

The Longshots

"Hunger Music"

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[Sample]

- (Man): Malley? Malley? Any news for you?

- (Malley): Yeah, bad news

- (Man): Gee, tough luck kid

- (Malley): Yeah but I ain't through yet. Before they burn me there's

something I gotta do

- (Announcer): And here's another old friend... devotes his life to righting

wrong, protecting the innocent, and punishing the guilty..

never seen, only heard... the names of persons and faces

have been altered to protect the identity of those concerned

- (Malley): I ain't scared. I ain't!

[Rock Shabazz]

Yo! You're now in tune to the sounds of a man

Who ain't never had a full stomach in his whole life

Bred to scar society, I fight, on cold nights for a chance to see the sun

A 9 to 5 soldier, blue collar scholar, on my cot by the window

Watchin the city sleepin, in deep thought, noddin off reminiscin

How my mom used to tickle the ivories of my ribs with her fingertips

When I was a kid to which, she sang a melody

Intrigued by the pain in her voice I asked her what it's called

She paused then responds: it's Hunger Music

Hunger pangs plague the frame of who produced it

Then the strain makes the brain just lose it

The past was a class, the present is a prison, the future is a vision

Livin life is my religion. tighten my belt to the last hole I'm ready for war

In a loincloth, my turn to grab a hold of the conch

The time is upon us, in God we trust

Like a pregnant teen on the bus, nigga all eyes on us

[Crayon]

(uh) Cock back and bust, at anyone posing a threat to us

Any and everything is potentially dangerous

When cornered

Me and my niggaz grew up with empty stomachs

By now we wrecked our brains wit hunger pains

enormous

Spiritually warring, a lot of young soldiers have fallen

Hoping that heaven would help us to make it out the shelters

Warming my fingers with fire inside I'm slowly dying

Some vow allegiance to riding but reveal they really lying

And I'm trying, but everyday's a struggle

Sometimes I wanna say fuck it and find another hustle

But I can't... I wrote too many raps to look back

Weak minded niggaz think that they can always sell crack

But to exist you must evolve so when you get to this record

My son will be one and I'll probably see the birth of my second

Life under pressure

We pray and hope you get through it

Paragraphs is therapeutic

We prove it though Hunger Music

That makes you hunger for more, coming back through that door

Recognizing the sounds you can't ignore

[Hook]

[Rock Shabazz]

It's Hunger Music

Hunger pangs plague the frame of who produced it

Then the strain makes the brain just lose it

Just loop it

The vicious circle, over and over

FAMINE strikes your soul, DEATH looks over your shoulder

A WAR going on inside no man is safe from

A DISEASE, you'll die but first you feast

At the last supper

I'll separate the beat

Then pass it around the table cuz my brothers gotta eat

It's Hunger Music, the bassline is the stomach growling

Of a hundred thousand kids in the project housings

The kick and the snare is they feet up the stairs

Run to the fridge, looking for food that isn't there

Sample their pleas, press 'em on vinyls and CD's
Ship 'em here and overseas so the wealthy can see
Niggaz bang your cups against the bars, Longshots
against the odds
Slam your spoon against the bowls Break the rules,
against the codes
The chances are slim but we rich if we win
So plug in the microphones and let the healing begin
And let it ring from the streets, to the clubs, to the pen
For the Father, son and the holy spirit, amen

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