

Be A Man

Zanna Don't

Yeah it's Bobby Digital
Just floatin over The City
I came across this, this, this black man
He was talkin about look down below
Sure of yourself risin, prices of food skyrisin
Foreign countries movin in USA, enterprisin
Snatchin your mic then speakin, while you might be leakin
Then losin the luxury, average man be seekin
Thought he was so smarthoe's cheatin, life fall apart
Fuckin a hundred bitches couldn't mend a broken heart
Start as a soda jerk job, as a mail clerk
Fucked this white bitch in the office, got fired from work
Nine-to-five, government high taxes, police dispatches
Beauracatic attackin black Asiatics, resident with bad plumbin
Cocaine got my brain numb an' bitch complained 'bout cummin'
Pussy stay hummin\$200 parkin, summer's out of state warrants
High blood pressure pills prescribed by Dr. Lawrence
Got me gainin weight, fuckin up my right kidney
Cousin raped at school Allah wit me
Peoples' eyes closed like envelopes by folk membership
With unpaid doctor bills
Framed got shot and killed, cops poppin pills
Three pair cotton, steel closet, cabinet of No Frills
Mo' bills, sister got evicted from Park Hill
Punch a hole inside the NARC wheels
My dogs bark, still carry dark steel
And unmarked bills, I'm from the uncut, dope, found on director's reels
Bobby Digital may switch back to Bobby Steels
Rusty .38's, bought rust inside the herb gate
So Hungry, son, 'bout to shrink down to a bird's weight
Rash break out, where's the blue ointment, face-to-face appointments
Un-proudly in the church paid for annointment
Bet the checks don't come late
About to separate with her man
In +The City+, +Domestic Violence+ excavates
Get a highest ratio in five years
The idea is to plant fear

Boy you slap yo' bitch, po-lice is there to cuff you or snuff you

They might bust you
Cause your hoe snatched your money up, didn't want to fuck you
We must learn to communicate, and unificate
Stop the black on black, hate on hate
White on white, black on white
Put the love in love
I'm blunted up, blasted inside the strip club
Shorty wop, fifteen year old, all she needed was love
And mo' dough so she won't have to show her knotty afro
Collect call from my son to now, he might blow trial
Foul cut, and cop out to a 3 to 6
Bad situations, bein a man is hard shit
Somethin'll get trapped out, I mean, yo
Got crack fiends in spots with vaccine shots
Black teens drop out of high school, white teens sellin stock
With bonds they can't put their word on
20 Years, shorty wop, pussy 'bout to swerve on
Up in the crib, new fridge, dead pig
Two kids, pawned this older cat who looked like Calvin Coolridge
But got splat in his back last year
Robbin' his jewel inside the diamond district
No one got convicted, heard they never found the biscuit
I'm booby trapped by the capitalists
Tryin to subsist, sometimes happiness is hot grits and catfish
Or a bowl of Cookie Crisp, I got harassed by this rookie bitch
Talkin' 'bout I couldn't put my feet on the fire hydrants
To tie my kicks, \$50 ticket, 'bout to strike and picket
And shout at the City Hall, motherfuck the wicked
Too greedy, give to the needy, down on my luck
'Bout to jab a ouija board, that's when Bobby Digi seen me
Said, Yo son, don't stress out over no one, learn the slogan
Knowledge is half the battle, that's one to grow on
And don't be counterfeit
It's a bad situation which bein a man, but we got to handle it
Bad situation when you ain't bein a man

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