

## **Dessiree Johnson**

### **"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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