

DJ Drama

"We Must Be Heard"

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[in the background] This... Could be something big!

[Ludacris]

Don't change the station,
I've been impatiently waiting,
Pacin', welcome to the Danger Zone.
It's a war goin' on outside
And my people gotta paint they faces on.
And what I gotta do, And what I gotta do
Is work and flip a dolla'.
Ain't got no trophies
But I got a shelf of empty liquor bottles.

Not an alcoholic but alcohol it,
Can ease the pain.
Drinkin' all my problems away
But still prayin' in Jesus' name.
Tryna' turn our voices up,
And the government tones us down.
Now that gas is goin' up,
And the hood is goin' down.

So the hood is comin' fo' ya'
In the streets is hungry goons!
Comin' to a neighborhood near you,
Today or someday soon.
Betta' watch yo' back, watch yo' front,
And watch yo' side to side.
Betta' grab yo' gat, light that blunt;
The streets gon' ride tonight.

And I'm just gon' ride it out,
Til my expiration date.
'Cause I go hard and the paint (?),
They softer than paper plates.
Make way for the revolution,
And yes you should be scurred.
'Cause one way or another...
My people will be heard.

[Willie the Kid]

Show you what the soldiers see:
Embassy, Diplomacy,
Since seen (?) infantry,
Shootin' at the cobra fleet (?).
Deploy shots, similar to airbags, whereas,
This hairpin, trigga' split a hair in half.
Body bags, fish it (?) like Harland (?),
When I'm airin', tear a chair in half.

Watchin' Half Baked,
At the cabin by the Lake.
See the blue and white plates,
See the wood on the panel.
I may be Chanel Oat, Chilly O, Flannel Coat (??).
Warfare? Never fair,
Therefore, I need finer things:
Like grenades; tanks; a couple fighter planes.

I'm decorated in medals;
Stripes like a Zebra.
And by the way, you rappin' Nigga's,
I don't like you neitha'.
I mean, "either," proper gramma',
Pop a camera -- man on that rap, DVD propaganda.
Yeah, Willie the Kid, I ain't one for the shenanigans,
Nigga' strike a pose, leave you froze, like a
mannequin.

[Busta Rhymes]
(During Kid's last verse) In these times,
The economy got nigga's thinkin'
The worst to make paper.
'Cause somebody ain't accommodatin' nigga's
Enough for they slave labor.
That's when ya' get a Nigga' thinkin about
Ya' know he gotta' come in to ya'.
It's when a nigga' throw a ski mask on,
Run up in ya' house, and wanna' do dumb shit to ya'.

Rollin' the dices with a nigga' that be strugglin',
Tryna' make it through the crisis.
It might just make him wanna' act up a little bit
To print another new gas prices.
All this fuckery we got goin' on,
Indeed it needs to cease.
How the hell is THAT ever, ever gonna happen
When the value of the dollar keeps decreasin'?

Easin' my hand in somebody's pocket

(Fuck that!) I gotta' keep eatin.
Speakin' for everybody in the struggle like me,
We gotta get it even if we cheatin'!
Breathin' hard, my mind is blown,
Tryin' not to get evicted out my home.
But tryna' live when you know a nigga' broke
Is like tryna' squeeze blood out a stone.

But I'm goin' through the drama with DJ Drama
(What!?).
I do it for my kids and mama (Who!).
Leave it to Barack Obama (Yes!),
Change is right around the corna'.
You tryin' to keep our people sufferin',
All I gotta say is if you don't ease up this pressure,
I promise somebody gonna' pay!

[DJ Drama (?)]

(Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness!
Pursuit, huh?
See Each and every day we all get closer
To the real meanin'.
Me, myself? I always follow my own path
And now I come here to motivate!
"To be heard" means to say something of value.
So I make this my Life,
My Liberty,
And everyday, my Pursuit.
What about you?)

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