

Nonchalant, 5 O'Clock

(verse 1)

It's really real, when I feel the way that I do right now
I see all my brothers underground
Pushing up daisies, man, it amazes me
That you can't see where you gonna be
A statistic, everybody's gon' call ballistic
If you had a good day, damn, I must have missed it
Cause you mad at the Universe,
Going to hell with everybody else cause you want your own first
I got the urge to let you in on a little secret
Cause you keep dying if I keep it
All the keeling that you're feeling is from within
For the copper check the color of your skin
Why lie? I couldn't try even if I had to
Born with the bullet-proof vest when I had you
A black woman trying to get through to the few
So you can leave the next crew

(Chorus)

5 o'clock in the morning where you gonna be
Outside on the corner
You better get yourself together
While you're wasting all your time
Right along with your mind

repeat 1

Why should I do right and suffer
I rather do wrong making that loopy and that hustler
instead of hot-dogs I'm eating porks up in their smother
And got a gang of loot up in the safe up in my covers
On top of all that I push big fat Lex
and got my hoes that in golf course just in case I feel Like flexing
so I must ask, for real though, who are you
See, Im a big man

Yeah, you you know, youse a big man Check it
I went for twelve years to school and never could read
A knowledge of my hood is something That they can never teach me
I never started to step but I kept up with the Johnses
Having rollers... my little pinky ???
I did a lot of kinky thing the girls knew it, flock into it
Im around my old way, yeah, they still wants to do it
Its not about the clothes that you got on your back
but the money in your pocket and if you're down like that
Come on

(Chorus)

Wella, Mr. Black Man tell me where you're heading
The last few years I watched while you were sheading
Pounds and pounds on growth of the population
Soon we won't be able to have a strong black nation
A shooting here, a stabbing there nowhere to stop
Cause now you're dying from the dose of the crack rock
I'm just a Nubian Queen that needs a king to stand strong
And try to press on
It's not a white man's finger on the trigger
Car-jacks, drive-by's, callin' each other "nigga"
I'm not here to scold but rather shape n' mold
That young black mind that won't live to grow old
Cause you're fronting smoking on the blunt and
Down with your friends cause you think you're making ends,
But you're not - and it's the truth of the matter

Your brother gettin' skinny, cause you want your pockets fatter

(Chorus)

It ain't no lie, I'm sick and tired, I feel the fire
So baby can you grab my hand so I can take you higher
Coz I've seen you sinkin'. so get your mind to thinkin'
But all of that shit you did has got you shrinkin' low
The moves that you made, got your faith in the wrong direction
But some love and affection would change that
With the quick-mix, could this sickness
Is spreadin' so damn fast, a black major can't last
But what can I do, a strong black woman
Give you loving and affection keep you focused when you come in
Cause it's real, I've got to find out how you feel
To keep your shit fixed, and your hands up on the ceil' (yeah yeah)

(chorus)