kept strikin'
Like thirsty bats straight out of Hell, but what you did
was wrong, stop and
Listen to my song. It breaks my heart in two when I see
the things you put
Them through. Why do you do all the harmful things
that you do? Spiritually
Guided with decieve and rags on both your wives, not
knowin' you was led by
Demons when you made them cry. But you didn't quit
till' they finally ran
Away from home. Then your wife left you too, and now
your sad and all alone.
Just thinkin' about everything your family could have
been, so now your
Squeezin' the trigger to leave this life of sin.

Lyrics by T-Bone
Submitted by Nick Woodrum (nickshaq@aol.com)

Visit [T-ara](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.