

Yo-Yo

"A Few Good Men"

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[VERSE 1]

Shit is gettin hectic now, can you feel it?
Los Angeles done got so scandalous
It might be a nice visit
But you wouldn't wanna live here
Cause some be so hungry
They at each other's throat, just for a c-note
And wouldn't give a fuck if it was just a buck
Because the value of life is at rock bottom
And now I'm seein brothers fall like it was autumn
Caught him lax, end up maxin in a trunk dead
With a slug in his head, and he stink like a skunk
Now that's a goddamn shame
When life don't mean a thing
And brothers'd rather bang
And go out backwards, and catch a bullet for they set
Doin life, and ain't even 18 yet
And it's never too late to retaliate
Black-on-black crime, it equals our time
In the land of opportunity, which is ironic
Brothers can't find a job, so they sell the chronic
And get you hooked on it like phonics
That's '92 black economics
Or go army, and be all you can never be
In the 'home of the brave', land of the never-free
Asiatic black man and woman, I'm curious
Shit, it ain't never that serious
Cause that's worldwide genocide
I can't count the amount of black men that died
(1, 2, 3...)
Every since I was a juvenile
Damn, another day, another funeral
It's just a few good men

(1-2-3)

(I'm gon'...)

(... See what these black men are all about)

It's just a few good men

[VERSE 2]

Seems like it's just a few good men left

I know I can find me one, but hold your breath
Cause most niggas is scared of a revolution
And they may as well be douchin
Cause if you ain't part of the solution
Sweetheart, you're part of the problem
So I've come a long-ass way
Baby, and maybe the homegirl don't play
But that's more than I can say for the opposite sex
That's wearin these X hats
And won't even bust a grape for the cause
Just flappin they jaws
Mr. Too Black Too Strong
Nigga, you got it all wrong
If you think the war ain't on
So who's down to put the work in?
Wave your hands, we just need a few good men

(1-2-3)

(Do you wanna see...)

(... What these black men are all about)

Just a few good men

(Do you wanna see...)

(... What these black men are all about)

[VERSE 3]

So Yo-Yo wanna know what you stand fo'

Money, fame, or game, or some hoe

Everything but the right thing

(Goddamn)

That's why you're gettin stretched out like kite string

In the penitentiary with no hope

They say the devil is dope

Over 500'000 is housin in American prisons

But then, who really listens?

To the plea of a negro

It's just: "Yeah, we know, we know..."

And girl, don't you be no fool, either

And get to thinkin that you won't be the

Next Twana, or better yet Latasha

God bless the child that's gettin wild

So if you're a real black man, let me hear you shout

(Whoaw!) And don't punk out

(1-2-3)

(I'm gon'...)

(... See what these black men are all about)

It's just a few good men

(1-2-3)

(1)

It's just a few good men

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