

# Graves To Dig

## Everlast

They go one for the Prophet, two for Islam  
Three for the Khutbah from the Imam  
Four for the mother that birthed my frame  
Five for the father 'cause he taught me game  
Been 'round the world, songs are all the same  
Sometimes when I'm asleep I still call your name  
Back when I was young I used to dream of fame  
Now they all point they fingers sayin' who's to blame  
Mothers put their girls into pigtail curls  
Fathers teach their sons how to shoot their guns  
They say, "Boy don't never cry control your emotions  
Just take it like a man, make your stand"  
They say, "Sex and violence go hand in hand"  
For every man blessed there got to be ten damned  
Expand through the depths of space and time  
Standin' three eyes blind on the firing line  
Word to my man divine, come too far, singin'  
"La ilaha illa Allah"  
Twelve rakats short on my full day's prayer  
Just hoping that the lord got some mercy to spare  
They go one for the Ummah, two for the deen  
Three for the angels, four for the alamin'  
Somewhere between totally obscene  
And perfectly clean, got a Babylon feelin'  
Wounds that need healin', truth need revealin'  
Hands need washin' from all the dirty dealin'  
From the floor to the ceilin', from the stage to the door  
From the kings and the queens and the slaves and the whores  
For every lost cause where the martyrs are found  
That funky little sound, that make you want to get down  
Somebody told me once, love makes the world go round  
Now kids they carry pistols out on the playground  
That profound, gone too far, praying to the light from a burned out star  
Put your lights on, put down your crosses  
It's time to tally up your wins and your losses  
They go one for Scott La Rock, two for Pac and B.I.G.  
And three for all the mothers who got graves to dig  
For all the mothers who got graves to dig

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