

Keen Jan

"It's Going Around Outside"

Visit "[It's Going Around Outside](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Silkk:

Yo' let me holla at y'all for a minute
It's like when, I was in the ghetto
I was never in the ghetto, because my mind was
elsewhere
And if I was locked down, I would invision myself being
free
But God, I got so many questions
I just want you to answer
Help Me Out...

Rico (from Sons Of Funk):

I wish that God would talk to me (Talk to me)
About all the pain that I've seen (I know you seen it too)
Move on, coming out right
Cracked out Mother got nerve to be crying
All my friends seem to pass away (Rest in peace, all
y'all rest in
peace)
I heard one say, that's the only way (No it ain't)

Chorus:

But I wish it would rain
I wish I'd rain, I wish I'd rain, so it could wash away all
my pain
It's going around outside
I wish I'd rain, I wish I'd rain, so it could wash away all
this pain
It's going around outside

Rico:

My best friend's house payments behind
Now he lives in the park outside
Mary complains about the money she makes
I see some more people dying of AIDS (I feel ya dog, I
feel ya)

Silkk:

Yo'

Trying to make the whole world invision my pain
(invision my pain)
Trying to pretend that the ghetto was all good
Ya' know what I really wish for change
But it seems killas and drug-dealas
But they stereo-type me as a thug
Hard to see clear
Supposed to be one-night stand, I ain't supposed to be
here, Mom and Dad
never was in love
It seems domestic violence is always the problem
When I go home (Go gome)
Hoping once in my life that Mom and Dad would get
along
See my grandfather died in the war
And all he ever got was medals, and my grandmother
got a letter
Only things my kids ever GOT!?
Was a trip to the ghetto
Have you ever seen a crackbaby? Or someone die of
AIDS?!
Watch them suffer and with all this money I got
They can't be saved
We all hustle so fuck the color, white or black
We all struggle, we act like
We better then each other, we're supposed to be all
sistas and brothas
Feel my pain
It's better that you know
But don't feel sorry for me, even though I lived hard
and rough
I lived better than most
Knowin' one day I gotta go, and I can't buy time
I gotta homie that's doing 99
He sending me pictures and letters like it's all fine
I know it's not
And ya' know what? It's even worse
They got us killin' over turfs
I don't know when the last time I went to church
Can't sleep, doin' too much dirt
In the middle of the ghetto, just wishin' for clout
(wishin' for clout)
Ladies forget having babies by these fake playas and
shady bustas
Thinkin' they can get you out
See now my quest to live hard, a quest to live large
God I have a question
Why's it so hard?! (Feel my pain, feel my pain...feel

that?)

Ya' know what I'm sayin'
Killin' over dolla bills, paper
Fightin' over turfs, when none of it don't belong to us
And racism?! Still exist, but ME?! I'm color-blind
We gotta realize we gotta problem
And the government? The only time they care, is
election time
And they seem to think the only solution is
Build more prisons to throw us in...it's not right
But I got homies dyin' over nothing (Rest in peace
Biggie, rest in peace
Pac)
And all the fallen soldiers
Ya' know what, it used to be in my community...drugs
and violence
Now it's going around, now it's going around...it's
going around
Soon to be in your spot, if it's not there already
I'm out
(It's going around outside)

Visit [Keen Jan](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.