

Squash it! is the anti gun violence anthem addressing a problem in every community nationwide. These are the lyrics of that track from *Sounds Of Urban Life Soldiers* -(S.O.U.L.'S) from the fourth coming CD *Jazz Funk Hip Ho Poetry-Phase 2*

Lyrics to “Squash it!” by Keldamuzik of the group Sounds of Urban Life Soldiers-S.O.U.L.S.

Verse

Throw my hands in the air, pray to God 'n scream
Can't we all just get along like Rodney King
As I walk down the street, I see the oddest things
in the day to day drama everybody brings
There obviously seems to be a lack of unity
in 85 percent of the Black community
If you tired of the gun packers 'n crack trafficas,
what you gone do, go back to Africa?
Ya friends would prolly get mad or laugh at ya
I hope this rap might get through to half of ya
Y'all havta squash it before another brother dyin'
You gotta squash it before another mother cryin'
Stop the violence, increase the peace
Decrease the beefs, and the choppas firin'
or else its cops 'n sirens from street to street
you don't wanna see ya peeps, in a box to lie in

Chorus

So just Squash it, just Squash it
dude Squash it, girl Squash it
You gotta Squash it, just Squash it
don't lose ya life over nonsense (repeats throughout song)

(Singing) verse

If the hit man don't get ya, the gansta will
Ya wanna strap it up, it makes ya wanna kill
This gansta life won't stop, it's so crazy
You betta get off the block now, befo' ya pushin' up daisies

Verse

Strangers, Anger, Danger!

Gangs, turf, slang words, bang first!

Safety, unlocked, gun shots, fun stops

Someone drops, here come cops.

My friend Bill told me a frightening story

it was the night before July the 4th

2 brothers were yellin' outside his door

Then started shootin,' Bill thought is was fireworks

'n last night at the club, me n' my guy wa makin' out

the ladies don't like seein' thugs thumpin'

Just squash it n' keep the club jumpin'

Stop the violence, increase the peace

decrease the beefs and the choppas firin'

or else its cops 'n sirens from street to street

You don't wanna see ya peeps, in a box to lie in

Verse

Shoot outs cat calls ghetto theme like Mac Mall

Young playaz gon' get it together y'all

I swear y'all, it's not fair

Murals like Chris Brown wall to wall

of all the fallen soldiers from thizz town yo

I love the "O," it makes me wanna kiss ground

but killaz wanna spit rounds

We need to have a sitdown

with all the real bosses

Tell them they need to Squash it

and do some chakras.

Handle yo' problems proper

The cops wanna pop lock and drop us like Huey

Every thug in the hood they swear Tookie, it's spooky

Cuz dude started out as teacher, became a gang leader

then changed to be peace preacher

The streets creep up, then it's R.I.P. I shoot you, you shoot me

We need to Squash it, like zuchinni

Think before you go sparkin' wars

You ain't nobody hard in the morgue!