

Veruca Salt

"Dig It!"

Visit "[Dig It!](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Presto, read the Communist Manifesto
Guerillas in the Mist, a Guevara named Ernesto, so
(E-Roc: What a brother with a afro know?)
Yo, go and flow for the mack and be the hoe
so grow cause the lynchin brothers might get hung
Better rip through em from the tip of my mouth/Mao,
say/Tse-Tung/tongue
Deficit (money spent) catch the glint
(E-Roc: of my nine as they cut welfare twenty-five
percent)
And I dissent, as I clench and raise my fist
(We did away with, that) so you could get with this
Here's a twist cause we'll overthrow like Kwame
N'Krumah
Spread around the wealth as if it were a, vicious rumor
Pam, cuts a record like a surgeon cuts a tumor from a
brain
(E-Roc: We're all cooped up so feel the pain)
from four hundred years of exploitation
Anesthesia provided by your local TV station
Patience is not a virtue (I ain't waitin)
Turn this shit over like Bush did a boatload of Haitians

DJ Pam cuts and scratches "Dig It!"

How now Brown Cow I'm down with the Mau Mau
Clown downtown tried to put us in the dog pound
like H. Rap Brown with the situation
(Won't get no callouses) cause I'm spittin dialectical
analysis
So how is this, we never had no Funk
until you found out that I turned to revolutionary hunk
(Chump!) Bump you over like dominoes, rat
(E-Roc: So free Geronimo Gi Jaga Pratt!)
Lyrics hear it fear it can't get near it
got a sample didn't clear it
Point Blank says, "Fuck five-oh!" That's the spirit
Cheer it, spat out, the fat that I consumed
Knew that I was doomed since my date of birth
to be the wretched of the earth, never had a Dream
that was American

(The golden ?leg to chair again?) Despair again
(But that ain't nuthin new) Told the streets were paved
with gold
Whoever paved that shit got minimum wage too!

DJ Pam cuts and scratches "Dig It!"

"Do you understand, the metaphoric phrase?" (repeat
3X)

"Do you understand, do you understand..."

(E-Roc: Gunned us, stunned us) exploited and they
hung us
I'd like to take a moment to say, "Fuck Columbus!"
(Millions off my back) the black on black crisis is a myth
The crack that did this to us (was the one from the
whip)

The record skip, the record skip, the record ship

SCRATCH

The record skips, cause my voice is kinda scratchy
from yelling, "Oh shit!" when five-oh comes to harass
me

They never pass me, no one to go and tail bro

(E-Roc: Trying to kill the movement with the new
CoIntelPro)

Leaders they killed, if I said it, it would threaten em

They only see my back because I'm three steps ahead
of em

We're not fallin in the slot you slated

(E-Roc: We realize that our power's nickel-plated)

Masses move as well as asses do, class is through

Our time is over, past it's due

(And you still wanna know) the origin of the flow

OAKLAND CALIFORNIA NINE-FOUR-SIX-ONE-OH

*DJ Pam cuts "Dig It!"

(Yeah, The Coup, comin at you in ninety-three!)

Yeah, and we out y'all...

"Do you understand, the metaphoric phrase?" (repeat
3X)

"Do you understand, do you understand..."

Visit [Veruca Salt](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.