

## Company B

### "Protective Custody"

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{dante of (mood)}

Yo, move recite chapters

Rappers write scripts for actors

Don't rap about the facts, till they attack the catch

Handcuff the shackel, stand up get tackled

The featers of your leaders heaters on their adam's  
apple

Keep quiet, be silent the sphere no weak vibe

We defy, a new in it root, for street wise

Got to stop it, and taxes for guns, wars and wackers

Puttin prophet's in their pockets

And lock it till I promise

{dante & main flow (of mood)}

Mf: they stoled knots, hold spots, trapped in the road  
block

Dt: we globetrot, we roll pop, running from old cops

Mf: the whole shots, cold plots, babylon's gold pot

Dt: loan glocks, cold shots, set off like we sold rocks

{main flow (of mood)}

We dealing with narcs and cases

Deaths over parking spaces

Evil hearts are races, or higher dark places

Brutality on mark faces, car chases

Incarceration, unite so we can spark the nation

{nine}

You got the right to remain silent and at the same time

You got the right to remain violent and aim nines

They got no love for, just slugs for you

Who want it? I fight back like a rat when he cornered

Catch me at the light, windows tinted, 35 percent

Breakin ya neck, to see who's in it

What is my intent? trying to live, without the nonsense

You dying to give

{tiye phoenix}

Yo yo, the spokesqueen, number one tiye phonenix

The black venus demalo

Dopper then tae bo, every man, woman and child know

We unified force against the shooters of diallo  
And now there sure to lose like luther at the apollo  
For amistad to amadou, attacked in these streets  
The term cop really stands for cappin our peeps  
They shot a 40 round, are brother got slaughtered  
down  
We push thru the border now, jahad hold it born down

{brezzly brewn' (of the juggaknots)}  
You wanna be a fuckin accident, the beast was barkin  
You wanna know how many accidents to rob a new  
yorker?  
And the possible attrocity,  
Millimeters from the kids set the glock  
With a ferocity, seemin as it's inbread  
While I stated innocent, but stressing it  
You sure that it was decolit,  
It could of been an isolated incident  
Nothing was found, no hard feelings I fight bad guys  
Strutting around like keith christ huttin the site  
Airtime

{talib kweli}  
This goes out to mc's who used to rock in washington  
square park  
Now guiliani got it locked after dark, so he mastered  
the art  
Of livin the death, shadow is a, nuff of a battle  
To dodge the police,  
And have to rise above the trap of the barrel  
My people spill blood in the streets  
I'm never running from beast  
Can I get a response from all the revolutionaries in this  
piece?  
(yeah!!)  
What up, 'cause of the way we think they want to  
incarcerate us  
They think time will break us, but time won't break us

{punchline}  
I rock a vest even when I take shots to the balls  
The type that write the word police on a unmarked car  
I resent you, gettin off easy if they suspend you  
I end you, hope they use your own gun against you  
It's all mental, my man died in the streets  
I'm pouring out liquor, until there's nuthin to drink  
That's how many cats died, slaid by the beast  
That night, 5-0 held caught in the streets

\*scratching by el p & mr. len of company flow\*

{el-p}

Petrofied little venomist, school yard outcasts  
From dysfunctional world of redneck garbage  
Community bitch out, seekin power over  
Confiscate from miniscule shit court  
And repress sexual activity style,  
Need of location when standing  
Spliff of the semi-retarded, or pro defensive  
Spontaneous violence and compasive lying  
Package dukes that has a lunchbox with a glock  
And ku klux decoder ring  
Who sing kumbaya to the tune of a man dying

{jah-born (of medina green)}

Y'all seen the front page? another black man slayed  
By the beast hit with a rain, or 4 glocks got sprayed  
Hey giuliani, was 41 shots necessary?  
Now my people's got to worry, bout the cops that be  
killin me  
Justice? all I see is just us  
Gettin knocked locked and bust, without a word  
discussed  
Nypd, should be nypig  
I don't deal with the swine, don't want swine dealin with  
me

{what? what? }

These shot happy motherfuckers legally ready to blaze  
With raised triggas and cocked back with plans to fake  
figgas  
Who black and innocent, fuck it let's get militant  
Run up in the precinct, strapped with gats  
With full clips loaded, aimed at there heads  
Stay in the feds, double 20 plus one round to blood red  
Revenge, we must return to avenge my brother, we  
coming  
The first sister holdin the lead

{john forte}

El capitano keep my guns high  
I run from new york 'cause I'm alumni  
The fact I'm in it, half street, half academic  
I memorize my stash number, the flash number  
Ya pig stinch, plus your badge number  
Ya precinct, and the irish lad you served under  
I'm probaly grinding drugs, come from hittin the  
kitchen  
A black man in a pretty car will fit the description  
You gettin informed quick  
You racist fuck, I was born in it

{mr. khaliy!}

I seen it happen before, and it could happen again

You on a block mine on your own and then you let by  
your friends

'cause they ain't down to scrap, just wanna ride in your  
benz

But when the cops is on the beat, that's when the party  
begins

Like a karate picture, the way the mop the floor with ya

All caught up in the heat, not a doctor can stitch you

Nobody movin with you, 'cause you really ain't bout it

Now there's fear in your heart, and there's blood in  
your mouth

It's like something we never seen before

It's almost like we dreamed it all

Live or die, either or, my blood is what they fiending for

My people's screamin for the justice we deserve

Set 41 back, we leaving 22 in the curb

\*more scratching\*

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