

**Lord Finesse & DJ Mike Smooth****"Lesson to Be Taught"**

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Here we go, so pay attention to the teacher  
Here to preach a lesson to reach ya  
Brothers and sisters, nieces and nephews  
Think that I'm joking? Well then F you  
Cause I'm here to put you up on a crime scoop  
It'll only take a minute of your time, troop  
So don't be a dummy or a lame brain  
Lord Finesse is teaching so just maintain  
I'm not trying to diss you or even teach you  
But here to teach you we are all equal  
And show y'all in fact there's a better way  
Than depending on Welfare or Medicaid  
So finish up school and pass the scholar quiz  
And show your children what the value of a dollar is  
Cause many children are hard to please today  
Cause they're searching for some type of easy way  
But there's not, so who's at fault here?  
So think about the lesson being taught here  
How many brothers in the world you see today  
Can say that they're living the legal way?  
Out of 20, I could say a few of them  
Out of seven I could say about two of them  
Live correct and, show respect and  
Don't sweat what is owned by the next man  
Or front the role, being harder or tougher  
Or live the life of a hustler  
Selling that white stuff just to make a fast buck  
But they don't stand tough when in handcuffs  
So understand and comprehend and see, kid  
You don't wanna take a fall like he did  
Or she did or they did, or how others did  
So don't sweat the lifestyle of another kid  
Get yours by achieving and planning  
So when they fall you'll still be standing  
Set your goal, and know what your quest is  
Open your ears to this positive message

"Listen up, listen up" "We're all in this together" [Cut  
x4]

Now I'll scramble, because life's a gamble

And like others, you go out like a candle  
Like my man Tone who had crazy potential  
Before he went to the house for the mentally  
Disturbed, before he had crazy truck jewelery  
If he wasn't scrambling, you could have fooled me  
He was paid, to all the girls handsome  
He could have passed for Donald Trump's grandson  
He had what it took, the fame, the glory  
Yeah, let's get deep in the story  
Drug dealer Tone had everything sewn  
Lots to own, he had a car with a phone  
A cool brother, maxing, chilling  
He always hung out in front of the building  
But in the drug game there's no time for maxing  
You always have others who want some action  
And so many was jealous of Tone  
Cause of the things he owned and how he got known  
He had a few friends, or rather he thought he did  
Some hired help, some really dirty naughty kids  
Blood they shed, will kill people dead  
And fill them with lead at the nod of Tone's head  
For Tone, everything was going great  
Because him and his friends would sit and conversate  
He would chill, relax and just sit back  
His friends got unruly, but Tone wasn't with that  
Til one day he saw them sharing it  
He thought to himself "It wouldn't hurt to experiment"  
So they passed it (inhales) he hit it  
There you have it, Tone got addicted  
Like most drug stories, the end sound the same  
Cause everything he had went down the drain  
He lost everything, the money, the work  
The car, to Tone, drugs came first  
The wrong thing was for Tone to start that  
He was getting beamed up like a member of Star Trek  
The young brother went insane  
Forgot his name, yo that's a damn shame  
But someone in the street took responsibility  
And checked Tone into a drug facility  
Now Tone has a chance to get better  
And clever, and get himself together  
You may not like the way that I say this  
But drugs ain't nothing to play with  
So don't be pressured by what the grown say  
Be yourself and walk your own way

"Listen up, listen up" "We're all in this together" [Cut  
x4]  
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