

## Mortiis

### "One Four Love Pt. 2"

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[Shyheim]

The precinct is crooked, my man got grabbed up  
Had cracks on him worth about a bullet  
They just took it, asked him questions like, "Where's  
the guns?"  
They tried to cheat him to tell them where was Un  
The God ten deep in a red fifteen passenger  
Guns out when they jumped out, pointed at us  
Here comes, what they call a procedure  
Slammin us against a gate, cuffin us before they beat  
us

[Channel Live]

It's like they can't trust us, they wanna bust us  
and crush us, they sayin f' us, there's no peace, no  
just-us  
They claim to protect us, they serve and they wreck us  
Never respect us, arrest us and always stress us

To see the Devil die is my purpose of to live up  
Self-determinance is the must, I practice Kool G jog-a-  
leos  
Free your mind and yo \*bitch\* is sure to follow  
and free will come to lock it down, look out for tips  
thats hollow

[Wise Intelligent (of Poor Righteous Teachers)]

It's P.I.T. supreno  
Mix it down, dedicated to Steve Feliciano  
Directed that steam and gouge Danno  
F' the five-oh pronto, cuz I know  
First head to take the white and burst lead  
Never did but might have to do it  
Lies twenty-five, hollow shots in a pro-active unit  
7-A, M-J, stop the BS movement, that's how we do it  
Mobilize the people, conscious \*niggas\* get to it

[Chorus: Mos Def (of Black Star)]

My people unite and let's all get down  
We got to have one love, peace and understandin  
One God, one love, one life

One aim, one voice, one fight

[Chorus 2: Mos Def]

My people unite, hop up and do a right  
We got to have one love, peace and understandin  
One God, one love, one life  
One aim, one voice, one fight  
My people unite, hop up and do a right (echoes)  
Keep it tight y'all, do it right y'all

[Cappadonna]

Yo, forget police brutality, I worked for a salary  
and did time for a crime I didn't commit  
They tried to beat me in my head, make a brotha  
submit  
Hit me in the face with sticks, lockin me down for bein  
around  
Still remember, never surrender into the beast  
The man, peace for Diallo  
My reality is to fight back police brutality

[Crunch Lo (of Othorized F.A.M.)]

Mr. Officer got my trapped in a dark corridor  
Long hallway, they in luck with the gunplay  
Swing knight sticks, run thicker than Bloods and Crips  
Harass mad cats and it don't make sense  
Roll around in dark tints, fiendin to match finger prints  
Search me down everyday and you still ain't content

[Rock (of Heltah Skeltah)]

Oh-oh-oh-oh  
Calm your nerves down, bop your heads too high  
Let 'em know Rock, stop wonderin why you keep gettin  
knocked  
Cuz you a part time dealer, prob'ly a part time pops  
Not a part time killer, but them dudes is full time cops  
Make a hustle stupid, you half \*ass\* black acts  
Stack, use your head for than a hat rack, Jack  
Start runnin your life instead of runnin the streets  
Runnin your mouth, oh yeah, stop runnin from beasts

[Chorus x4]

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