

The Brat Attack "Red Streets"

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Killed on the streets - police brutality
My community, as the enemy
State genocide - police chiefs lies
Tonight I am not gonna die
They hate me, for who I am
The red of my skin
Just crack my skull, watch blood spill
They're going in for the kill

Blood ran cold on these winter streets
A community victimized by the brutality
Blood ran cold on these winter streets
A community controlled by poverty

Another day, another frozen body
Unrecognizable, beaten so badly
Does it really matter who it was?
"Gang" member, not a 15 year old kid
Years of state oppression
They never answered my question
They still deny it was genocide
We will see the warriors rise

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