

Somebody's baby boy ain't coming home tonight  
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We don't need no baseball bats  
We don't need no silver ghats  
But we're gonna fight tonight  
Put up your dukes and fight  
Big brother's just standing on the side  
Watching you flex your pride  
But you know if they all jump in  
Big brother's got your skin

The ice cream truck it sings no more  
All the kids from school are keeping score  
You swing and you duck and you hit the floor  
But you gotta get up at least once more  
Mama comes screaming down the stairs  
Everybody looks but nobody scares  
Mama can't believe that nobody care  
It's her baby boy how do they dare  
Mama says bitch come over here  
If you're so tough you'll have no fear  
But why's you bring your friends  
And the whole damn school  
To watch my baby boy go down like a fool

But brother says mama they're the same damn size  
Got to let him grow up and get street wise  
But mama says baby go get that bat  
And come back down and beat some ass

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One wrong move and it'll be too late  
Mama won't be making no birthday cake  
It all went down one afternoon  
In Brooklyn