

# Neighborhood

Terrace Martin

Lately I been savin more money  
I know snitches get stitches  
See I been in the ghetto,  
And if you know me, I'm gon get it (Yeah)  
Everything I do  
I do it all for you  
Everything I do, I do it all for you (Uh huh)  
Nothin like a new day, in a new world  
Nothin like a new day, in a new world  
(Feelin like a new world baby)

Aye, where you from fool?  
This ain't the neighborhood that you come to  
Tell me whatcha bangin homie, red or blue  
If we decide to off him  
Homicide comin ain't nobody talkin  
Plead the 5th amendment, everybody walkin  
That's how it all goes when the dice roll out  
And the elements test what you all about  
Another life gone as the world goes round  
I know it's so cold, all these lost souls

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I'm from where cops roll around  
Gunshots, it ain't no warnings  
The ones that say they love you to death  
Be plotting on you  
Niggas get football numbers for playin the corner  
Home invasion, yeah they all in ya crib like they Willona  
Penny for thoughts nigga get lost  
Shootin like when white folks do crime  
The wigga be off  
God help us  
Cause even the minister sinister dark  
Yeah, you smilin but you're energy speaking grimace remarks  
This is art  
Our heros become murals  
Crackers they make examples out the nigga in the struggle  
Who let fiends get a sample  
Yeah the kid that's tired of pulling dirty clothes out the hamper  
That his brother handed to him  
Cause his mother never had it, yeah  
His father was an addict  
Granny had to pick up the slack  
Cause she knows what truly matters to him  
I'm grateful for that influence, uh  
Bible on the dash

Jesus take the wheel  
Steer me from my past  
My dreams never belly up  
I'm hype behind the cam  
Don't ever throw the baby out  
With the diaper bag

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The rat race  
The paper chase  
The unending maze  
Seems to fade  
Around the days  
That some call holy  
But even that can cause  
Other wise men  
To argue mangers and halos  
With karma and rainbows  
And turned the only time  
That earth agrees on family  
In to some form of greek tragedy  
The way I see it  
We can call these, Village days  
Where regardless of the reason  
We get to see some of  
The loved ones we missed  
During the run and rip of life  
Let's count our blessings right  
And make ways for the days  
Of the village