

# People Everyday

## Tsuneo Imahori

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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