

## **Total F/ Missy Elliott, Timbaland**

### **"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 franchoise (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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