

## Dead Prez "Food, Clothes + Shelter, Pt. 2"

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chorus

Undercover Pigs jumping out of cabs  
niggas get nabbed i seen it with my own eyes on  
orange ave  
in tallahasee florida where i was raised by my elders  
taught me the fundamentals of food clothes and  
shelter.  
they got big plans for you nigga dead or in jail  
they got ya big pun, big small, big l. smell me nigga  
i'm a keep gangsta keep it marcus keep it malcolm  
why you keep on drowning in gold and platinum  
albums.  
why i don't why die for diamonds in africa  
why i don't want the people to tell lies  
why i don't want ta fuck an american pie  
why they don't want the people to ask why.  
Food(x3) clothes(x3) and shelter  
I'm not a marxist i'm a marked man with dark skin  
just like the nigga sleep on a park bench  
sittin on the corner  
sippin a corona  
peeping all the drama  
keeping to himself  
get hip to shit most niggas'll sleep through  
uncle tom niggas can't stand my crew  
we put the truth out that's why they try to ban the crew  
can't let them crackers get they hands on you  
i ain't got no faith in your bible  
i'm safe with a rifle.  
I'm sick of lying fo ya  
malcolm x ain't dying fo ya  
niggas don't go platinum records go platinum  
niggas be happy if anything come back to them  
jack your rims of your lexus snatch your necklace  
and sell it off to give the homeless a hot breakfast  
food, food, food clothes, shelter  
chorus  
it's about red  
black  
green  
if you black you need green

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