

Dead Prez "Walk Like A Warrior"

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I was trained to defend myself for my brain and my
mental health
The white man got the wealth he held back
We're living in hell black and niggaz can sell crack
But that ain't gonna change this thing
If you gonna bang, then bang for change
Don't bang for crazy things if not don't bang

If you gonna ball play the game how it should be
played
Can you dribble a grenade?
To save your life you payed the price
Mama raised you right now how you ain't gonna fight?
For the white man's laws hell no
For the cause, because we got to get what's ours

Gotta struggle for the motherfucking power
'Cause we're livin' in the last few hours
It's 11:59, I think it's bout time
We get on the grind, and get out the carbine
With freedom of mind we can see what we can find
If you can spot 'em, pop pop pop the Po-9
This is only a rhyme so now don't get scared

Listen to the message in the word
Don't let your sight get blurred, you heard this
righteous words
You might prefer it from a car mic
Timeout, I didn't say bug out, ball out, bling out
All you'll sell-outs get the hell out
This year it's RBG so bang on out
Uh, we people army nigga bang on out

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Yo, yo, what you know bout heart?
Can't be the weak link in the squad
Gotta look way deep in your heart
Anything in the way gotta go straight through take
charge
Can't hide from your flaws when you ride for the cause
'Cause a nigga will pull your card
Keep your guard up 24/7 on the street
Like you're doin' hard time on the yard

What you know about heart?
Can you assemble your heat in the dark
Take it apart, and clean all the parts?
Life is a journey, a course, like learning a martial art
You can't have partial heart
Gotta get your own, if you drop the bone, dog
We all fall it ain't over till the problem solved
Get your back up off the wall

My niggaz is riders, we fighters, we tight as a fist
RBG's up in this bitch, so bang on out
If your khakis is saggin', you reppin' your rag
And you holdin' the magnum
Use it for freedom nigga, bang on out

All my dirtiest dirts, revolutionaries and visionaries
Don't be no scared nigga, bang on out
It's a war goin' on in the streets
We hollerin' fuck the police
Ain't 'bout no peace, nigga, bang on out

Me so you see fifty niggaz in all black fatigues
My regime runnin' down your street
At the end of the block, we got the god damn cops
And they hope we sink, tell me what you see
I see buildings burning, motherfuckers trippin'
For a goddamn purpose, the police is nervous
'Cause we done observed 'em now niggaz is thinking
about murder

We ain't talking, no more, and we ain't squashin' shit
with Po-Po
And we ain't marchin' in the middle of the goddamn
road
'Cause martin got smoked, niggaz ready for war
So get the fuck up, we fixin' to set the city to fire
This time when we ride we burnin' it down, turn this shit
'round
Keep your justice, your peace and keep blessin' the
heat

And that there crooked officer
We won't stop blazin' till they coughin' up blood

Wanna slang my baseball cap to the back and get
busy, nigga
You say you a soldier, well get over here nigga we
under attack
As soon as they done, they get gone
Murder mo come, come, they done, me red rum
Me red rum, they done and when we put 'em in they
grave
We toss in a donut, and tell 'em we don't surrender,
surrender, no

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I ain't talkin' 'bout no hustle
I ain't talkin' 'bout no gangster
I'm hollerin' at them soldiers
Revolutionary culture
Bang on out

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