

## Us 3 "Just Another Brother"

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My brother, take a rest from what you doin' sit back and listen

Listen to my song about some brothers on a mission

This one kid he never went to school

His teachers thought that he was crazy out acting the fool

But on a real, baby pa had nuff static

He had two little brothers and his mother was a crack addict

Papa bear was never there to give him hope

So one might ask himself how did this young man cope?

He started robbin' just to feed his peoples and that's a fact

Until one day he got caught in the act

Shacked up and jacked up and taken downtown

And to the judge he's just another brother on lock down

Just another brother, just another, just another brother

Just another brother on lock down

Just another brother, just another, just another brother

Just another brother on lock down

Just another brother, just another, just another brother

Just another brother on lock down

Just another brother, just another, just another brother

Just another brother on lock down

Well, this other nigga from the Fort was out to get his

Catchin' crazy wreck on the mic, that's word to Mizz

But until he struck the deal he had to sell the rock

Pack the glock doin' deeds at the end of the block

He had crazy fly robes and his daughter ate well

He never hit the blowpipe it was strictly the sell

These jealous brothers round the way wanted to rock his world

But instead they did the dirty shit and shot his girl

When he found out who did it he went awol

Stepped to the mall, he saw the punks and sprayed  
them all  
But now he's doin' life for the suckers he shot down  
And now he's just another brother on lock down

Just another brother, just another, just another brother  
Just another brother on lock down  
Just another brother, just another, just another brother  
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Just another brother on lock down

Fresh outta school my man had it all  
A dip crib, a fly girl, he was havin' a ball  
But this other punk kid started to use him and abuse  
him  
Slowly takin' all his loot and at the same time confuse  
him

When the smoke cleared my man lost his crib and his  
bank  
And may I ask a question, who'd he have to thank?  
Well, anyway, now he's on a mission to get his respect  
He thinks the only way to get it is to catch his wreck

He saw the bastard in the Village, on Astor Place  
My man balled up his fist and laid him to waste  
Now he's getting' five years even though he got props  
now  
But to you and me he's just another brother on lock  
down

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