

Veruca Salt

"The Liberation of Lonzo Williams"

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1986 a motherfucker doin tricks on the mix and I don't
mean the fader
Face of zits but gettin grits with black steel firesticks
Drama buildin Empire somethin like Darth Vader
Now Lonzo was armed with nuttin but a mean mug
(But tucked a forty-five, with forty-five slugs)
He was a jitterbug thug, at the dance, cuttin a rug
(Treatin his sisters like a hooker) Greetin his partners
with a hug
Breakdown shakedown, this brother would take a
pound
of some soon to be cake grounds, and then go make
rounds
Firearms protectin wads of gorgeous greens
Paper stacks of paid tax off of broken dreams
At puberty his liberty was found within a key
Rocks were cookin but he's lookin for a way to be free
Here's a key (there's a key) but Lonzo, where's yours?
There's no key to the door, but there's money on the
floor
(So stoop down) Bend over (hurry pick it up fast)
But watch out, Lonzo -- YOU'LL GET FUCKED IN THE ASS

"A bad, a bad, a bad bad man!"

"Do, do, you know dis kid?"

LONZO!

(repeat 4X)

LONZO!

Knock knock (who is it?) time to visit but it's two years
later

Cause Lonzo's rollin harder and it's 1988

He's got some fat he's got some mo' greens (and a
brand new Benz)

He's got respect and he suspects that it won't end

A couch is still a couch (and a chair is still a chair)

But a house is now a crackhouse Luther, Lonzo's there

Dying brains, dying bodies, too and from these dead
residence

Try in vain to kill they pain, exchangin, dead presidents

Many bourgeoisie parlei francoise (I don't speak it but I

know it)
It's all the same (the business game) but you go to jail
for this shit
We were tribal our survival was now based on stoppin
rivals
Who's the fittest, as I raise my fists up can't survive
and not be ruthless
(So why be straight, and scratch the bones
And a cellular phone, somebody's sittin on the throne
Cause they don't let, black folks own)
THEY JUST GIVE US THIS SHIT ON LOAN, KICK IT

"A bad, a bad, a bad bad man!"

"Do, do, you know dis kid?"

LONZO!

(repeat 4X)

LONZO!

Ahahaha, what was I finished saying?
(Aww yeah Lonzo's back in the County man)
Damn we'll go visit him on Sunday when we visit Dee
aight?

(Madge says that Bounty is the quicker-picker-upper)
Well Lonzo says the County is the slipper, tripper,
stucker
Years of unsettled funk and who gets what bunk junk
makes you feel like you took a test and flunked
(But don't get disturbed or perturbed; the teacher's
on my last nerve, plus he grades with a downhill curve)
Told Lonzo kick it, the system is wicked, trick it, predict
it
We got a way to lick it, gave him a book, said, "Here's
the ticket"
(Now he's addicted) to learnin how we been afflicted
And what distributin that shit did
I made a quick bid to say, "Don't trip kid
You never worked for the mob" (You had a government
job)
Lonzo knew I was right, no fight, now we're tight
(Plus he been out of jail about a year ago last night)
Now he hangs with us poor revolutionary brothers
And five-oh, more than ever wants to fuck us
Just cause we know the road to riches is crooked and
narrow
WE'LL GET MORE POWER FROM A HUNDRED THOUSAND
GUN BARRELS

"A bad, a bad, a bad bad man!"

"Do, do, you know dis kid?"

(repeat 4X)

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