

# What's Going On

## Eric B. & Rakim

What's going on? What's happening, it's been so long, what's going on  
And what's going wrong? The good old days are gone  
You forgot your plot and your plans as a young man  
You invented a scam even you don't understand  
    You rig the enigma, can't figure it out  
    You change the route, now you're in doubt  
You use to cut class, smoked grass, still passed  
    Figured you was all that but that ain't last  
    The times is harder, the drugs is heavier  
    You say whatever, the more, the merrier  
Smoke chokes your dreams and blurs your scenes  
Now a young man fiend change his plan to schemes  
    No more good times, no more time  
    Too far to find, you're almost blind  
    You can't see what spot that the trap is in  
    (Hey bra!) What's happening  
    You had it mapped out, your plans get torn  
You stayed up for days and now your dreams are gone  
    You said you quit, stated your word is bond  
(Hey bro) what's going on? What's going on? My neighborhood don't look so good  
    I'll find a way out yeah, I would if I could  
    But the government is doing a project  
    So I live in the projects  
Where we fight for elbow room to the doom  
    Try to live long but you die too soon  
    I might not be alive to see 25  
    Taught at ten to make money and strive  
    I sold tapes at school and made some ends  
Met a lot of skins and even made some friends  
    Cool, 'cause now I got a crew to run wit  
    Break a couple of rules, have crazy fun wit  
But every now and then, they give my knuckle game a test  
    But I won't fess, I just get rid of the stress  
    And then shake hands like a man  
'Cause it's a family thing, only the crew would understand  
    But you had a one on one fight wit drugs  
    When we ain't cool no more, we buss slugs  
    Clip after clip, until one of us is gone  
(Hey bra!) what's going on? What's going on? The crime rate in New York State elevate

A city filled wit hate, more deaths accumulate  
Drug wars daily, alot of blood spilt  
Kids on the playground shot down and kilt  
Nobody wants to live on the 1st floor no more  
'Cause stray bullets explore  
We're killing ourselves off slowly but surely  
And at the end of the year, I'm sure many more'll be  
    Rubbed out in a quest for clout  
The rest'll be drugged out, this is bugged out  
    Half of the projects is dead or locked up  
Kids getting kidnapped and then found chopped up  
    Human abortion create distortions  
And that's just a portion, you know that we're lost when  
    Babies are addicted to drugs when they are born  
        (Hey bra!) what's going on?  
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        (Hey bra!) what's going on?

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