

How Many More

Grand Puba

Pour it out
How many more gotta die
How many more mothers gotta cry
How many more locked away for life
Just tryin' to get a piece of the pie

The struggle continues, we hate each other
And we don't know the reason why, petty shit
Crabs in the back room, holdin' each other back
Until the day we die, uh

I been droppin' knowledge like this for a long long time
They don't feel me
When I strive to help the dumb deaf fly
Long as I'm sittin' bullshit is just fine
But when I speak on them, that's when they draw the line

Conspiracy is a theory, let's promote the black-on-black
Niggas don't know how to act
Let em' send each other back

Too many shorties dyin' everyday
Too many niggas bein' locked away
Realize what's really goin' on
And how the black community got so torn
How many more mothers gotta mourn
He didn't make eightten and he's livin' in the lawn
Somebody tell me what's that all about
There's too many shorties checkin' out
My nigga's locked up for a lifetime
Didn't even get a chance to use his lifeline
The game is setup for you to lose
So watch the po-po cause like Tom they cruise
Focus get cha' head straight, fix ya plate
Learn from others and don't make the same mistake
Know who you are, where ya at, and where ya goin'
The worst thing about life is not knowin'
Knowledge break it down it's know to ledge
Cause if you don't know the ledge you droppin' off edge
The hood drama is horrific
Enough ghetto tears for years that could fill up Pacific
I'm not standin' here tryin' to be no preacher
But each one, teach one, hope I reach ya
See I'm here to enter brain then I entertain
Those who lost one in the struggle, I feel ya pain
Cause everyday somebody else is gettin' blown
But we don't moan until it hits close to home
Hear me y'all cause the numbers seem to multiply
And that's the reason that I ask myself

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