Just Another Brother

Us3

My brother, take a rest from what you doin' sit back and listen
Listen to my song about some brothers on a mission
This one kid he never went to school
His teachers thought that he was crazy out acting the foolBut on a real, baby pa had nuff static
He had two little brothers and his mother was a crack addict
Papa bear was never there to give him hope
So one might ask himself how did this young man cope?He started robbin' just to feed his peoples and that's a fact
Until one day he got caught in the act
Shacked up and jacked up and taken downtown
And to the judge he's just another brother on lock downJust another brother, just another, just another brother
Just another brother on lock down
Just another brother, just another, just another brother
Just another brother on lock downJust another brother, just another, just another brother
Just another brother on lock down
Just another brother, just another, just another brother
Just another brother on lock downWell, this other nigga from the Fort was out to get his
Catchin' crazy wreck on the mic, that's word to Mizz
But until he struck the deal he had to sell the rock
Pack the glock doin' deeds at the end of the blockHe had crazy fly robes and his daughter ate well
He never hit the blowpipe it was strictly the sell
These jealous brothers round the way wanted to rock his world
But instead they did the dirty shit and shot his girlWhen he found out who did it he went awol
Stepped to the mall, he saw the punks and sprayed them all
But now he's doin' life for the suckers he shot down
And now he's just another brother on lock downJust another brother, just another, just another brother
Just another brother on lock down
Just another brother, just another, just another brother
Just another brother on lock downJust another brother, just another, just another brother
Just another brother on lock down
Just another brother, just another, just another brother
Just another brother on lock downFresh outta school my man had it all
A dip crib, a fly girl, he was havin' a ball
But this other punk kid started to use him and abuse him
Slowly takin' all his loot and at the same time confuse himWhen the smoke cleared my man lost his crib and his bank
And may I ask a question, who'd he have to thank?
Well, anyway, now he's on a mission to get his respect
He thinks the only way to get it is to catch his wreckHe saw the bastard in the Village, on Astor Place

My man balled up his fist and laid him to waste
Now he's getting' five years even though he got props now
But to you and me he's just another brother on lock downJust another brother, just another, just another brother
Just another brother on lock down
Just another brother, just another, just another brother
Just another brother on lock downJust another brother, just another, just another brother
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