

# T-Bone, Straighten It Out

Let's break it out all of this black-on-black, brown-on-brown, in every town, because I'm sick of seeing my people's sketches scattered all over the ground. Since these murders occur every single day, so put the gun away because I want to live to see another day. A happy day. Where there's peace between nations, love within races and no division in the congregations. No more pimps and drug dealers on every corner. A homeless people struggling with no homefreeze and they pump for quarters. I am talkin' about a world of peace, with no mo' closed caskets if you know rows like most of my homies that have been deceased. No more murderers, diseases, or suicides, it's time we all wake up and wipe the mucus from my sleepy eyes. And straighten things out like a ruler 'cause nowadays, the cart we juggle is full of hate, killas, and runaways. I'm sick of it, so I'll be the first brother to shout, let's straighten it out 'cause together we can work it out.

Chorus-

Let's straighten it out, from the west side to the east side.

Let's straighten it out, from the north side to the south side.

Let's straighten it out, from the east side to the west side.

Let's straighten it out, from the south side to the north side.

I wish somebody would tell me why, we can't just straighten out all this mess, at times I think, my fat should be a bulletproof vest. Got all these homies claiming south side, west side, east side, north side, Asian, Black, and Brown pride. It seems that there's no mo' hope, my own people's send me their guns and try to push me the dope, I can't cope. But I gotta, why? Because I'm sick of all the shots ringing from the sixty-fo and hollas. Remember where we was familia, where we could kick it and not worry about your own kind killin' ya'. Seems like all we care about is money and fame, drugs in the game, it's killin' me softly like Lauren from the Fugees sang. Man, what's it gonna take for us to grow up, before love is the only gang sign we throw up? 'Cause all our peoples headin' straight for the morgue unless we put down the guns and start to trust in the Lord, let's straighten it out!

&lt;Chorus&gt;

I wonder what could make a man, hit a woman, wit' a ferious hand. Somebody tell me because I just don't seem to understand. And then we wonder why y'all kids is bangin' with none at home, it seems the parents is the one givin' they kids a trainin'. Beatin' em' down, with your fists and a buckle of a belt.

To prideful to accept that you needed some serious help. So you kept strikin' like thirsty bats straight out of Hell, but what you did was wrong, stop and listen to my song. It breaks my heart in two when I see the things you put them through. Why do you do all the harmful things that you do? Spiritually guided with decieve and rags on both your wives, not knowin' you was led by demons when you made them cry. But you didn't quit till' they finally ran away from home. Then your wife left you too, and now your sad and all alone. Just thinkin' about everything your family could have been, so now your squeezin' the trigger to leave this life of sin.

&lt;Chorus&gt;

&lt;Chorus&gt;

Lyrics by T-Bone