

Akrobatik, Front Steps Part 2 (Tough Love)

[Intro - Akrobatik - talking]

HAAAA ...

Back on the front steps, you know what I'm sayin'?

City done took away the jobs from all the youngins

Cats got nothin to do and shit

Shit is whack man

The summer days be hot (yeah)

Shit

[Verse 1 - Akrobatik]

Yo, to my niggaz on the block, hangin out on the stoop

With your team you slang with and your little rap groups (uh)

Notorious throughout the low income neighborhoods

Accused as the reason why the hood'll always stay the hood

Organized to set up the trap, to set up the raps

But what if you organized your people dog, imagine that

You could be a young entrepreneur, never wantin for more

When po' come through, you not duckin to the corner store

They make us hate each other, by keepin us poor

But if you got your shit legit, tell 'em "fuck you!"

They shit outta luck too

Long as you pay your federal and state

They gotta keep their filthy hands off your general estate

Take it from a brother that been there, we in here

People livin in the hood, in prison, and in fear

Same thing they did to the Jews after the Holocaust (what?)

Stuff us in the ghettos and then we all are lost

And when we riot, they won't care about the dollars lost (uh)

They sippin cocktails, while we throw the Molotovs

[Break - Cuts by DJ Jayceoooh]

"Kick the truth to the young black, black, black"

"Kick the truth to the young black youth, youth, black youth"

[Akrobatik - talking behind Break]

What, yo tough love

Yo, listen

[Verse 2 - Akrobatik]

My high school had no black teachers (true)

And very few students, who had similar features

That's where I caught my very first glimpse of how they do us (yep)

The privileged are learnin how to be entrepreneurs

While we die in the sewers

And the gutters, murkin each other with box-cutters

From one man's sin, the whole block suffers

Streets are floodin with the tears of distraught mothers

We have been trained to believe we are not brothers

You wouldn't say shit to Ted Danson

But if a brother's black, we act like Charles Manson (Manson)

What the fuck happened to advancin? (uh)

See, heads is too concerned with romancin the stone

Cook it up and serve it, then your hood rep's blown

But when po' enter the zone and handcuffs are shown

And your shorty's left alone at home with no pops

And mama you was tappin ain't givin you no props (props)

That bus is takin you up north with no stops

And you getting hosed down and laughed at by cops (uh)

You sayin that's the way you want to live, dude? (word?)

Never getting pussy and you eat what they give you

This ain't no war on drugs, it's a war on thugs

They supply the guns, we supply the bodies with slugs (slugs)

Most of these crack-dealer rappers is herbs

See they 35, married, and they livin in the 'burbs (true indeed)

Makin money off of your lifestyle

But you idolize 'em cause they move units and that's wild (wild)

These labels ain't fuckin with you if you ain't coachable

These labels ain't fuckin with you if you ain't approachable

You see, there's more to life than rap and crack sales (sales)
But that info ain't made readily available to black males
They shut down the conscious rastas
But talk about being a pimp, you'll get an Oscar
I'm sick of seeing y'all locked up and killed
And if the O.G.'s don't tell you, tell me who the fuck will?
Tough love, tough love, tough love, tough love, tough love
Yeah, kick the truth to the young black youth, what?
[Outro - Cuts by DJ Jayceoooh]
"Kick, kick, kick, kick, kick the truth, truth"
"Kick the truth to the young black youth, youth"
"Kick, kick, kick the truth, truth, truth"
"To the, to the young black youth, youth"
"To the youth, to the young black youth"
"To the young, young black youth"
"To the young black, black, black, black, black, black,
black, black, black, black, black, black youth"
"Black youth, black youth, black youth ..."