

Dead Prez "Sharp Shooters"

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Artist Talib Kweli & Dead Prez
Song Sharp Shooters
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(stic.man)

Everything is politics, I CHIN, Kweli, people army, you know it

(M-1)

The white man came to Africa with rifles and Bibles
Heard the name, started changin the titles
Now instead of Chaka call me Nat Turner with the burner
Freedom fighter for this revolution, fuck a wage earner,
See I be what John Wilkes Booth was to Lincoln, blam!
Sirhan Sirhan, peepin through the curtains with my eyes on a Kennedy
Dead prez, politic, know your enemy, keep your toast close
Because political power come from the barrel of it
We in a war, nigga leave it or love it
Since they got us in a scope like a P.E. logo
I watch for the po-po (woop woop) and train at the dojo
Not a gun Deniro but a working class hero
Takin a stand, like a panther with an M-1 Garrand
Screamin know your gun laws, self defense is a must
When we set it off I'm a be the first to bust

(Chorus - dead prez)

Yo, I'm one with my gun, I love it like my first son
It protects me and makes sure the jakes respect me
Yo, I'm one with my gun, I love it like my first son
It protects me and makes sure the jakes respect me

(Talib Kweli)

What do you do
when the police kick in your door like 'get on the floor'
Shoot you in the back
cause who you are and where you at's against the law
You try to protect your home with the illest arsenal

possible

Learn how to heal yourself and stop fuckin with them
hospitals

Get with brothas down for the cause givin it all they got
But every brother ain't a brother (word), fuck around
and get shot

By these black kings that pack gatlings
to make a rat sing like Nat King

Before they start blasting (blow!)

With no accuracy, handling they beef in the public
Now an innocent child got a bag for a stomach
Property value plunit every time a shot is fired (c'mon)
People feelin betrayed so they take the street to riot
Cops fire shots and try to stop the spirit takin over the
entire block

Politicians say it's time to march

But people is past that, ready to blast at whatever
comin

From the master or from the office, niggas is sick of
runnin

Yeah, all my soldier, raise it up, c'mon, now

(Bust ya guns) yeah, Kweli with dead prez, c'mon

(Blow blow)

(stic.man)

I'm deep in the runs

where all that niggas give a fuck about is stackin funds
The black and young type that's packin automatic guns
If any static comes sparatic shots'll ring out

You get caught up, you get your fuckin brains blown
clean out

The killers reign supreme, survival of the illest brain
and scheme

For cream you know the game in my vein

I feel the pain for all the niggas that passed away

Tryin to get cash the fastest way we know how, the old
fashion way

Blastin, we actin like cock tecs and tenniments

My squad flex if any shit pop, and put an end to it

It's like hell, this planet I'm from consist of dilligent
crack sale

Assisting off the backs of young black males

It's innocent, suspending in packed jails that benefit

White well being, while niggas catch hell just for being

You might as well have a life of crime, ain't nothin free
in this life

I stick a nine in ya spine for mine

No time for talk, 'cause I walk when I talk

Stalkin sidewalks of course with the eyes of a hawk

Crack a quart to get away from this trife world and

thought

Puffin Newports 'cause life's a bitch, and it's too short
My crew sport leather, gold, camoflauged, rugged
denim
Deadly in venom, totin buckets with nothin in 'em
But Rawkus, some ill mothafuckas for real
Straight hustlas with nothin but a taste for kill

(Chorus) 4x

(Talib Kweli talking)
Yeah, c'mon, all my soldiers
Brooklyn where you at
Florida, Cincinnati where you at
Africa where you at, yo

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