

# Something Wonderful

## Russ Case And Orchestra

Something wonderful...  
To chase it all away  
For the women of the world, because women are the world  
Mixing my emotions... to close the bad again  
I'm just letting you know...  
I'm tryna be a good man I can't speak for the others  
Know the saying heaven lies at the feet of your mother  
Mine showed me the definition of hard work and  
Smiles through her tears even though her heart's hurting  
Speaks her mind and never ever bites her tongue  
I guess today you can say I'm just like my mum  
Great grandmother was in Beirut in '82  
In a flat when it got invaded by Israeli troops  
Sleeping in the hallway for shelter from the bullets  
And that's why I'll always respect her to the fullest  
Physically gone, all memories are kept in a picture  
In Baghdad my nan slept with a Beretta in her slipper  
You're judged as a man by everything you amount to  
And the respect that you show the women around you  
So think about that stuff when you diss her  
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister  
Something wonderful...  
To chase it all away  
Mixing my emotions. to close the bad again  
I'm not claiming to be perfect I know what a curve is  
But a woman's worth isn't just on the surface  
I see too many young women craving affection  
Degrading themselves for a male's attention  
I know it's love that you're certain that you felt  
But messing with these different guys you're just searching for yourself  
Would it whore-ish to boast how high your score is  
When a man does it, a player is what you call him  
What if it's all just lies when she talks to guys  
Displays promiscuous ways like it's all alright  
  
Would it make you squirm if the tables turned  
Is that really what it would take to make you learn  
You're judged as a man by everything you amount to  
And the respect that you shown the women around you

So think about that stuff when you diss her  
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister  
I said think about that stuff when you diss her  
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody  
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Certain things are too deep to put in a verse  
Let me apologise to every single woman I've heart  
Or disrespected whether family members or ex's  
I wanna make amends for however I left it  
Men make them, but the women get harmed in wars  
I pray for a heart as pure as Assata Shakur's  
We put them down on the pedestal we should put them  
Behind every good man, there's a good women  
Betty Shabazz lost her husband to the handguns  
And lost her life when her house was burned down by her grandson  
Qubilah saw her father murdered when the hammers passed  
So I feel her pain when she tried to murder Farrakhan  
You're judged as a man by everything you amount to  
And the respect that you shown the women around you  
So think about that stuff when you diss her  
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister  
I said think about that stuff when you diss her  
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody

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