

Talib Kweli & Dead Prez "Sharp Shooters"

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Everything is politics, I Chin, Kweli, People Army, you know it

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

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
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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 plummet 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

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 tees and liniments
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, camouflage's, 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

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Yeah, c'mon, all my soldiers
Brooklyn where you at
Florida, Cincinnati where you at
Africa where you at, yo

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