

The Longshots

"Audioriot"

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[Voice]

This should be played at high volume
Preferably in a residential area

[Crayon]

As we proceed to give you what you need

-You're quite hostile (repeatedly), -Longshots (crowd,
while marching)

[Rock Shabazz]

I'm on the project roof looking down over Gotham
If it's real quiet I can hear the block plotting
To solve all they problems with Glocks and revolvers
They strugglin and starvin
It's hard cause they looking for jobs but there are none
Drunk and they sparking blunts
Plus they talking tough when a car roll up full of cops
Tryna lock brothers up
Tried calming 'em down but a voice out the crowd said

[Crayon]

Yo

Get 'em (Rush 'em)

Hit 'em (Bust 'em)

Don't let 'em get away, coward wanna run away
Always tryna act hard when he get up in my face
But he'll soon find out
Longshots don't play!

[Rock Shabazz]

Nobody want us to talk so we 'gon lash out
Nobody want us to shine so we 'gon black out
Send all the wolves out, in the middle of the street
Uprising over beats cause we gotta eat
There's a riot going on
This ain't Sly and The Family Stone
When it's on yo it's on

[Rock Shabazz]

My spider sense tingles on the streets where criminals

mingle
Terrorizing people for the root of evil
Illegal life corrupts the block
Corrupts the kids, blow up their Glocks
Go up for bids, come back on their block
Ten years later, hardened criminals ghetto Geppettos
Getting their Pinocchios to peddle product
Since they sold weed to my cousin (But she's only
eleven)
Now they got sixty seconds to evacuate the block
Before I come back and get 'em with the Glock
That is kept inside the box in my room
Word is bond, niggaz doomed
Losers refusing to choose a solution
They blues on the same Black problems of the past
Still riot and picket, buying lottery tickets
On the first of the month we gon all get evicted
But this a new day, predators turn to prey
Better run away cause I heard a voice out the crowd
say

Yo
Get 'em (Rush 'em)
Hit 'em (Bust 'em)
Get 'em (Rush 'em)
Hit 'em (Bust 'em)
Ain't no discussion, we're sick of the lies
We gon find 'em and fight 'em wherever they hide
Under pressure and stress never know who's gon
explode
When your life is a mess and you're left to fight alone
With the murderers and rapists
Nothing ever changes
It all stays the same and we ain't gonna take it
There's a riot going on
This ain't Sly and the Family Stone
When it's on yo it's on!

I'm sitting on a bench in Baisley park
Any minute you could see a fiend or a narc
Stick up kids come out after dark
Lift up lids when the calico spark
Yo these kids get happy when school let out
Only to get home if they survive the shoot out
Pull some loot out
Drug dealers try to impress 'em
That's why they adolescents falling deep in depression
Afraid of the world that's afraid of them
Molesting little girls that made them men
Crack pipe, serynges then aids came in
Homicide's on the rise

Chances are slim
You aint never guaranteed to see the hood again
So many gone for good
I lost so many friends
The streets are so intense, the beef is so immense
It's something like a game, lose can't roll again

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