

# Black Sheep, Peace To The Niggas

[Mr Lawnge]

Now, if you got it going on make some noise  
Peace to all the real grimy ghetto girls and boys  
In my neighbourhood, whether black or hispanic  
Yo, this is some positive shit but please don't panic  
You can still rock to it so flock to it  
Just open your mind, unwind, recline or pop and lock to it  
Come and rock with us, all night like Michael Jackson  
Leave your guns and knives at home, black, that's all I'm asking  
I'd like to go to jams and not see bullet sparks  
So we can do some hip hop shows in public parks  
A lot of the voters and promoters are scared of rap  
But we can all come together clever and say bullcrap  
Gotta get up, get up, gotta get over  
I gotta wake niggas up like I'm down with Jehovah  
Knock on a few heads and beg for some common sense  
As I commence to convince, yo, I'm kind of tense  
Cause niggas still wanna buck wild and profile  
They're fronting hard but ain't go no style  
Steadily teaching my younger brothers to kill each other  
I hate to have to break out my glock and teach another  
Young soul about a bullet hole  
For trying to play and sway me, acting hard like the videos

Now, To all the shorties in the world.  
Listen up, That shit is just TV.  
Far from reality.  
And half the niggas you see on TV.  
Are fronting, They ain't saying nothing.  
So take your little ass, Somewhere.  
And watch Barney or something.

[Chorus: Mr Lawnge (Dres) x2]

Peace to the niggas in my neighbourhood  
(Where?) In my neighbourhood  
(Where?) In my neigh-bour-hood  
Peace to the niggas in my neighbourhood  
You're not dead so that means you're doing good

[Dres]

Yo, one time ripping it quick it's the clever brown boy  
Joy to the world, girls and boys, there comes a choice  
To advocate bad ass, bet I did it before  
My POs name is Jord, he let me go on tour  
Where I'm from, yo, you might see a finger in the gutter  
In the ghetto with toast, best believe my shit is butter  
Got to have it long before this rap shit, get back, bitch  
If I'm stuck up much like a bandit I crank shit  
Niggas get reprimanded, remanded and then branded  
I delve into myself to draw the strength to overstand it  
So ill as I roll up on the block theory yot (??)  
Keeping it real with ShowB-I, yeah, we build a lot  
Yo, move your b-u-t, the B/QE gets strong on the low  
Giving a pound to Shorty Long, hop in the ride I gotta go  
Gotta hit Queens, flying American, yo, Sammy, where's Troy?  
Cleaning up on the streets, I goes there with my motherfucking boys  
Shit's wrecked like grands in no time Astoria expands  
Peace Russ, Jock, Tonto, but let me not forget Shamgod  
My man since Holland Cove, making moves like Rucker  
Live since one-oh-five, yo, it's Tiki motherfuckers  
Jets to 'jects, I flex them cheques, my fam in the plan  
And kick it to my cousins with some weed in my hand  
Original bumrush was getting money on the hush, B  
Keeping it real forever with my peoples working OT

Back in the seven, pick up the celly now I'm dialling F in  
Put the volume up on BringIt, Legion getting in a session  
>From there to a Brucie tape, I'm almost on the fifth  
An Uzi for my birthday, you know I shoot the gift  
To a chickadee talking about she's wanting to get with me  
Hey, I look up the block and see Lord kicking it with E  
Hon's like I want you, better believe me, baby's gonna got checked  
I said My memory's bad, honey, I just fucking forget  
Plus I've found my one love now, hon, I'm going to jet  
And if we ain't playing Shaka we're catching power wrecks  
Fucking it up in the BX, I see Chi flexing his dome  
Good vibrations, rocking the nation as I represent my home

[Chorus: Dres (Mr Lange) x2]

[Mr Lawnge]  
To my man DJ Stan, Rajaski  
And the whole Times family

[Dres]  
Yo, Monty, Go-go, Big Sid from Madrid  
Big Tom, and Rico, Conji, who loves you, baby

[Mr Lawnge]  
DJ Craze, IBP  
And the whole Mellow Zone family

[Dres]  
Astoria projects, the Bland  
The Bronx and Queens, NFL  
Lafayette and Laurelton, man

[Mr Lawnge]  
The Doughty clan, my peeps on Prospect  
And to my brother down South, nuff respect

[Dres]  
Benedecion, mija, Papi  
My cousins Big F, Pote  
Michael and Jerome

[Mr Lawnge]  
To all my engineers  
Native Tongue and Flavor Unit  
Peace, man

[Dres]  
One Love, Jennifer Perry  
3D Entertainment, Jan and Morry  
My Polygram fam  
And my little cousins Angela and Ray

[Mr Lawnge]  
Now all the people we forgot  
I hope your ass didn't get shot, peace