## Sights in the City

## Guru

Sights in the city got people cryin'Sights in the city got people cryin' Sights in the city got people dyin' Sights in the city got people cryin' Sights in the city got people dyin' In the cityOne Friday, little Emmitt reached his limit School was wack, he wasn't with it His man told him that he could make some dough Deliverin' packages for Mac Money JoeSo he said, "Cool, yo, I need a hustle Yo, hook me up, plus I need a pistol or A 380, a two-two or a 25 I'm gonna get large kid, I'm all the way live" But he was sadly mistaken Now he's locked up, he's doin' time and he's thinkin' Sights in the city got people cryin' Sights in the city got people dyin' In the cityOne Saturday, sweet Renee ran away Couldn't take moms yellin', didn't wanna stay Her girl told her, that she could get quick cash Goin' on dates for Pimp Daddy NashShe said, "Well, I don't know, I gotta meet him You say he's fly, mmm? I gotta see him" The next thing you know she's out late nights Makin' dollars for Nash, wearin' her skirts tight Now she's a victim of the system Man, what happened to her dreams and her ambition?Sights in the city got people cryin' Sights in the city got people dyin' Sights in the city got people cryin' Sights in the city got people dyin' In the city Old Mr. Fillmore, he owns a grocery store It's a small little shop, the children call him 'Pop' But, of course, he keeps a shotgun Just for protection 'cause he's got a little grandsonOn Sunday, while he was there cleanin' He heard the front door slam, a lady screamin' He grabbed the shottie and walked out from the back All he saw was two kids, wearin' black ski masks He fired, they fired, all at the same time Now there's a funeral on Wednesday, a quarter to nineSights in the city got people cryin' Sights in the city got people dyin' In the city, in the city, in the city In the city, in the city, in the city In the city, in the city, in the city In the city, in the cityMany sights and sounds in the city, knahmsayin'?

People dyin', innocent victims The babies ain't got no future What are we gon' do? Brothers can't make a buck Mmm, just some of the sights and sounds, that's all Guess, I'm just gonna get mine

Lyrics provided by http://counterlikes.com/