

W.G.O.N.R.S.

Big Daddy Kane

People people, we gotta get over
before we go under, and I wonder
why we can't find a little piece of mankind
Instead of always step back, gimme my damn nine
Livin the thug, like the shoot up the drug type
They love to hear the people sayin, "Yo that kid is bugged right?"
Just a game, so please, out here men die
The average black man today don't make it to see twenty-five
Cause someone else got the clock rocked
Tryin to get the neighborhood locked, to be the new man on the block
But if you asked me who's the man I'm like, "You tell me?
I don't know, Ed Lover, Dr. Dre and Heavy D?"
I got my mind on comin up, if not in first place
then damnit I plan to be the first runner up
But it seems, I got a lot of problems under my belt
and everday I gotta ask myself

Ah what's goin on, in our society
What's goin on, in a de country
What's goin on, in your community
What's goin on, tell me

- can't translate

I seen a kid freshly dipped with mad gold
Fifteen years old, with plenty drugs bein sold
But then somebody caught him for his Air Jordans
his drugs the cash and the jewels he was sportin
You wanna call your girl a B-I-T-C-H
You can't appreciate so now she's humpin your man, then she ain't
Cause when you teach her that hoe mentality
They accept that as reality and give all your friends the skin
You need to show some love for your people
All men are created equal, that's why with everybody I always
spread love, and keep my pockets full of dol-dollars
But check it out now
We're not the uncivilized, the Kane ?
So let's get it together, man we did it when we were slaves
Instead of always tryin to blame someone else
Take a look around, and ask yourself

Ah what's goin on, in your community
What's goin on, in a dis country
What's goin on, in our society
What's goin on, whoahhhh

- can't translate

Nowadays it's all about provin you ain't nuttin soft
And everybody's always talkin about bustin off
But that ain't where we gotta go, kid we can throw
and handle this thing like Holyfield and blow
Then when we get it off our chest, let's put it to rest
and try to make some money progress
Because if I got a dollar, and you got ten
and you can get a hundred from a friend if five others kick in
Shoot, we can take that stack and put it back

in a community that's black, to make our people attract
like somethin magnetic, cause word is bond it's pathetic
We always talkin about this piece of the pie
but it seems we can't get it
Unless we field the life of a drug dealer
and start stellin llello but you know where they go
up to the penile, because they chose to be wild
And now you're upstate kid, uh, waitin patiently to see trial
Now let that whole gangsta route slide
There's too much money and skins here on the outside
for me to ever let my freedom go
Cause I got mine, now get yours, and let me know

Ah what's goin on, in our society
What's goin on, when you nah haf no money
What's goin on, people on the street
Whoahhh, why is it so..

- can't translate