

Dead Poetic

"Walk Like A Warrior"

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[Hook]

Walk Like a Warrior
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[M1]

I was trained to defend myself for my brain and my
mental health
The white man got the wealth he held back
We're living in hell black and niggaz can sell crack
But that ain't gonna change this thang
If you gonna bang, then bang for change, don't bang
for crazy thangs
If not don't bang
If ya gonna ball play the game how it should be played
Can you dribble a grenade?
To save your life you payed the price, mama raised you
right
Now how you aint gonna fight?
For the white man's laws hell naw
For the cause, because we got to get what's ours
Gotta struggle for the motherfucking power
Cuz we're livin in the last few hours
It's 11:59, I think it's bout time
We get on the grind, and get out the carbine
With freedom of mind we can see what we can find
If you can spot 'em, pop pop pop the po-9
This is only a rhyme so now don't get scared
Listen to the message in the word
Don't let your sight get blurred, you heard this
righteous words
You might prefer it from a car mic
Timeout, I didn't say bug out, ball out, bling out
All ya'll sell-outs get the hell out
This year it's RBG so bang on out
Uh, we people army nigga bang on out

[Hook]

[Stic]

Yo, Yo, what you know bout heart?
Can't be the weak link in the squad
Gotta look way deep in your heart
Anything in the way gotta go straight through
Take charge
Can't hide from your flaws when you ride for the cause
Cuz a nigga will pull your card
Keep your guard up 24/7 on the street like you're doin
hard time on the yard
What you know about heart?
Can you assemble your heat in the dark
Take it apart, and clean all the parts?
Life is a journey, a course, like learning a martial art
You can't have partial heart
Gotta get your own, if you drop the bone, dog, we all
fall
It ain't over til the problem solved
Get your back up off the wall

My niggaz is riders, we fighters, we tight as a fist
RBG's up in this bitch, so bang on out
If your khakis is saggin, you reppin your rag and you
holdin the magnum
Use it for freedom nigga, bang on out
All my dirtiest dirtys, revolutionaries and visionaries
Don't be no scaredy nigga, bang on out
It's a war goin on in the streets, we hollerin fuck the
police
Ain't bout no peace, nigga, bang on out

[Krayzie Bone]

Me so you see fifty niggaz in all black fatigues
My regime runnin down your street
At the end of the block, we got the god damn cops
And they hope we sink, tell me what you see
I see (bang) buildings burning, motherfuckers trippin
for a goddamn purpose
The police is nervous, cuz we done observed 'em
Now niggaz is thinking about murder
We ain't talking, no more, and we ain't squashin shit
with po-po
And we ain't marchin in the middle of the goddamn
road
Cuz Martin got smoked
Niggaz ready for war, so get the fuck up, we fixin to set
the city to fire
This time when we ride we burnin it down, turn this shit
'round
Keep your justice, your peace
And keep blessin the heat, and that there crooked
officer

We won't stop blazin til they coughin up blood
Wanna slang my baseball cap to the back and get
busy, nigga
You say you a soldier, well get over here nigga we
under attack
As soon as they done, they get gone
Muder mo come, come, they done, me red rum, me
red rum, they done
And when we put 'em in they grave
We toss in a donut, and tell 'em we don't surrender,
surrender, naw

[Hook]

I ain't talkin bout no hustla
I ain't talkin bout no gangsta
I'm hollerin at them soldiers
Revolutionary culture
Bang on out

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