

## Cream

# "Kill My Landlord"

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(Hey, how are you guys fixing to pay?)

Verse One: (?)

Now check it, the topic of discussion  
Is more than a financial profit  
United Snakes won't stop it  
Blow for blow, the flow with the commentary gets  
Seventy-six septillion tons a-spinnin'  
[Steady steppin into a new phase  
New thoughts representing our slavery days]  
The seeds of weeds and crops is much more than you  
figure  
Yo if he's a black man he must be a nigger  
They make a gimmick I wouldn't doubt  
[A sucker selling out for the sake of a scream and  
shout]  
Elements don't grow with nonsense  
Rather kick a little bit of science  
[Science about controlling actions of another  
America was built on the sweat of black sisters and  
brothers]  
Never allowed to breathe but allowed to bleed and  
breed  
[Stripped of our creed and religion surviving on  
intuition]  
And what the master said give 'em  
[And besides the black man is the original lord of the  
land]  
So I'm clenching my right hand  
[Brothers and sisters we must fight this slumlord]  
Overlord of the concrete jungle but I'm humble  
As I witness my opponent crumble  
Like the shack that I live in the house that I rent from  
him  
[Roach infested I'm sure that the rats are nesting  
The heat doesn't work he still hasn't checked it  
Disrespected me for the last time  
I loaded up the nine stepping double time  
Bullseye]  
Another point scored

Right between the eyes of my landlord

#### Verse Two: Defrost

They tell me to hold my peace but I just can't  
But I'm Defrost of the rap group of Point Blank  
So me I'm chilling at the table with my family  
Hypothetically trying hard to keep my mind off the  
economy  
Yeah I know the reason I find it hard to pass the test  
Call me a victim cause I'm another brother jobless  
Every day it seems like I'm moving closer to the streets  
PG&E repo'ed the lights and my fucking heat  
The situation's getting hard for me to handle  
Had to trade my Nike's to the store to buy some  
candles  
Last to first and I'm a-hunted and a hoe I know  
The man is going to come and throw me in the cold  
Tears in my eye as I'm thinking of place to stay  
While I'm staring at the freebie cheese up in my plate  
I heard a bang bang bang knocking at my door  
I looked up it was my motherfucking landlord, let him in  
quick  
Followed by the sheriff deputy trying to come in  
Every po on my property, staring me down  
Mugging hard up in my family's face  
While they're sitting at the table trying to say grace  
But before I make this one my last meal  
Any moves, yeah I'm looking for the damn kill  
I said it twice in case he didn't hear me though  
Sucker made a move evidently when he hit the floor  
So now I'm in cuffs for the crimes I've committed  
Maybe I'll go to jail, heh, or maybe I'll get acquitted  
But the fact still stands I killed my landlord dead  
Now I've got three meals and a roof over my head

#### Verse Three: Boots

Cash is made in lump sums as street bums eat crumbs  
So I defeat scum as I beat drums  
Rum-tiddy-tum like the little drummer boy song  
Here comes the landlord at the door, ding dong  
Is it wrong that my momma sticks a fat-ass thong  
Up his anal cavity cause he causes gravity to my family  
Says we gotta pay a fee so we can stay and eat  
In a house with light and heat  
The bastard could get beat, stole the land from Chief  
Littlefeet  
House is built on deceit, got no rent receipt  
So I'm living in the street and I'm down now  
Don't you know to not fuck with the Mau Mau?

Notice of eviction, four knuckle dental affliction  
Friction, oh did I mention  
You'll be finger licking as I handicap your diction  
And you say you're not a criminal like Tricky Dick  
Nixon?  
While we're fixing to impose rent control  
We didn't vote on it, this land wasn't bought or sold  
It was stole by your great granddaddy's ganking  
Osagyefo said they call it primitive accumulation  
Plantations, TV stations wealth is very stationary  
I learned the game and I became a revolutionary  
Scaring the corporate asses cause the masses are a  
loaded gun  
Killing the world banking and international monetary  
fund  
I'm done, we're done with what you've done  
For twenty-five score we've got a battle cry  
Kill my, kill my, kill my, kill my  
Kill my, kill my, kill my, kill my landlord

#### Verse Four: E-Roc

I need six hundred dollars by the end of the week  
My body is cold, dirty socks on my feet  
Not a black sheep, but who's the creep  
Trying to put me on the street while I'm trying to sleep?  
I wanna kill my landlord, murder in the first degree  
If there's something wrong he wants to blame me  
Wants to be a threat so he carries a gun  
Well I pack a mag cause I can't trust 911  
Son of a gun, I'm the one who cuts the grass  
Wash the windows and he still wants me to kiss his ass  
But I laugh cause America's not my home  
My landlord took me away from where I belong  
But it's a sad song so I face reality now  
Pick up the phone and now here comes the Mau Mau  
To the rescue, down with The Coup  
Yo landlord, I've got a little message for you  
I'm going cuckoo, fuck a machete or sword  
E-Roc is on a mission to kill my landlord

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