

Chingy

"Bush Killa"

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"I understand that time is running out.."

[Paris]

Now who is able to make war with the beast?

It starts with P

Trumpets sound when I push the program

And set my sight on a serpent man

Swinging the sword of the righteous

Make devils drop and they just can't spite this

Genocide and the minds of men make

Brothers like me fill up with hate

I smell a skunk in the air

Cause your program still ain't fair

So who you wanna blame for "The Hate That Hate
Made?"

When P let off and pigs get sprayed

Y'all wanna kill off the black man

But I know your master plan

So we'll see who stop the black guerrilla..

P-Dog the Bush Killa

{*scratching*}

Yeah, it's P-Dog the Bush Killa

[Paris]

Yeah, tolerance is gettin thinner

Cause Iraq never called me "nigger"

So what I wanna go off and fight a war for?

You best believe I got your draft card!

So bad to hate somebody else

But much worse to hate yourself

Victim to the mentacide of the devil why

must black folk be made to die?

Keepin 'em on and on.. keepin ya on and on

Now my brother down South said, "Fuck the Police"

I'm sayin, "No Justice, No Peace"

So I just stick 'em like that

Cause everybody want to get the black, huh

But we'll see who'll stop the black guerilla..

P-Dog the Bush Killa

"He's been shot!" "The president is dead"
Yeah, it's P-Dog the Bush Killa
{*scratching*}
"Oh my God!" "That man shot the president"

"Nobody moves, just stay where you are"
"Just hold it right there.."

[Paris]
Yeah, so where's he at? I might wait
for his motherfuckin ass on a rooftop next tour
Buckin stone cause I'm known to play for keeps
Lay low to the flow and keep it neat
And send his ass home belly up
Should've listened to the facts that the black's been
tellin ya
It's no suprise that a brother got wise
Now rat-a-tat-tat, it's an eye for an eye
I'm in it, got to die before we see
the motherfuckers don't give a damn for you or me
So wear a vest on your chest and the rest stand still
For P-Dog the Bush Killa, yeah!

{*breakdown*}

[Paris]
Now you know, that I ain't never been a slave to the
bottle
All I see on the tube is the punk black role model
The passive girllike she-men
that make and dictate the lives of black men
And sometimes I wanna give up hope
Cause all they wanna do is grow up and work for white
folks
Or be a pimp, drug dealer or sports star
It ain't no wonder the blacks don't go far
Now the trick is stay quick to bust shit
Got to be equipped so the devil can't flip
And be aware of the government plan to keep
young black folk walkin in our sleep
Fuck the games I still feel the pain
I still feel the shame cause ain't nuttin changed
I CAIN'T fade peace when the war is all around
You better run cause the lost are bein found
Choose your team, square up and take sides
But don't be punked or a skunk when the gat fire
Cause I'm the first one to let the caps go
No more vetoes of negroes
who run scared full of fear when the devil squawk
Funk is on to the dome the glock'll talk
And be sure that a devil is peeled

Make way for the motherfuckin Bush Killa, now!

{*laughter*}

"Things change, a majority of the people will decide where and when"

"All males to the bail tomorrow mourning for the late great black man"

"We are all going to respect the law, or pay the consequences"

{*scratching: "Hey!"*}

{"Get your punk devil ass hurt motherf.." -> Ice Cube}

{*dogs barking*}

"Let me draw a bead on his black ass and he's dead!"

{*dogs barking*}

"He's gonna make it." "Let the dogs go." "No I won't do it!"

{*guitar solo for the next couple of minutes*}

{*music eventually fades*}

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