

Dead Poetic

"We Want Freedom"

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I was born black, I live black,
And I'ma die probably because I'm black
Because some cracker that knows I'm black
Better than you nigga, is probably gonna put
A bullet in the back of my head!!

Yeah our lives fucked up, no doubt
All this shit we go through every day
Sometimes a nigga don't know what the fuck to do
But see I got my niggas
And we gon organize a people army
And we gon get control over our own lives
And I mean that shit right there from the bottom of my
shit
I Ching

[Verse 1]
Yeah, yeah
Imagine havin no runnin water to drink
Chemicals contaminate the pipes leadin to your sink
Just think, if the grocery stores close they doors
And they saturate the streets with tanks and start
martial law
Would you be ready for civil war
Could you take the life of somebody you know,
Or have feelings for if necessary?
I got cousins in the military
But far as I'm concerned they died, when they
registered

[Verse 2]
Yo, this world is oh so cold, I think about my ancestors
Being sold, and it make me wanna break the mold
Fuck the gold and the party, train yourself, clean your
shottie
Tell me what you gon do to get free, we need more
than MC's
We need Hueys, and revolutionaries
The niggas on the streets today, it's kinda scary
The smell around my way ain't roses or strawberries
In fact it's kinda poisonous, bringin out the boy in us

But I'ma stand up on my own, like a man do
Dominate the land and make wealth, like Fu-Manchu
Yes the peoples army stick together like glue
We represent the I-Ching, and to this we stand true
Military formation, anyone participation is welcome
Each one teach one, son help son
Just one gun is all it take to get it started
Livin in the wilderness of the west we cold hearted

HOOK 2X:

If you don't think it could happen think again my son
Be prepared for the worst that's yet to come
We want freedom, prophecies and ancient wisdom
Cataclysm, niggas be like fuck the system

I don't wanna be no movie star
I don't wanna drive no fancy car
I just wanna be free, to live my life, to live my own life

[Verse 3]

Yeah, I'm for peace
But I'll kill ya if ya fuck with my moms or my niece
See we all want peace, but the problem is
Crackers want a bigger piece
Got it where the niggas can't get a piece
That's why police get stabbed and shot
'cause a nigga can't eat if the ave is hot
Locked up you get three hot meals and one cot
Then you sit and rot, never even got a fair shot
That's where a whole lotta niggas end up
My man moms even got sent up, tryin to keep the rent
up
When I'm bent up I think a lot about the reason I'm here
I think about the things I fear in the comin years
Ahead of me, I'm ready for whatever they bring though
I'd go against a tank wit a shank for my dreams
And that's my fuckin word
One day the whole world will smoke herb
And niggas won't get took to jail for hangin on the curb

HOOK 2X

(next part of hook)

HOOK

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