

# Think'n Bout My Brotha

South Central Cartel

Lookin through a window, thinkin' of a mission  
Hear gunshots, another homeboy missin  
The streets, crazy as hell but what a brother know?  
A drive-by in a black 6-4  
Who did it and why? Another gang cause they hate him  
The person they killed, he wasn't even gangbangin  
Comin' from school, mindin his own alone  
But it's the homeboy's brother, so I guess it's on  
16 - dead, missin' half his face  
His family screams and he dream of a better place  
You're either down or out  
I'ma stay down and talk loud  
Put on my khakis and still walk proud  
It's either do do or die or get done for nuthin'  
I won't run from a gun, nigga, shoot me some  
I'ma die a ?full? death, it's ignorant still  
But it's ill cause sometimes people have to kill  
You put your flags on, Locs on, claims the ????  
And get your jack on, sometimes you get blown away  
You wanna live in fear but it's tragic  
An innocent child in another closed casket

I'm thinkin' about my brother  
Been thinkin' about my future  
I got to get off the streets and work it out  
And face reality...

A closed casket because he didn't have no face  
Lost in space and his brother has the only trace  
Say, brethren, is you simply get a Uzi and blast?  
Are you sure to get away, or does it matter to ask?

I know you feel kinda guilty cause they thought he was you  
And everybody in the hood makes you wanna pursuit  
The others brothers from the gang that you shot at first  
And now you roll in limousines and your brother a hearse

I couldn't doubt if it was me, I wouldn't wanna do a murder

Yeah, I might slip just a lil' bit further

We livin' in a ghetto and the ghetto is a kettle  
Sittin' on the furnace and it won't let go

You feel guilty so you shoot back and you hit black  
And they hit back, another black's ??????

Another mother in tears, another kid in the grave

The Lord gave us the freedom but till death we're enslaved

I'm thinkin' about my brother  
And thinkin' about my future  
I got to get off the streets and work it out  
And face reality

Cause I know one day I will see a vision

Of the other side, oh no no...

And what a mother, because you wanna gee, she face danger  
Shootin' at the house and she just a stranger to a banger  
The brother of the brother you shot  
Now your brother was got, your boy, you're ready to pop  
At the park you look gee'd, mad, even notorious  
You carry your rag, your reputation, it embroils  
Yeah, you can murder and you won't be phased  
But when the death hits home to the death you a slave  
Boy, your grave will take a Uzi and retaliate  
Are you afraid of the fact that it might be bait?  
Because I heard a lil' rumour on the L.A. streets  
That tell the price on your head, can you face the G?  
Your homeboys might help, but maybe they won't  
Maybe they can use dollars, are you gettin the point?  
Cause it's straight game and death's no joke  
You better get out of the fire or you smell the smoke  
It's no jokin', I became a G because I had to  
(So the streets took control of you)  
I'm a gangsta, a gangsta on a new L.P.  
A closed casket, a mother and the S.C.C.