## **Sights In The City**

## Guru

Sights in the city got people cryin'Sights in the city got people cryin'

Sights in the city got people dyin'

Sights in the city got people cryin'

Sights in the city got people dyin'

In the cityOne Friday, little Emmitt reached his limit

School was wack, he wasn't with it

His man told him that he could make some dough

Deliverin' packages for Mac Money JoeSo he said, "Cool, yo, I need a hustle

Yo, hook me up, plus I need a pistol or

A 380, a two-two or a 25

I'm gonna get large kid, I'm all the way live"

But he was sadly mistaken

Now he's locked up, he's doin' time and he's thinkin'Sights in the city got people cryin'

Sights in the city got people dyin'

In the cityOne Saturday, sweet Renee ran away

Couldn't take moms yellin', didn't wanna stay

Her girl told her, that she could get quick cash

Goin' on dates for Pimp Daddy NashShe said, "Well, I don't know, I gotta meet him

You say he's fly, mmm? I gotta see him"

The next thing you know she's out late nights

Makin' dollars for Nash, wearin' her skirts tight

Now she's a victim of the system

Man, what happened to her dreams and her ambition? Sights in the city got people cryin'

Sights in the city got people dyin'

Sights in the city got people cryin'

Sights in the city got people dyin'

In the cityOld Mr. Fillmore, he owns a grocery store

It's a small little shop, the children call him 'Pop'

But, of course, he keeps a shotgun

Just for protection 'cause he's got a little grandsonOn Sunday, while he was there cleanin'

He heard the front door slam, a lady screamin'

He grabbed the shottie and walked out from the back

All he saw was two kids, wearin' black ski masks

He fired, they fired, all at the same time

Now there's a funeral on Wednesday, a quarter to nineSights in the city got people cryin'

Sights in the city got people dyin'

In the city, in the city, in the city

In the city, in the city, in the city

In the city, in the city, in the city

In the city, in the cityMany sights and sounds in the city, knahmsayin'?

People dyin', innocent victims

The babies ain't got no future

What are we gon' do?

Brothers can't make a buck

Mmm, just some of the sights and sounds, that's all

Guess, I'm just gonna get mine

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