

## **Dead Prez "Psychology"**

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I was born, in a dump  
My mama died and my father got drunk  
They left me, to die or grow  
In the middle of Tobacco Road

I grew up in a rusty shack  
All I owned was hangin' on my back  
And Lord knows, how I learnt  
This place called Tobacco Road

Tobacco road, you're dirty and you're filthy  
Tobacco road, gonna get me some dynamite and a  
crane  
I'm gonna blow it up  
Lord knows gonna start all over again

My mind is the place where I make my plans  
The world is the place where I take my stand  
The beauty of life is mine today  
They cannot take my mind away

Fuck what you heard, I'm from Africa  
This ain't no act it's mathematical  
Past the black radical  
I choose the M1, because it's practical  
Nothin' was changed, we ain't protected  
No names, it's all factual

They push the wrong buttons, count down to detonate  
Brooklyn blown away and the world will have to  
speculate  
This is what we learn in the streets, fuck a degree  
Believe in none of what you hear and half of what you  
see

It's like watching your own father smoke crack  
I have nightmares on shit like that  
No way in hell I'll ever get like that  
I seen a lot of shit in twenty-two years

It's like a tour of duty  
My life is booby-trapped, it's hard to see the beauty

When your heart is turning ice cold  
Cold like your hands exposed to blistering winds

My mother keep her eyes closed, she say she prayin'  
I listen close to what she sayin'  
When she speak of Jesus I ignore it  
But when it's practical I'm all for it

You got to think like a soldier  
I'm training myself to snatch pistols out of holsters  
Discipline keep the mind focused  
This whole world is a corn field son  
Look out for flying locusts

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Don't let 'em get in your head, they try to probe you  
Figure your thoughts so they can try and control you  
And through you, control your whole crew  
It's psychology boy, now what the fuck that make you  
wanna do?

You can't walk the streets with no state of mind  
Blind to the ways of mankind  
And if you know the time, give me a sign  
Tell me where we draw the line

I got your back if you got mine  
My enemy's enemy is my man  
One deadlock is stronger than one strand  
While the crackers got the upper hand

My comrades stand on lands stolen  
Every tooth a golden opportunity  
Who holdin' my community hostage?  
10 percent ransom, costing us time we lost and some

This is how the plan runs  
Thinkin' with a fugitive brain  
What we do to live is insane  
Holdin' the weed, healing my membranes

Just like crack, you know it all boils down

To the dollars-and-cents of it  
Niggaz commence to get [unverified] to sentenced to  
serve terms  
Jumping the fence, the black germ is loose  
When will they learn?

Psychology  
We piss on walls and smoke reefa in the halls  
No respect for their laws  
I cut your face with a kitchen knife

In gladiator times, man against machinery  
The tree bark fatigues help me blend in with the  
scenery boy  
Life is a series of serious choices  
Theories is formed from experience, never mysterious  
forces

Various courses of life can lead to failure  
Too much of anything is a trap  
My mind snap  
Guerrilla warfare for two grand

They say karate means 'Empty hands'  
So then it's perfect for the poor man  
They say karate means 'Empty hands'  
So then it's perfect for the poor man

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When you think of us think of pyramids and pistols  
And glimmering gold teeth that shine like crystals  
The mind is like a jewel son  
Only a fool wouldn't grasp it

Wisdom is a tool, you get blasted  
When you think of us think of pyramids and pistols  
And glimmering gold teeth that shine like crystals  
The mind is like a jewel son  
Only a fool wouldn't grasp it  
Wisdom is a tool, you get blasted

Free your mind, and the rest will follow

Seize the time, no-one is promised tomorrow

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