Let's Keep Each Other Alive

What I see everyday is a messed up teen society
I have no clue why my peers are all dying
Or why they all fightin' and reppin' hoods
Is it to be "known" as you say
Or is it because of the sneaker trades
You want his Kobe so you take em'
Right off his feet
And if he wants to fight back
Well then I guess that's his life
But what did that lil' boy have to do with it?
Man, I guess he just got in the way
'Cause bullets ain't got names
Over sneakers and no thought of doing time

What I ask myself is
What is it that I can do?
I know I can't manipulate the mind of these fools
All I know is not to join in too
Keep my friends close real close
I got enough dead family
I really can't take losing no more
I got best friends lost in the midst of it all
I got a brother who I wish I could hold in my arms
Hold in my arms all my life so he won't grow up
Grow up and give in
Give into the drugs and "hood life"
I want to protect my baby brother
Keep him my baby brother

And I know If I tell you you won't listen
'Cause you doin' want you think is right
And why?
'Cause it's the movement of your generation
'Cause as you grew up that's what was right
Daddy bought you a nerf gun as a kid
Told you, "Don't you touch no damn dolls!"
He'd rather you not practice for fatherhood
He'd rather you practice for your future job
'Cause a guy with a doll
Or baby bag on his shoulder is gay
And society won’t accept you
Now I’d just like to go back to the kid days
And pretend playing with swords wasn’t practice for today
What I know is pride gets in the way
You can’t be known as no punk
He called you out on the book today
“Take no shorts” as you say
So you go meet him at the park hope his hood ain’t there
but I stop and think, what hood?
’Cause wait, boy, you’re sixteen years old
How’s that street yours?
Who cares though, now you’re in front of four dudes
Packin’ heat and why?
’Cause your pride got in they way
If you backed down society won’t like you
You’re a “lil’ nigga”
But now none of that matters
You better just hope
Hope you leave this scene with only two slices
Two slices and a heart beat and a pulse

It’s just messed up to know
It’s easier to get a gun then a job
It’s messed up to know that we all know the cause
Without a high school education
You won’t get anywhere but the streets
And we know what happens on the streets
So the best thing we can do
Is keep each other in school
To keep each other alive