Dead Poetic
"Ridin'"

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Artist: Talib Kweli, Dead Prez and David Banner
Album: Sucka Free Mix
Song: Ridin'

David Banner:

I'm from a place
Where You gotta let yo' nutz hang

Where them crakas used to cut your stomach open
Just to let your fuckin' guts hang

Right there in front of the kids

I might as well split your Whig
'Cause that's just what the master did

But now I'm the new Nat Turner
Spreadin' something to the kids
Like Sojourner, Man, the truth

Fuck a 'Creek
? I care but you in doubts ?
And go "Woof"

He ain't dead
What pledge

There's a stank up in the Busch
Or a stank up in the White House

Shootin' board bullshit
Man, it's dead props
Here in Chicago
But hit this hi-lo

Warriors come play
Click the bottles

Cock them AK's (YEAH!)
Bust on KK's (YEAH!)

With the Knuckle boy
Or the Other Two
And the Stic-Man

Given Dead on your shirt
Like a Wristband
You a Grown Man
Nigga, Stand tall

Don't it hurt
'Cause you really
Ain't a Nigga, dog?

Don't it hurt
'Cause you really
Ain't a Nigga, dog?

(YEAH!)

Don't it hurt
'Cause you really
Ain't a Nigga, dog?

[Chorus]

Country boys, city boys
Cadalacs, Rolly Royce
Whatever…long as we Ridin'

Pretty girls, ghetto boos
On the boulevard, in the avenue
It's a long a walk
Now that we Ridin'

Dead Prez:

Yo'

Niggas is not orginal
Niggas follow the radio
Niggas think if You Blow
Then You gotta be on the TV Show

Crackas is hypocritical
Crackas will rob and shit on You
'Cause see You do what they do
They know freedom is powerful

Niggas is very visual
If we see it, we think it's true

Very few niggas make a move
And even less'll see it through

Crackas make up the chemicals
Then they call us the criminals
Crackas make all the loot
And we just get the residuals

Niggas will rob and shot on You
Crackas will drop a bomb on You
Niggas is having funerals
Crackas is having barbeques

Niggas sing the blues
That's reminicin' the spritual
But when You say GAWD is You
Niggas ain't really hearing You

Crackas like to capitalize
Them crackas a lie
They say if You don't ?unionnize?
Then You'll probably die

I hate callin' niggas niggas
So I'ma take it backwards
I ain't got now love for whithey
I love callin'em crackas (CRACKAS!)

[Chorus]

Country boys, city boys
Cadalacs, Rolly Royce
Whatever...long as we Ridin'

Pretty girls, ghetto boos
On the boulevard, in the avenue
It's a long a walk
Now that we Ridin'

Talib Kweli:

Yeah!

I call myself real
N-I-G-G-A
'Cause Kweli be
Showin' on the floor
And they policies
My philosophies
Show You that the block
Is a part of me

Freedom Fighter
Like Richard Carter be
It's deep how the street knowledge beef
'Cause it ran like a code inside of me
It's practical, not scholarly

Now why do I call myself
A nigga
You ask me
Who's got my back
When the cops harass me
Ya'll can label
Cinncinatti
Can ride the train
Or with the Caddie

When they call You
Nigga they scared of You
They fearin' You
So actually
If CRACK is gone
Be fearing Niggas
Then that's what the
Fuck I have to be

Now

It's a badge of honor
And some say that
Shit's upsurd
It's more than
Just a word
We flip the shit
Like it's a 'bird

Pass it down through
Generations, then
Cuss You out and say it loud
The first generation
Of Muthafuckas
To grab Our Nuts and
Say it proud
Country Niggas or City Niggas
Tupac Niggas or Biggie Niggas
In the coridor, floor or door,
And all my Mississippi Niggas
We connected
All throughout
The North, the East, the West, the South
And if a white boy say the shit
He'll still get punched

Right in the mouth

[Chorus]

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Cadalacs, Rolly Royce
Whatever...long as we Ridin'

Pretty girls, ghetto boos
On the boulevard, in the avenue
It's a long a walk
Now that we Ridin'

[Ending 2x]

All they got for You
Is a Cell my Nigga
They want You
Dead or in jail
Without Rebel my Nigga

In the streets
It's similar to Hell
My Nigga
But we gonna Boss up
And live well
My Nigga