

## Dead Prez "Food Clothes and Shelter"

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[sticman]

Yeah, for all my peoples that's hungry

[chorus]

A nigga need food, ya got to have food for ya health  
And clothes, gear to keep a steam for yaself  
Son, shelter, a place to lay for rest when ya stressed  
Over life, 'cause it's trife and aint no god gon help ya

[sticman]

I feel the winter heart creepin', vicious as  
the wind, which is life,  
when it's deep without a meanin', a trife  
scene it screams  
Niggas fiendin', the pipe dream and some  
be seemin

like the only way to keep breathin in the  
slums, but nothing comes  
And keeping funds is like dreamin',  
my situation no solution, even the young  
become demons  
Where I'm from shit is  
unyieldin', Something like three-hundred  
million

gun wielding black rats trapped in one building  
With low ceilings, and no  
feelings,

cutthroat villains, Dope  
dealings, and glossy eyed pavilions  
Sunken faces, and powder  
traces,

My people slave for the basics, the  
powerless devoured in the matrix  
Of politics, pimps and glass pipes,  
From gun blast and flickin off blunt ash, the  
cash heist

The fast life, where the have-nots rule  
Stick and grab plots, totin tools, victim last  
by some jewels

Round the world, we stay stuck in  
capsules, shackled  
And crackas got homes like castles

I figure the only way this nigga got to go is wild  
Plottin licks for liberation

[chorus x2]

[m-1]

I was born in the storm hearin gun clap from thunder  
See my childhood peers catchin years by  
the number  
I wake up from hunger try to lift my stress  
that I'm under  
How I made it this far makes me wonder  
You in a fight for ya life, for basic human rights  
Can't afford the boomin prices it's  
economic crisis  
Life is a sacrifice, I'm down to my last bag of rice  
They forcin us to live like laboratory mice  
Like fuckin laboratory mice that's right  
You wear the camaflouge but do u choose  
to live the soldiers life  
I told u before this is a war not a play fight  
Taught to be a slave from the womb to the gravesite  
Some of us even share the views of the Kaina Knights  
Tryna be white but they gon lose in this  
game of life  
So dead that! I tie my dread back and  
scheme  
Put a star on my red black and green

[chorus x2]

[bridge]

What do power mean, our team  
seem to think it means sour cream  
'cause our dreams got us fiendin for the power son  
And huey p said political power come from the barrel of  
the gun  
What do power mean, I believe in thieving  
And smoking weed, 'cause everything happens for a  
reason  
I hope my seed grow up and get even, it's open season  
And if you poor and black, you know the  
reason yeah

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