

People Everyday

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See I was resting at the park minding my own
Business, as I kick up the treble tone
On my radio tape player box, right
Just loud enough so folks could hear it's hype, see ?
Outta nowhere comes the woman I'm dating
Investigation maybe she was demonstrating
But nevertheless I was pleased
My day was going great and my soul was at ease
Until a group of brothers started bugging out
Drinking the 40 oz, going the nigga route
Disrespecting my black queen
Holding their crotches and being obscene
At first I ignored them 'cause see I know their type
They got drunk and got guns and they wanna fight
And they see a young couple having a time that's good
And their egos wanna test a brother's manhood
So they came to test Speech 'cause of my hair-do
And the loud bright colors that I wear
I was a target cause I'm a fashion misfit
And the outfit that I'm wearing brothers dissing it
Well I stay calm and pray the niggaz leave me be
But they're squeezing parts of my date's anatomy
Why, Lord, do brothers have to drill me ?
'Cause if I start to hit this man they'll have to kill me
See I am everyday people
See I am everyday people I told the niggaz please let us pass, friend
I said please cause I don't like killing Africans
But he wouldn't stop and I ain't Ice Cube
But I had to take the brother out for being rude
And like I said before I was mad by then
It took three or four cops to pull me off of him
But that's the story y'all of a black man
Acting like a nigga and get stomped by an African
You see I am everyday people
You see I am everyday people The moral of the story is
You better look very hard on who you step into
As you might get killed or shot and it's not worth
Africans need to be loving each other and you know

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