

T-bone

"Straighten It Out"

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Let's break it out all of this black-on-black
Brown-on-brown, in every town
Because I'm sick of seeing my people's sketches
Scattered all over the ground

Since these murders occur every single day
So put the gun away because I want to live
To see another day, a happy day
Where there's peace between nations
Love within races and no division in the congregations

No more pimps and drug dealers on every corner
A homeless people struggling with no home freeze
And they pump for quarters, I am talkin' about a world
of peace
With no mo' closed caskets if you know rows
Like most of my homies that have been deceased

No more murderers, diseases or suicides, it's time we
all wake up
And wipe the mucus from my sleepy eyes
And straighten things out like a ruler 'cause nowadays
The cart we juggle is full of hate, killas and runaways

I'm sick of it, so I'll be the first brother to shout
Let's straighten it out 'cause together we can work it
out

Let's straighten it out, from the west side to the east
side
Let's straighten it out, from the north side to the south
side
Let's straighten it out, from the east side to the west
side
Let's straighten it out, from the south side to the north
side

I wish somebody would tell me why
We can't just straighten out all this mess
At times I think my fat should be a bulletproof vest
Got all these homies claiming south side, west side
East side, north side, Asian, Black and Brown pride

It seems that there's no mo hope, my own people's
send me
Their guns and try to push me the dope, I can't cope
But I gotta, why? Because I'm sick of all the shots
ringing
From the sixty-fo and hollas

Remember where we was family, where we could kick it
And not worry about your own kind killin' ya'
Seems like all we care about is money and fame
Drugs in the game, it's killin' me softly

Like Lauren from the Fugees sang
Man, what's it gonna take for us to grow up
Before love is the only gang sign we throw up?
'Cause all our peoples headin' straight for the morgue

Unless we put down the guns
And start to trust in the Lord
Let's straighten it out

I wonder what could make a man hit a woman wit' a
furious hand
Somebody tell me because I just don't seem to
understand
And then we wonder why y'all kids is bangin' with none
at home
It seems the parents is the one givin' they kids a trainin'

Beatin' 'em down, with your fists and a buckle of a belt
To prideful to accept that you needed some serious
help
So you kept strikin' like thirsty bats straight out of hell
But what you did was wrong, stop and listen to my song

It breaks my heart in two when I see the things you put
them through
Why do you do all the harmful things that you do?
Spiritually guided with deceive and rags on both your
wives
Not knowin' you was led by demons when you made
them cry

But you didn't quit till they finally ran away from home
Then your wife left you too and now your sad and all
alone
Just thinkin' about everything your family could have
been
So now your squeezin' the trigger to leave this life of
sin

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