

Dead Prez "Behind Enemy Lines"

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Let's go fellas shower time's up in five minutes
* sounds of prison bars slamming shut *
Get those feet off the table whaddyou think this is
home?

(This is bullshit yo son let me get a ciggarett)
(I'ma go.. back to my cell and read)

That's it five more minutes and that's it
Back to work fellas back to work!

[Dead Prez]

Yo lil' Kadeija pops his locks he wanna pop the lock
But prison ain't nuttin but a private stock
And she be dreamin bout his date of release, she hate
the police
But loved by her grandma who hugs and kisses her
Her father's a political prisoner, Free Fred
Son of a Panther that the government shot dead
Back in 12/4, 1969
Four o'clock in the mornin, it's terrible but it's fine,
cause
Fred Hampton Jr. looks just like him
Walks just like jim, talks just like him
And it might be frightenin the Feds and the snitches
To see him organize the gang brothers and sisters
So he had to be framed yo, you know how the game go
Eighteen years, because the five-oh said so
They said he set a fire to a a-rab store
But he ignited the minds of the young black and poor

Behind enemy lines, my niggaz is cellmates
Most of the youths never escape the jail fates
Super maximum camps will advance they gameplan
To keep us in the hands of the man, locked up

(Hello?) Collect call from Nes
(How are you?) Yo shit is crazy Boo
(Have you been alright?) You know I miss you
(I feel lonely lonely lonely) Yo woman..
Can you put some money in my commisary?

Lord can't even smoke a loosey since he was twelve
925 locked up with a L
They call him triple K, cause he killed three niggaz
Another ghetto child got turned into a killer
His pops was a Vietnam veteran on heroin
Used like a pawn by these white North Americans
Momma couldn't handle the stress and went crazy
Grandmomma had to raise the baby
Just a young boy, born to a life of poverty
Hustlin, robbery, whatever brung the paper home
Carried the chrome like a blind man holdin cane
Tattoes all over his chest, so you can know his name
But y'all know how the game go
D's kicked in the front door, and guess who they came
fo'?

A young nigga headed for the pen, coulda been
Shoulda been, never see the hood again

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* speaking in spanish *

You ain't gotta be locked up to be in prison
Look how we livin, thirty thousand niggaz a day
Up in the bing, standard routine
They put us in a box just like our life on the blocks
(behind enemy lines)
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Look how we livin, thirty thousand niggaz a day
Up in the bing, standard routine
They put us in a box just like our life on the blocks
(behind enemy lines)

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