

Intelligent Hoodlum

"Street Life"

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A baby has a baby and she's wonderin how and
Gotta take care of a newborn child and
All alone because the fathers out whilin
No time for school, she dropped that lesson
I guess you can say, the schools out of the question
Moms flipped at her, put the girl on the street and
Huntin the baby, aint got shit too eat and
No one's around when the chips is down and
Poor baby's father, nowhere too be found and
Ran the game that all guys aint the same
Left her with a baby for a bitch with no brain
Can't take stress, so she picks up the pipe
High in front of the kid.now that aint right
Saying too herself, one day she'll quit
But it's day after day, and hit after hit
Met a crack-head who claimed that he loved her
Just another trick-slick full of game-brother
Pipe got her hyped, coke took her mind
Had her on the corner, playing hooker at no time
Another good sister straight down the train and
Another poor child full of sorrow and pain

After Allah, after Jehovah, after the Guru, lies the truth
And the truth is, god on a white horse
Riding inside you, over you, under you
Everything living is dying
After the dying is a routing
After the routing ?

Every black man wants money and fame and
This black man gets in the drug game and
Hustle with the muscle, collectin endz
Drivin up town, in a kidded up Benz
Crazy money, with the cash non-stoppin
Too the hooker turns, and more "to needle poppin"
Went through the vein, and up to the brain and
Now he's a victim, caught in the game
Used to weight, two fifty, man he was a threat
Now he don't even weight forty pounds, wet
Back in the days the kids were all on him
Now they got big, sending pit bulls on him

The HIV gave him AID
Now he's history, in the cemetery
Rollin strong and had it going on and
But now, the money and the girls is gone and
He's buried in the dirt. Boy does that hurt

Reach out (Scratching). Reach out for me baby

A Kid named Peace on the block-in (Peace God)
Wants to be a hard rock, starts hard rockin
Doing crime, no one could ever stop him
Even old friends on the block ?
He was well known for his robbin and stickin
Kept a fat 9 with the big fat clip in
Thought he was fly-in, no one would ever try him
'Till one day he robbed the wrong guy and
Hot summer day-in, kids were out play-in
Cars rolled by and the bullets started spray-in
Went through the west and hit him in the chest and
Rest in peace, cuz peace is now restin
That's how it is when your living in the city and
Everybody says it's just such a pity and
Always wondered why, the man didn't learn his lesson
I strive to survive and live life as a blessin

After Allah, after Jehovah, after the Guru, lies the truth
And the truth is, god on a white horse
Riding inside you, over you, under you
Everything living is dying
After the dying is a routing
After the routing?
But thou shall not now it, for thou shall be dead

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