Bushwick Bill "Letter From Kkk"

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[VERSE 1]

I got a letter from the muthafuckin Ku Klux Klan, man They say they wanna give us a helping hand With pulling that goddamn trigger And killin off 4'000 other niggers Since 1975

Yeah, that's how many of us died
And these peckerwoods ain't frontin
Cause they know that we're killin each other over nothin
Steady givin em the power
Cause we're fightin each other over streets that ain't
even ours

Cause we wanna be slingers
And oh yeah, congratulations to all you gangbangers
Cause everytime you pop one
Might be killin a future black lawyer or doctor, son
Or a future black businessman
That the white man has to compete with in the end
We're havin fun with the gun
Wipin out our next black generation to come
Cause we don't listen
And that's why niggas get the most time in prison
Cause they judge is on their payroll
And day by day steady gainin mo' control
They got us up against the ropes

[CHORUS 1]

Will a East Coast brother ever go for that shit?
(Hell no, the muthafuckas gotta go)
Will a West Coast brother ever go for that shit?
(Hell no, the muthafuckas gotta go)
Would a brother up north ever go for that shit?
(Hell no, the muthafuckas gotta go)
Would a brother down south ever go for that shit?
(Hell no, the muthafuckas gotta go)

A letter from the Ku Klux Klan to us black folks

[VERSE 2]

They're claimin that they're winnin
And pretty soon they'll go back to rapin our women
Cause they'll be at home alone
Cause they figure all us niggas'd be gone

So gangbangers, keep up the good work, guys Cause they love to read about the drive-by's How we kill our family and friends

They love to hear how many niggers died over the weekend

Because they don't need us

But for now they can tolerate these niggers with jungle fever

And it's a disgrace

Cause they're helpin them further break down the black race

Till we can't fight

And if they keep it up, all of our black kids'll be white And we can ?wait for it or dispise?

Because we're too blind to open our damn eyes

And all our dreams go up in smoke

A letter from the KKK to us black folks

[CHORUS 2]

Will a 5th Ward brother ever go for that shit?
(Hell no, the muthafuckas gotta go)
Would a South Park brother ever go for that shit?
(Hell no, the muthafuckas gotta go)
Will a Northside brother ever go for that shit?
(Hell no, the muthafuckas gotta go)
Would a Southside brother ever go for that shit?
(Hell no, the muthafuckas gotta go)

[VERSE 3]

And all you gangbangers they say they don't love ya But they can appreciate they way that you slaughter Other muthafuckas in the street Killin up a different gang of niggas every muthafuckin week

Makin the graveyards bigger

You're doin a wonderful job eliminatin us niggas Without our men our women can't reproduce Unless of course we let the white man shoot his juice And then it'll be over, brother

Thanks to our helping commitment to kill each other And we can't go out like that

So we gotta reload that gat

And hunt down that white ghost

And get to ?waste? their muthafuckin ass from coast to coast

Cause I'm a fool on the trigger, I like to pull it I'm sendin that muthafuckin letter back with a bullet Bang-bang, there you have it

Now I'm just waitin for you prejudiced muthafuckas to grab it

So you can see what I'm talkin about

Then you can see which goddamn race gets wiped out Cause Bushwick's fed up with you hoes And you can keep your fuckin letter

[CHORUS 3]

Will Malcolm X ever go for that shit?
(Hell no, the muthafuckas gotta go)
Would Martin Luther King ever go for that shit?
(Hell no, the muthafuckas gotta go)
Would Farrakhan ever go for that shit?
(Hell no, the muthafuckas gotta go)
Would Mandela ever go for that shit?
(Hell no, the muthafuckas gotta go)

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