

## Campaign

### "Problems of the World"

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looking sleek, I went to check the little one - all's well.  
Put up the tools and clips,; did a few pulls and dips;  
needin a  
shower,  
smack my baby-girl on the hip. I'm on the move kid, I'll  
catch you bout seven; shit, showered and strapped and  
now I got  
my  
engine revin'. Supereior handling - still got money left  
from  
gambling with these kids that I met through these  
southern joints be  
scramblin'. Turbo-boost, driving at exorbitant speeds; I  
proceed to roll a phil cause I can drive with my knees.  
The way I  
lay it  
down, please, bring new meaning to squeeze - Let my  
mind  
coast from ki's to dungarees to Gee's Loose ones and  
tons of fiends  
on  
the Hip-Hop scene, but what was once a guillotines',  
semi-auto sub machine - I dream elaborate - though it's  
gettin  
badder it  
doesn't matter yet.....livin life as we imagined it

HEY, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD TODAY /  
BROTHERS BE BUSTIN BROTHERS FOR  
LESS THAN TIME OF DAY  
FOR PAY / I'D LIKE TO CHANGE THE WAY THE  
CHILDREN PLAY AND TEACH THE  
WORLD A BETTER WAY

Said I was coolin, puffin La; I heard a knock at the door,  
and when  
I  
opened, yo, you couldn't guess what I saw - It was the  
body  
of this kid in my life I never seen, on the ground, shorty  
didn't even

look 16. Must've took it to go cause I ain't even hear the  
sound - Pulled him in from the hall with wifey holdin me  
down - He  
looked dead at a glance, then his eyes did a dance,  
and he  
spoke to me while my lady called the ambulance - Told  
me "Listen  
to the  
words when a wise man speaks, many men search the  
world and never find what they seek" - On the verge of  
tears,  
looking at  
what's left of his chest...My girl came, wiped his head  
while I had a towel pressed on his torso - moreso than  
not he's  
gonna  
die, but I'm tellin him he'll be okay, I gotta lie - It's this  
thing called life so many times we take for granted - I  
hit the La,  
search deep, and try my best to understand it HOOK  
The final  
minutes, seconds penetrate my days like a knife....To  
us all the  
promise  
death, I bring the promise of life - In my mind I see the  
time as my eyes see the truth - I see the setting of the  
sun inside the  
eyes of the youth.....As I travel God's creation hoping  
still  
to see the sight that give meaning to the splendor of a  
sunrises light -

I disappear in the night to be absorbed in the black - to  
stack up all of the facts, so when I countereact - a full  
pack - fully  
auto, razor like a laser bear - silent but deadly the  
theme - you  
might envy the team, for the wealth, loving God is only  
good for  
your  
health - as for mine - hope to say in time the same for  
yourself - you're nice - I be just as....too live to debate - I  
rock the  
rugged rhymes that bust ass.....keep food on my plate  
Just a  
quarter of the caliber a brother contains and I'm not  
playing a game  
-  
One Love, and one aim HOOK

