

One.Be.Lo

"Axis"

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("Man it's a trip")
("Man it's a trip") (turn)
("Man it's a trip, trip, trip") (turn)

[One.Be.Lo]

Now as the world turns, when will us black people
learn? (damn)

Before we had a perm, we came from Adam's sperm
You see with plain vision, we live in the same system
Became victims, once was able, can't even raise
children

Where's 'the village' when you need it?
A question for the person in the looking glass
Our community's lookin bad like a bucket full of crabs
That's the crooked path

If we don't straighten this out, how long would it last?
Every night you hear the bullets blast
Even if you in the suburbs every night, you see the
footage flash

Across your screen, I'll tell you my biggest pet peeve
You lookin at it thinkin like, "It don't affect me"
You livin large I'm thinkin like, "It don't impress me"
Rockin them chains, Sojourner Truth is tryin to set free
It don't take a pro-fessor

To see the o-pressor got the whole treasure
Now how many Africans slain for one platinum chain on
yo' dresser?

I'm no better just because I think I know better
Tell me who you trust when you're in your new trucks
Some of us dyin over a few bucks, killers old enough to
ride a school bus

With brothers like these tell me, who needs the Ku
Klux?

Women walkin with titties out cause the truth sucks
It's time to breastfeed, knowledge is the best key
We got us pourin liquor out for all the dead G's
Rest? Please, in the grave you gettin less peace

("Man it's a trip") ("Turnin, turnin")
("The world keeps turnin...")
("On it's axis...")

[One.Be.Lo]

See in America they flamed bottle rockets when slaves
was not abolished (true)

Slayed a lot of fathers and raped a lot of mommas
Them days cotton products, we blame our modern
problems

New ways they got us bonded, the chains is
psychologic

The media be feedin us napalm atomics

While the schools brainwash us, the crayons is toxic
(blah!)

Don't believe the hype, they can save all the drama
Cause them apes not evolving, I can't swallow ya vomit
My rights as a human they change laws in congress
Now Shaytan (Satan) in office, we can't call him honest
What part of the game do they play, cops or robbers?
In this land of Pocahontas, natives lost to conquest
Your false gods get framed, buffed and polished
If you ask who the prophet, they say Nostradamus
(who?)

No ways of Muhammad, no pray five at Kabbah
Definition of a terrorist, they call Islamic
So many brothers puzzled and can't solve they
problems

Smuggle crack, juggle rap, or play ball in college
But Uncle Sam, hustle man, take all your dollars
Break y'all, sink them 8-balls in your pocket
I'm chosen like Moses, here to take y'all to promise
My +Quest+ started when Tip say "Lost my wallet"
We all gotta get it, the mules, acres was promised
But the skeletons came out the closet
Now some of y'all black folks is still patriotic
Dyin in wars, so who you think make the profit?

("One day old fool, you gonna get this country
In a war that they not gonna fight for ya,
Which means you gon' have to fight it yourself!")

("What makes you think you can be a black hero?")

("I'm here, because I can't stand what's happening
And somebody has to make a difference
Now brotha will you help me?")

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