

B.D.P

"Bo! Bo! Bo!"

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Bo Bo Bo Clack Clack Clack Clack Clack
Get your street knowledge every posse know that come
again
Bo Bo Bo Clack Clack Clack Clack Clack
The only way to deal with racism if you're black

Well, seven in the morning I woke up to jog
Rushed out the door to inhale the smog
As I ran, I began to wonder
Should I produce or should I tour this summer
Well just that second I heard stay where you are
Before I could stop I was hit by a cop car
I laid on the pavement like I was hurt
Then a redneck cop jumped out with a smirk
He said, ah boy you better watch where you run
as he poked my side with the barrel of his shotgun
I said Officer man I ain't do nothin
He said what's that word you n----s use, ya frontin?
Well ya frontin, so why were you running down the
street?
At this time I had stood to my feet and said Wait a
minute
And that's when he did it, he hit me in the face with his
gun I wasn't
with it so
On the ground was a bottle of Snapple, I broke the
bottle in his fucking
Adam's apple
As he fell his partner called for backup well, I had the
shotgun and
began to act up with that

(Chorus)

Well I threw down the gun and began to run
I got back in no time and loaded the nine
First I took two clips and then I took two more
I was out the window cause by now they were right at
my door

I took three shots and then I laid
They rushed in shooting so I threw a quick grenade

It went boom like a supernova
Badges arms heads legs cops were all over
I jumped out the fire escape down to the street and I
started to run you
know I couldn't feel my feet, I was weak, I said to
myself Holy shit!
My shirt had filled with blood I didn't know I got hit but
there's no
time to stop no time to explain man I'm in too deep with
this everyday
ghetto pain
Black men are judged by their clothes
Black women are looked at as hoes
So I as one of these uppity n----s
Can only rely on the sound of a triggga going

(Chorus)

Well I staggered down the street to an old bookstore
Called the Tree of Life (Yo D it ain't there no more)
But when it was boy I was lucky
Cause in the basement is where they stuck me
When I awoke at the 14th hour
Three black women had gave me a quick shower
I stayed a while and escaped in a truck
Driven by two guys, Rakim and Chuck
What the fuck I asked as I laid there How many guys do
you drive a day
there? Chuck said many, Rakim said plenty it's an
everyday thing when
you're willing to sing a song...

(Chorus)

Peace and love to DJ Scott LaRock he's in there still!

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