

# Rasool

Jill Scott

His name was Rasool  
Carmel complected boy from the twenty two  
Rough on the outside but inside he was cool  
Rasool was a king but also a fool  
Back on the block again with the same crew  
Tariq from the west side, little John from the Avenue  
Always seen 'em 'bout a quarter to two  
Shakin' hands with everybody  
But at the same time sharin' the blues  
And ohh he passed it on  
Shakin' hands till what was in his pockets was gone  
He'd be outside in the cold with his bubble goose on  
But inside somehow, I knew he wasn't warm  
Around ten thirty on that dreary night  
His boys said they were hungry  
Wanted to get a bite, now they didn't send a runner  
Rasool knew it wasn't right  
But he stayed anyway tryin' to get the chain he liked  
Ohh, how the shots rang in the streets  
Hittin' everybody in the surrounding vicinity  
Children of children, one young father to be  
And Rasool lay dead on my North Philly street  
At fifteen years old, it was the first death I'd seen  
But in years to come there'd be many many brothers slain  
Tryin' to win at the game  
But the game ain't designed for no kind of winning  
Oh this is a friend of Rasool, begging you to think about  
What you do and who you call your crew  
The very choices you make, may make a Rasool out of you  
Now you don't want that, do you?  
You don't want that, do you?  
Do you? Do you? Do you? Do you?  
You don't want that  
You don't want that  
You don't want that  
You don't want that

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