

## Mc Serch "Social Narcotics"

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F/ Fatal

[MC Serch]

Once again, this is your brain  
This is your brain on drugs \*egg starts frying\*  
This is your brain on social narcotics  
Any questions?

Do you sell drugs (No) Do you carry drugs? (Never did)  
But you ain't talking about the drugs inserted in the crib  
Of the mind of the youth, young and trying to adapt  
To the circles and hurdles and the craps, it's on map  
Get the backslap and the "Everything's all right" lecture  
Then in school BAM! sit 'em right next to  
Mister David Duke, triple K white Aryan  
Who tells you pops told him that you were the lesser  
man  
Because of drugs that were put into the books  
By the crooks of culture, the truth has a mother's looks  
Who blesses and loves every single day  
Words from Papa triple K and 66 right way  
Take the troops here Mr. "Only Way to Stop It"  
I ain't checking for the crack, I'm worried about the  
social narcotics

This is my land (Nah, this is my land) (Repeat 8x)

Grumble grumble growl, toss and tumble, ow  
How's he living kid (Foul!)  
Spoon-feeding is deceiving because I need a fork  
And if white people are superior I was delivered by the  
stork  
Taught me that I was superior  
Others are inferior, but what's important is the interior  
Goddamn it, don't blame it on Janet  
The nation got rhythm, but the rhythm ain't good  
Not in my neighborhood  
But will that change the devilish global way of thinking?  
Homeboy, as fast as the eye starts blinking  
But I'm just one man, one man one sister one brother  
one cousin  
That helps another, to change change a place and

change a pace  
So the rats don't win the rat race  
Cause every time a clock goes "tick" another falls vic  
To the social narcotic

This is my land (Nah, this is my land) (Repeat 8x)

[Fatal]

Yo social narcotics, a dangerous way of life  
Talk to the young which will now deal with strife  
Parents teaching their kids to be racist  
So they grow up tricking, show hate to some faces  
Inside the effects get me real vexed  
Seeing people trying to flex case they got a color  
complex  
Innocent children I see stay addicted  
Getting high off of hate, that's why pain stays inflicted  
To another color, it's a black and white fight  
In Fatal's sight, that's why I gotta enlight  
The blind minds of those that fell in this harsh reality  
A social abuse that attacks the mentality  
Cause race against race only brings friction  
Pain and infliction, cause that's the addiction  
Those that fall victim walk around headless  
Cause the drug that they took made them an addict to  
prejudice

This is my land (Nah, this is my land) (Repeat 8x)

[MC Serch]

This land is your land, this land is my land  
>From the streets of Compton to the Brooklyn island  
>From my people in prison to the Red Fern projects  
This land was made for you and me supposedly  
You never taught me true history  
We killed the Indians and showed it as a victory  
Original man, pilgrims saw him as a caveman  
Convert to a Christian or become a slaveman  
Indian brought the corn and the bread and in return  
We gave 'em muskets to the head? Damn  
Right back to the have-nots  
Now in '92, lowered to be mascots  
The Redskins, the Indians, the Atlanta Braves  
What if we called the team "The Atlanta Slaves?"  
Brothers would have a field day  
Don't you understand now we got to turn the right way?  
Cause every time a clock goes "tick" another falls vic  
To the social narcotic

This is my land (Nah, this is my land) (Repeat 8x)

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