

Paris, Lay Low

[Intro]

It's my hood, I been livin here for 17 years
Boy I done got jumped, my car done got shot up
I done got shot at, I been to jail, 3, fo' times

I want parents to simply wake up
To take responsibility for our own kids
It's time to take action!
It's time to wake up and stop sleepin!

[Paris]

Peace, what's happenin rookie?
It's been a while since I been gone, just tryin to fall in
Ain't nothin new, sheeit, I keep it mannish
It's different now than when I was out, let's examine
What's happenin junior? What's goin down?
How the women actin, heard you was crushin 'em in the town
Look good don't they? Hell yeah, shoulda saw
the ones last week at the mall, hella raw
And all tryin to come up, like video queens
So fine they make some of us do the stupidest things
But be careful though, get caught up, know what you doin
Fuck around and be a teenage pop, and life is ruined
How ya momma doin? She cool, is that right?
Seen your sister last week at the bank, lookin tight
Keep yo' eyes on her, cause niggaz, nowadays
always lookin for some new ones to train, so many ways
And I'm amazed, but not amused as such
We all brothers but some of us gettin caught in the clutch
Another, day go by another, day's the same
Another, day of strife I say a, prayer for change
But I can't complain, and if I did so what?
The best we can do is try to find the truth and come up
I'm still bangin on these tracks, still keep hope for us
Yeah I'm back, still rough on wax, and still bust

[Chorus - singer]

E'rybody gotta do their own thang
See the whole world goin insane
Hope to see sun, it'll be rain
We lay low, lay low, lay low
E'rybody tryin to maintain
Brothers gonna work out in the aeeend
'Til we get peace it'll be pain
And they know, they know, they know

[Paris]

What's on your mind? What, your homey died?
Over what, some bullshit? Is that right?
I known him since back in the days, we was tight
Used to date his older sister back in late '85
I just wonder why, the shit don't make no sense
How many gotta die befo' these niggaz convinced?
Death is final every day for my people I'm prayin
Seems so many lose our futures fuckin 'round in the game
A motherfuckin shame, another life is ruined
Know you wanna ride but gunnin for them niggaz is useless
See we all confused, damn, but everything is a test
Don't let ego and emotions be the reason you slip
Cause though your boys might fall, fall for doin wrong
Friends drop like drawers, nobody mobbin like the law
And we don't need no more in the pen or at war
It's open season every brother on the street is a target, believe

[Chorus]

[Paris]

Now even though I'm anti-pop, I still rise
And though it seem it ain't gon' stop, I still rise
above this bullshit hip-hop, I still rise
Supply, wise words, disguised in rhyme verse
I curse, what these niggaz is sayin, ain't nuttin real
Just fairy tales of pimpin these sisters and makin mail
I see 'em pose, see the bitchy roles they play
See these videos they shitty, see the way we portrayed
See these sellin out acts just sellin our rap
Believe wannabe macks with powerhouse tracks
Redefined black manhood, defied Allah
We rise up, fuck this bullshit, survival or die
See them thuggin niggaz muggin with that criminal pout
See 'em frown in every photo, see that shit in they mouth
See 'em tattered lookin battered chasin pussy and weed
Makin hookers out of queens every video feed
I see these labels sit back, push this shit like crack
Now every record every act, got you thinkin it's black
to act a fool chasin pussy like it's hard to get
I see these crackers think it's cool, bein niggaz for chips
I split jiggaboo chins, analyze these trends
If it's down to me and them I'm sendin flowers to kin
Ain't nuttin easy in this world, struggle makes the man
Don't let these motherfuckers do you understand the plan, believe

[Chorus] - 2X