

Krs-One **"Free Mumia"**

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Knowledge, where the people at?
Free Mumia, Channel Live
(KRS-One, come and represent)
(The wisdom)
Free Mumia

Everywhere I look there's another house negro
Talkin' about they people and how they should be equal
They talkin' but the conversation ain't goin' nowhere
You can't diss hip-hop, so don't you even go there
C. Delores Tucker, you wanna quote the scripture
Everytime you hear nigga, listen up sista

I met up with this girl named Delores, a prankster
I said, "I MC", she said, "You're a gangster"
But she was caught up, she hit the floor like a break
dance
Wrapped her up like the arms in a B-boy stance

Recognize moms, I'm one of your sons, I'm hip-hop
In the form of Channel Live and KRS-One
Representin' MC's across America
She said, "You're the one who be causin' all that mass
hysteria"

Wisdom shall come out of the mouths of babes and
sucklings
But you blinded by cultural ignorance and steady
judging
But judge not, lest ye may be judged
For the judgment ye judge, ye shall surely be judged,
you gets no love

She said, "I like it, that's why I jock it"
Then I said, "You only on my back because I fill
brother's pockets"
Got 'em drivin' Benzes Jeeps and Rolls Royces
Attackin' me will leave youth with no voices

The choice is yours not mine, hang with me
I'll have you freestyle and bombin' graffiti
We can cut it up like like wax

Claimin' I, 'cause violence but America was violent
before rap, fact

Warner, Elektra, Atlantic equals WEA
Instead of fighting them why don't you go free Mumia
Warner, Elektra, Atlantic equals WEA
Instead of fighting them why don't you go free Mumia

Wild recital, I kicks the vital, like the Final Call
As I watch, Babylon fall
I had to Rush Limbaugh, get that pig with an axe
Tuffy dips to the side, buckin' cannons that's phat

Because he censors the uses of the metaphor
You can get the dick bum up
Because it's you that brings the, real horrorcore
Expenditures forgettin', gut from the poor

Why sure, back before we were born they sold us out
Yeah, Dade Jackson we know what you about
You're a slave Mason, not a free Mason
Before long the Goddess Tiamat through hip-hop you'll
be facin'

Don't start me, 'cause I be the, lyricist
At the nineteen ninety-nine millennium party held at
Giza
Sayin' he's a, fraud, oh my Goddess
Never in your life should you disrespect an artist

Instead, focus your attention on astronomy
And the up and coming, shift in the economy
If you can't do that, then heed the final call
To free Mumia, Abu-Jamal

Hate to be so rough, it could be the White Owls
House niggaz are full of crap, like my Colin Powell
Kickin' vowels, is how we relieve the tension
Until we start to bounce white people like suspension
(Revolution)

You paint the pictures, the black man on the corner
But tell me, who blew up Oklahoma?
The City, ain't no pity, for the beast
It's Hakim that voice from the East

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Buck buck, buck buck buck
It sound like gunshots but it could be the plot
Of a chicken, definition, is what you're missin'
And listen to your children instead of dissin' 'em

Senator Dole doesn't understand the young people
Like they be sayin' want to, but we be sayin' wanna
They gettin' dumber every summer as they walk the
rope
Maybe because they cannot understand the quotes

Word, in actuality, this Norman Bates mentality
Always seems to represent, minus three-sixty percent
For degrees full circle, dead from the purple
Rays of the sun, I gots melanin so check it

Bag your nuts quick or get sick from being naked
Suspect it, was it a means for the end
For just a few to drive the Benz while you eat the
pigskins
Turned you into mannequins, 'cause the trick of
technology

A revelation, revalations
Sensation gives me inspiration of revolution
That's my solution, there will be no sequels
I'm Audi hundred forty four thousand with my people

From Caligula to Hitler, now it's Schwarzenegger
A lust for the violence is the science of their behavior
Who enslaved ya, but the God of virtuosity
(It's the Devil)
And of the world created, could it be mental sodomy

Got my mind twisted like the blades of fonta leaf
I sit in disbelief as he crawls underneath
The rock cock back the glock, 'cause I don't trust
The Devil, I rebel until Babylon is dust

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