

Paris

"So What"

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[opening skit] FREEZE, POLICE!! (What are you doing?!)
On the floor, ON THE FLOOR NOW {On your stomach,
get on your stomach, on your stomach!} {ON YOUR
STOMACH!} {*gunshots*} [Paris] Yo... They got up out
the squad car Jaws hard, jarheads, they want us all
dead Walkin up to the door, they all saw red It's one
local detective, the rest is all feds Kick the do' down,
ripped the whole house up Grandmomma asked what's
wrong and got her mouth cut The lead fed grabbed her
by the throat, threw her up against the wall and told her
they won't leave without drugs With no just cause, just
'cause Had her tied up in her own closet wearin just
drawers Pants down, standin 'round sweatin and
laughin and high-fivin each other like - that's what's up
dawg! Until a blizzard of bullets blew some nuts off
One by one they run but got gunned off Her grandson
was only five but he saw the whole thang from the
stairs and managed to make the gun cough [Chorus]
These streets can only see so much until they say SO
WHAT Let the police cars blow up, it won't be long 'til
the ghetto Can only take so much, of the blame gettin
thrown on us And politicians bodies go numb, from
going dumb - SO WHAT? [Paris] Yeah, another visit
from the social worker She know her kids ain't
supposed to know this dope and murder He know her
kids ain't supposed to notice dope and murder So he
let her keep 'em in exchange for some social service
And every week's the same, he gets so nervous They
snort coke, then she let him hit it 'til it hurt it Typically,
that's the end of the date She swallows his pride, the
kids can stay She ain't mentioned he the reason why
the baby in her stomach got her tummy out When she
did, he froze up and dummied out Took her food
stamps, put him in his book Walked away then she
screamed out 'Hey' and caught a left hook That's when
the hollow tip hot one let his chest cook Shortened
every breath took; her young son mean muggin
handcuffed as they took him away Said "Momma you
gon' be okay, so what~?!" [Chorus] [Paris] She was a
proud mom, a G.I. Joe mom Couldn't see they lied for
war, she was all for it Wavin flags, sportin tags with the

yellow ribbons And when she said he was a hero know
she really meant it 'Til somebody showed her proof of
the ruse Took her to GuerrillaFunk dot com for the hard
truth Showed the motive and the profiteering from the
mission She got mad and wrote her congressman but
he ain't listen So she prayed everyday that they would
pull the troops out the fray and they would be okay All
she had was her faith 'til the day the news Came talkin
'bout that roadside bomb in Fallujah And even though
she thought she'd been through the worst Mama
walked into the closet, put the strap in her purse And
went first to the door of her congressman's home Took
his life 'fore takin her own, shoulda known [Chorus] -
repeat 2X

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