

## Pras Michel "Ghetto Politics"

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[Chorus: Pras Michel]

Pine, boxes, nine, oxes

Unidentified, flying objects

Crime, doctors, slime, coppers

Niggaz that can't get out man they locked up

[Pras Michel]

Criminal, minded, you've been blinded

Justice for all (c'mon) help me find it

Please we'll wind it, get in the hole

and start to grind it, who's behind it

Big brother got us spread like an atlas

Powerless in fear that leads to paralysis

Now when I speak, do your psycho-nalysis

And those recordin Wonderland like Alice's

Y'all don't know about guerilla warfare

Kids in Haiti, trapped with the hardware

Wear them by the pair while playin truth or dare

Prisoners of war worse than the terror scare

This is the jungle we live in, this is the concrete

I call you pussy cause you are what you eat, homey

It's the art of war homes they play for keeps

So you still think that gangster shit is sweet?

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[uncredited guest rapper]

Remember when you had a lot, yeah it was yours for  
sure

But we fight back, and ain't takin your shit no more

So raw, my four-four's leave a couple bent

The government talk shit, hand 'em a Doublemint

You fuckin with me? I see you like a jewel

With the terrorist my nigga, diesel like the fuel

Step up smash your team, throw matches at your head

Quarters after we bathe it in gasoline

or petroleum, you think it's sugar when it's sodium

Handcuffs ropes and chains holdin 'em

All in the zone, have your dough and your fame

But you ain't takin nuttin wit'cha, but your bones to your  
grave

To the world you're a slave, we the makers

Revolutionary haters, as anthropologists,  
gynecologists  
Astronauts and shit, I don't think y'all ready  
for the apocalypse, so y'all better stay on top of shit

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[uncredited guest #2]  
My flow contradicted, apocalyptic  
With plans to cop the riches, make blacks stop the  
snitchin  
Politics mixed with, new statistics  
Futuristic, tell me are you a witness  
or a soldier? Innocent, criminal minded  
I'm militant, wise to ignorant, livin with  
No time to eat and no time to sleep, my hustle is deep  
Wearin the same gear all week  
Near all heat, until I draw, it's kind of raw  
Like a war between my ances-tors and dinosaurs  
I'm on some fuck the cops shit, ask your moms  
She don't even know, what this {?} tax is on  
Probably got another country never shown on map  
For secret agents and the ones who faked they death  
live at  
Where your kids disappear to when they get kidnapped  
Streets is white, life is black, and this shit is trapped

[Chorus]

{\*beatboxing\*}  
Y'all been rockin fatigues for years right?  
Y'all ready to war?!

[Chorus]

[Pras Michel]  
Alright, where you at my niggaz? You in the Matrix?  
Get the fuck off the streets, y'knahmsayin?  
Fuck all that gangster shit, we here  
It's real niggaz, put on your boots, man up!  
Get ready for war, ha, guerillas baby, {?}

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