

C-Rayz Walz "Dead Buffalos"

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[spoken]

No mic check?

[Verse 1: C-Rayz Walz]

I see dead buffalos, on the plains of the horizon
Electromagnetic energy fields like M. Bison
Through the air flyin, like black crows in a circle
Before the people of the land start dyin
Nature's siren, even the rivers won't act right
The full moon was a flashlight, in my past life
When traveling the winding path at night
Unraveling the blinding blasting site
Chickens come home to roost and find dead buzzards
Layin next to the head of cousins, sisters and brothers
Fathers and mothers, daughters and sons
Only the vultures profit, I could still see the blood run
The slaughter of loved ones, hated for bein different
Elders were slain, strangled with their talismans
Killed the body, the spirit started driftin
Destroyed physically, but the souls were ever livin

[Chorus]

Thank you! For takin my land and food
Thank you! For rapin my women, puttin me in a noose
Thank you! For killin my seed
Givin me disease, then blamin me - thank you!

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[Verse 2: C-Rayz Walz]

I took my shahada (one) and gazed in the drama
God against the devils, Shaolin versus Lama
We fought felons, clashed with Magellan
Baby heads were crushed and bust like small melons
Wishin these demons would be baptized or banished
In my dream I woke up in Jamaica speakin Spanish
The night the earth cried when the good ship arrived
Blood on the shores transformed to Crimson Tide
I built with Crazy Horse, made a black sun spack

The smoke shack was beat on by drum back stack
The beetles were baffled, by the state of bondage
Showin love like Pocahontas savin John Smith
Convinced by the truth of the past, since the body
splash

Used the Atlantic as a skeleton raft
Unafraid, I went to a cave to meditate
And talk to my celestial mind and elevate

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[Verse 3: C-Rayz Walz]

The land was raped, scorn, torn and withered
Later on you would praise portraits of these killers
(cheese!)
Even made holidays for this unholy act (Happy
Thanksgiving)
I'm the voice of the dead! You can't hold me back (no!)
Dead buffalos, similar to us now
In the name of gain on these plains we get bust down
What up, HOW, you think there be reparations?
We been touched down, so make preparations (now)
Under water holdin breath I dodge piranha fish
With fright, wishin to die was tomorrow's wish
I heard the mountain weep, skulls smash against clif
with sticks
We clash with the madmen, from the good ship
We did nothing but show love to a stranger
We were repaid with murder, rape and anger
Buffalos died, the lions would hide, the bears cried
Savagely speakin the pain of the tribe
This reality was actually the worst dream
The death of nature, I heard the earth scream
Dead buffalos - empty rivers and streams
Dead buffalos - too many killers and thieves

[Chorus]

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