Drama

RZA

I wanna dedicate this song to the young god, Kareem
The Genius... Digi...
Sing it 'em to real quick, yo

Like to keep my head up to the sky
And ask myself, why, it has to be this way
I'd like to live my life in peace
And have, not to worry about
All the drama, I can't take
Cuz we strive for luxury
And try to feed our families
It always seems that someone seen our way
I'd like to live my life in peace
And have, not to worry about
All the drama, I can't take

I met a young brother, about 28
Who seemed intelligent and rather quite straight
I greeted him, and struck a conversation
To see if the youngster had some self motivation
Peace brother, whats your name? How you be?
(I'm Rugged Monk and I'm all about the currency)
You mean gettin' paid?

Yeah like my man's brother
Who has a condo, he shares with his baby mother
You know a condo beats my apartment
With no lights, no gas and backed up rent
No hot water or heat, infested with plenty rats
That'll eat up the average alley cat
(I'm like damn, homey, thats poverty, he's like)
Word O.G. that bothers me
Plus I'm about to be a new father, G
(We need to wise up and change the hood policy)

Yo, why you fear the devil, as a grown man?
Why you not out there trying to make your own plan?
See we are a victim, of a situation
Where a wicked man, separated the nation
And got us killin' off one another
Black on black, they pit brother on brother
It's gettin' hot, hotter than July
See the murder and crime rate is risin' to the sky
(For example, in my neighborhood it's so hot
I'm often woke up, from the alarming sounding of a shot, so I'm thinking wha
t)
Is your neighborhood a trap?
{Could this be the place marked X on the map?}
(And I'm spotted like a target in a shooting gallery
So I strive to seek for a better salary
So I can escape from where? From this ghetto life area
{Cuz everyday it gets scarier}

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