

M**"Dead Nigga Blvd"**

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You sell your soul
Like you sell a piece of ass
Slave to the dead white leaders on paper
And welfare cases
Rapists and hoes
All reinforced your TV show
Exotic and beautiful videos

Yeah
A jail's a sanctuary for the walking dead
It fucks with your head
When every black leader ends up dead
Somebody said
Our greatest destiny is to become white
But white is not pure
And hate is not pride
And just 'cause civil rights is law
Doesn't mean that we all abide

So tell me are you free?
While we campaign for every dead nigga blvd
So young motherfuckers can drive down it in your
fancy cars
Free
You try to hold on to some Africa of the past
One must remember
It's other Africans that helped enslave your ass
'Cause everybody's
Just trying to make to make that dollar
Remember what Jesse used to say?
I am somebody
No longer do I blame others
For the way that we be
'Cause niggas need to redefine
What it means to be free

I can't even tell my brothers and sisters that they're
fine
This absence of beauty
In their heart and mind
Stopped breastfeeding the child

You put 'em on the cow
And now you wonder why they act wild
You see brown folks are the
Keepers of the earth
Unifiers of the soul and mind
Not these wannabe gaudy pimps and thugs
Wearing diamond watches
From African slave mines

Perhaps to be free
Is to all love those who hate me
And die a beautiful death
And make pretty brown babies

You campaign for every dead nigga blvd
So y'all young motherfuckers can drive down it in their
fancy cars
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Then one must remember
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Everybody's trying to make that dollar
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What it means to be
Free.

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