

## Krs-One

# "Who Protects Us from You?"

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Fy-ah! Come down fast  
You were put here to protect us  
But who protects us from you?

Every time you say, "That's illegal"  
Doesn't mean that that's true  
(Uh-huh)

Your authority's never questioned  
No one questions you, if I hit, you'll be killed  
But you hit me? I can sue  
(Order, order!)

Lookin' through my history book  
I've watched you, as you grew  
Killin' blacks and callin' it the law  
(Bo, bo, bo!)

And worshiping Jesus too  
There was a time when a black man  
Couldn't be down wit your crew  
(Can I have a job please?)

Now you want all the help you can get  
Scared? Well ain't that true  
(You goddamn, right)

You were put here to protect us  
But who protects us from you?  
Or should I say, who are you protecting?  
The rich, the poor, who?

It seems that, when you walk the ghetto  
You walk wit your own point of view  
(Look at that gold chain)

You judge a man by the car he drives  
Or if his hat, match his shoe  
(Yo, you lookin' kinda fresh)

Well, back in the days of Sherlock Holmes  
A man was judged by a clue, now he's judged by

If he's, Spanish, Black, Italian or Jew

So, do not kick my door down  
And tie me up, while my wife cooks the stew  
(You're under arrest)

'Cos you were put here to protect us  
But who protects us, from you?

A public service announcement  
Brought to you by the scientists of  
Boogie Down Productions, fy-ah, come again

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