

His name was Rasool
Carmel completed boy from the 22
Rough on the outside
But on the inside he was cool
Rasool was a king
But also a fool
Back on the block again with the same crew
Tariq from the west side
Little John from the avenue
Always seen um bout a quarter to two
Shaking hands with everybody
But at the same time sharing the blues
And oh how he passed it on
Shaking hands till what was in his pockets was gone
He'd be outside in the cold with his bubble goose on
But inside
I knew he wasn't warm
Around 10:30 on that dreary night
His bowaz said they were hungry they were hungry
Wanted to get a bite
But they didn't send a runner
Rasool knew it wasn't right
But he stayed anyway to get the chain he liked
And oh how the shots rang in the streets
Hitting everybody in the surrounding vicinity
Children of the children
One young father to be
And Rasool lay dead in my north Philly Street
At fifteen years old
It was the first death I'd seen
But the game ain't designed for no kind of winning
And oh this is a friend of Rasool
Telling you to think about what you do and who you call your crew
The very choices you make
May make a Rasool out of you
Now you don't want that do you?