

## Da Lench Mob "Ankle Blues"

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"Listen now Blind Baby what we wanna go for on this record  
is not just a blues record - but we want a document.  
An epic document depicting the struggle of da black people  
against the white devil slavemasters."

[Verse One]

Sittin at the pad watchin cops  
Trippin off the pigs keepin niggaz off the block  
But don't let a nigga get got out the ghetto  
cause you know gettin caught out the ghetto  
is a motherfuckin no-no  
Cause you'll meet Mr. Boot, Mr. Feet  
Mr. Billyclub and (who?) Mr. Concrete  
Face down on the pavement  
Keepin niggaz out of Crackerville, they do it and they  
love it  
But vice verse the kicks  
And put the Lench Mob crew, on the other end of the  
stick  
Fee fie foe fum, the niggaz overcome  
Everything is numb and it's filmed at eleven  
It's like bustin caps at the bunny  
You get a buck buck buck, buckshots in the tummy  
They didn't have a fuckin clue (fuck you!)  
Yeahh, it's time to get the ankle blues

Chorus: repeat 2X

"He is the epitome.. of anti-disestablishmentarism"  
{\*scratch\*} "What's your latest hit brother?"

[Verse Two]

We caught the punk pluggin on our block  
He looked like he's armed so I went for my glock  
Call up the homies, look like we got one  
Lay on the ground paleface, and that's when the fun  
begun  
We beat him down like we were loco  
(and said, "Fuck John Lennon") - (AND HIS PUNK BITCH  
YOKO)

Steady takin charge of the neighborhood  
We got a nine-eleven call on another fuckin  
peckerwood  
We rolled up on him and he broke  
He looked like he was tryin to sell some fuckin dope  
Nope; we ain't goin out like that  
That's when I let his ass have it with the gat  
Shot him in his back, stopped him in his tracks  
He will never sell dope to another fuckin black  
(cause it's like that)  
It's untraced without a clue (fuck you!)  
Yeahh, his ass caught the ankle blues

Chorus

[Verse Three]

Nigga nigga nigga nigga, nigga damn fool  
(MONKEY SEE, MONKEY DO!)  
House made nigga's on his way with a fat pay  
But the motherfuckers, paid for his doomsday  
We laid in the cut for some days  
Trippin off this nigga lookin like he's in a daze  
What do whitey what do whitey really wanna know?  
The outcome of a sellout, is an oreo - yo  
We hung him by his neck til it snapped  
That's when my homey woke me up out my nap (wake  
up 'loc)  
Wakin back up to the signs of reality  
Trippin off the shit that we watchin on TV  
Them motherfuckers think I'm soft (PSYCH)  
It's a sign of the Lench Mob settin it off  
It's untraced without a clue  
It's the niggaz, that's catchin the ankle blues!

Chorus

{\*scratch\*} "What's your latest hit brother?"  
{\*scratch\*} "What's your latest hit brother?"

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