

GANGBANGING

*To be or not to be
In love with the streets
The guns the drugs
The killings the mugs
My cousin died
Because he got shot up
He was on the wrong street
When he threw his hood up
If colors meant killing
I wish the world was black and white
So I could walk down the street
Without putting up a fight
Youth violence comes from a broken home
The moms at work your dad is gone
That's why the young people feel so alone
Wishing they were grown
So they won't be rolling stone
If I could change the hands of time
I would fulfill the Dr.'s dream
Gangbanging and dope fens wouldn't exist
There would be peace on earth
And everybody would be throwing up their
fist.
There's no one stopping us*