

Paris "Thinka 'bout It"

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Yeah! Another funky song for your mind in the nine-two
And the nine-three, P-Dog in the motherfuckin house!

Bout to get it started

Bout to get it started, live and direct from the
underground

Still sayin what I wanna say, and I ain't gon' never
change

[Verse One]

Oh what a shame, the way that we're dyin up

Killin ourselves with no help from the other one

Only thought, was how the hell to get your money on

Livin in fear cause you're livin in a war zone

So much funk, jump off from a wrong look

Make a wrong move one time and your life's took

Just the way it is when you're livin in the city

The way we dyin off is a motherfuckin pity

Extra, extra, read all about it

Another one dead, he seen a bullet and he caught it

How many gotta fall off victim to the game

Or being a ho, to the cocaine thang

Makin a rush up, to keep 'em comin back again

You oughta know by now it ain't no love for African

People stay enslaved to the ways of America I'm scarin
ya

But I ain't goin out like that, so think about it now

[Chorus]

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.." - "Young brothers just don't
realize"

[Paris] Yeah, think about it

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.." - "Young brothers just don't
realize"

[Paris] Think about it

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.." - "Young brothers just don't
realize"

[Paris] Uhh, think about it

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.." - "Young brothers just don't
realize"

[Verse Two]

People keep comin up, askin the news

They wanna know, why I do what I do

It's really kinda simple, so don't be amazed

It ain't no secret it's the way I was raised

Got much props from my pops cause he never stops
Bein a father to his child, he cared a lot
Raised me up, and to

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