

Kool G Rap, Lord Jamar, And Talib Kweli "Oz Theme 2000"

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For all my people who got someone locked down right
now

Fuck it, this for everyone locked down right now, fuck it
Help me out, Lord Jamar, Talib Kweli, Kool G Rap

From the street blocks, to C-blocks, sleep in a box
Creep with an ox, got beef in the shop, got beef with
the cops
Sharp blade keep in the crotch, prison guards deep on
the watch
Fifth stare people'll drop, if it ease not then we peeping
it pops

Even though they not speaking a lot, the plot ease
drop, greasing a cop
Come to shove meat in your chops, flee the spot,
sheets in a knot
Get tied from your feet to the top, you caught in the
hall
Make blood skeet with a mop

If you doing shift in the kitchen, blood'll leak in the pot
Just a long game of sheep and the fox
Phone time, beef for your slot, the shit'll make you
weep in your coot
Mayors get messy, y'all, nigga get shanked up in the
chest he fall

Pressed against the wall, got the best of y'all
Stitch from neck to balls
Skin cut flesh and all, stretched out unless you balled
Nothing sexy at all

The life destiny wall, hope the Lord bless when he call
Stand like a man or be a Debbie in core, heavier
They come heavier from nigga to whore
Be a predator, dead in the morgue, a spread in the log

In the prison, industrial complex
You got taxes, politics, jobs death
Gross stun it, cold blooded, dark and heartless
From the pyramids down to the projects

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What do it take? Vandal try to escape
I got a homemade shank, wrap the handle with tape
Better move quick fast, I got a trick for your ass
Niggas in my clique stick dick to your ass

So we don't give a fuck, trying to make time past
Here, eat it up, feed a nigga fine glass
Got jail house wine in the stash
Every time the [unverified] serve swine, yo, I tell I pass
Do like Beecher did to Shillinger and shit on your ass

You the feature when I'm killing ya, hit on your ass
Supreme Allah said, we got time to kill
So when it's time to kill, we got time to kill
In the yard with the guards when its time to build

And time is hard got to use my wills
See, shit has changed ever since they killed Adebisi
You never know niggas might try to grease me

In the prison, industrial complex
You got taxes, politics, jobs death
Gross stun it, cold blooded, dark and heartless
From the pyramids down to the projects

The image that we project is still God
Time to reflect but the reflection is hard
Like sticking mirrors out between the bars, seeing the
guards
Seem like everybody innocent regardless of the charge

You face death, rape threats and place bets on who
getting laced next
Forever faceless never waste breathe
Blowing out the candles that the wind already snuffed
out
They locked up your body, your mind could bust out
Police don't sweep to get the dust out

They want your name in the system
My need to mention the death penalty as legal lynching
People listen, they got teenagers up in the line up
To fill the new facility they built they need the crime up

Please, the war on drugs is really war on the youth

War on the people, war on the truth, the violent crimes
rise

The silent dies as sirens cry through the night
People fight for what's left and not what's right

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Word is bond

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