

5 O'Clock

Nonchalant

It's really real, when I feel the way that I do right now
I see all my brothers underground
Pushing up daisies, man, it amazes me
That you can't see where you gonna be
A statistic, everybody's gon' call ballistic
If you had a good day, damn, I must have missed it
Cause you mad at the Universe,
Going to hell with everybody else cause you want your
own first
I got the urge to let you in on a little secret
Cause you keep dying if I keep it
All the keeling that you're feeling is from within
For the copper check the color of your skin
Why lie? I couldn't try even if I had to
Born with the bullet-proof vest when I had you
A black woman trying to get through to the few
So you can leave the next crew
5 o'clock in the morning. Where you gonna be?
(Outside on the corner)
You better get yourself together
While you're wasting all your time
Right along with your mind
5 o'clock in the morning. Where you gonna be?
(Outside on the corner)
You better get yourself together
While you're wasting all your time
Right along with your mind
Why should I do right and suffer
I rather do wrong making that loopy and that hustler
Instead of hot-dogs I'm eating porks up in their smother
And got a gang of loot up in the safe up in my covers
On top of all that I push big fat Lex
And got my hoes that in golf course just in case I feel
like flexing
So I must ask, for real though, who are you
See, I'm a big man
Yeah, you know you're a big man, check it
I went for twelve years to school and never could read
A knowledge of my hood is something they can never
teach me
I never started to step but I kept up with the Joneses
Having rollers... my little pinky???

I did a lot of kinky thing the girls knew it, flock into it
I'm around my old way, yeah, they still wants to do it
Its not about the clothes that you got on your back
But the money in your pocket and if you're down like
that

Come on

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Wella, Mr. Black Man tell me where you're heading
The last few years I watched while you were sheading
Pounds and pounds on growth for the population
Soon we won't be able to have a strong black nation
A shooting here, a stabbing there nowhere to stop
Cause now you're dying from the dose of the crack
rock

I'm just a Nubian Queen that needs a king to stand
strong

And try to press on

It's not a white man's finger on the trigger
Car-jacks, drive-by's, callin' each other "nigga"
I'm not here to scold but rather shape n' mold
That young black mind that won't live to grow old
Cause you're fronting smoking on the blunt and
Down with your friends cause you think you're making
ends,

But you're not - and that's the truth of the matter
Your brother gettin' skinny, cause you want your
pockets fatter

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