

Fluke

"Time for Us to Defend Ourselves"

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[+lyrics taken from cd booklet+]

[VERSE 1]

Tales from the rhymeside, fact or fiction?
I look at justice as pain infliction
Sit back, relax while I bust this
There's a big loophole in justice
Law enforcement to serve and protect
But in my neighborhood they break your neck
Police are ruthless-minded, wicked and villanous
But not just I see you're killin us
What about the parents of the kid y'all killin?
Better yet that's blood you're spillin
Not doin anything wrong, so catch me
Sellin dope records? Boy, snatch me
Sunny days, my dark clouds lifted
You fail to understand that I'm poetically gifted
Knowledge ain't nothin but a book on your shelf
With justice in mind think deep to yourself

(If the government has refused to defend the negro)
(The descendants of slaves)
(It's time for us to do whatever is necessary to defend
ourselves)
(But you're advocating violence?)
(Time for us to do whatever is necessary to defend
ourselves)
(If the government has refused to defend the negro)
(Time) (Time for us to) (defend ourselves)

[VERSE 2]

Contra a code for police in the projects
Ready to fly that head like an object
'Shan, you're makin records, why you wanna stay
there?'
That's where I was raised, and my son's gonna play
there
Let me tell you what justice did
For a close friend of mine named Rich Kid
They ran a worn-out line that he snuffed em
Then he beat em down he and cuffed him

A gun and a badge gives a feeling of toughness
After subdued they continue with roughness
According to the laws of the land we're defenseless
Thinkin that their jobs are beatin you senseless
Takin the names of fairytale props
There's one silly sucker called Robo Cop
The media skipped right past it
Robo Cop just put Rich in his casket
The bottom line: he wasn't under arrest
He needed ambulatory assistance for pains in his chest
If not for justice he would be in good health
My he rest in peace and think deep to yourself

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[VERSE 3]

We all live with police brutality
They say it's false - no, it's reality
Not just a storyboard cause I live it
All I gotta say is somethin must be done with it
See, the cops are sort of deranged
Think every fly car means drug change
They pull me over for a routine, check me
What he has in mind is to disrespect me
"Where'd you get the money for a fancy car?"
Got you sucker, what you know about rap, huh?
I'm just a young man tryin to make it
Remember the name and don't ever mistake it
All you could say was when I passed by
Is, "That's M.C. Shan, don't he look fly?"
Although you thought that civil rights died
You need to wake up and see it from the brightside

[*2X*]

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