

Cocorosie, South 2nd

Somebody's baby boy ain't coming home tonight

we don't need no baseball bats
we don't need no silver ghats
but we're gonna fight tonight
put up your dukes and fight
big brother's just standing on the side
watching you flex your pride
but you know if they all jump in
big brother's got your skin

the ice cream truck sings no more
all the kids from school are keeping score
you swing and you duck and you hit the floor
but you gotta get up at least once more
mama comes screaming down the stairs
everybody looks nobody scares
mama can't believe that nobody cares
it's her baby boy how do they dare
mama says bitch come over here
if you're so tough you'll have no fear
but why'd you bring your friends
and the whole damn school
to watch my baby boy go down like a fool

but brother says mama they're the same damn size
got to let him grow up and get street wise
but mama says baby go get that bat
and come back down and beat some ass

somebody's baby boy ain't coming home tonight

one wrong move and it'll be too late
mama won't be making no birthday cake
it all went down one afternoon
in brooklyn