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 gameBeen '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 blameMothers 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 lineWord 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 deenThree 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 foundThat 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 starPut 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 digFor all the mothers who got graves to dig
For all the mothers who got graves to dig

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