

Capone-N-Noreaga

"One Four Love Pt. 2"

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[Shyheim]

The precinct is crooked, my man got grabbed up
Had cracks on him worth about a bullet
They just took it, asked him questions like, "Where's
the guns?"
They tried to cheat him to tell them where was Un
The God ten deep in a red fifteen passenger
Guns out when they jumped out, pointed at us
Here comes, what they call a procedure
Slammin us against a gate, cuffin us before they beat
us

[Channel Live]

It's like they can't trust us, they wanna bust us
And crush us, they sayin f' us, there's no peace, no
just-us
They claim to protect us, they serve and they wreck us
Never respect us, arrest us and always stress us

To see the Devil die is my purpose of to live up
Self-determinance is the must, I practice Kool G jog-a-
leos
Free your mind and yo *bitch* is sure to follow
And free will come to lock it down, look out for tips
that's hollow

[Wise Intelligent (of Poor Righteous Teachers)]

It's P.I.T. supreno
Mix it down, dedicated to Steve Feliciano
Directed that steam and gouge Danno
F' the five-oh pronto, 'cause I know
First head to take the white and burst lead
Never did but might have to do it
Lies twenty-five, hollow shots in a pro-active unit
7-A, M-J, stop the BS movement, that's how we do it
Mobilize the people, conscious *niggas* get to it

[Chorus: Mos Def (of Black Star)]

My people unite and let's all get down
We got to have one love, peace and understandin
One God, one love, one life

One aim, one voice, one fight

[Chorus 2: Mos Def]

My people unite, hop up and do a right
We got to have one love, peace and understandin
One God, one love, one life
One aim, one voice, one fight
My people unite, hop up and do a right (echoes)
Keep it tight y'all, do it right y'all

[Cappadonna]

Yo, forget police brutality, I worked for a salary
And did time for a crime I didn't commit
They tried to beat me in my head, make a brotha
submit
Hit me in the face with sticks, lockin me down for bein
around
Still remember, never surrender into the beast
The man, peace for Diallo
My reality is to fight back police brutality

[Crunch Lo (of Othorized F.A.M.)]

Mr. Officer got my trapped in a dark corridor
Long hallway, they in luck with the gunplay
Swing knight sticks, run thicker than Bloods and Crips
Harass mad cats and it don't make sense
Roll around in dark tints, fiendin to match finger prints
Search me down everyday and you still ain't content

[Rock (of Heltah Skeltah)]

Oh-oh-oh-oh
Calm your nerves down, bop your heads too high
Let 'em know Rock, stop wonderin why you keep gettin
knocked
'cause you a part time dealer, prob'ly a part time pops
Not a part time killer, but them dudes is full time cops
Make a hustle stupid, you half *ass* black acts
Stack, use your head for than a hat rack, Jack
Start runnin your life instead of runnin the streets
Runnin your mouth, oh yeah, stop runnin from beasts

[Chorus x4]

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