

Tell Them What's Going On

TRU

Inside the ghetto you see kids with no shirts or shoes
And no sweaters, and life is kinda cold,
Little kids with dirty pampers and a God damn runny nose
And moms never home, never really had a da
Now what really going on? , now what should I do?
My little brothers stomach growling in the God damn rich do
Searching in the box for something to eat
Knowing there ain't gon be a God damn thing in there g
In the middle of the night it get strange
Sister baby keep crying they want milk man
But she don't give a damn
She's out tricking for a hit don't give a fuck bout little sam
And all night long the neighbors fussing my ear to the wall
He beats us up and 2 hours later come the police
Instead of helping honey rather fuck with me
Its truly on the wall, want my eyes deep
Now what's really going on g?
Man this police fatality gotta stop ma
Cause brother ain't going out like rodney king no more
Little sammy grew up to be the neighborhood dope dealer,
Big wheeler, cap peeler, never gave a damn bout another life
Going to jail cause sam was just another night
Money and dope was a trade
But not enough money to save this motherfuck's age
Mama did sam like change
Started ganking his own people like in the dope game
And I better run out to a quarter
That little sam won't live to see tomorrow
And the government really don't gives a damn
Cause every neighborhood you find a fucking sam
Its some little kid with no pride
But not enough education to survive
A lotta people in it to win
Don't a damn about the lives they lose in the system
It's a shame, black politics and government
Damn, uncle sam, so we retaliate,
So who are you going to judge when we all make mistakes
So I just move on
You can't stop a nigga from writting a bout it in a song
And I ain't the one to get fucked
In other words you mess with p it's like pressing your luck
And I'm getting paid,
And I ain't gon let you treat every damn black man like a slave
And if you do your wrong, now what really going on