

## Paris

### "Acid Reflex"

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[Paris] Hard truth soldier music, hard truth over music  
Exposed so the youth can use it Guerrilla Funk don't  
confuse it With off-brand gangster rap that don't do  
shit P-Dog and I'm back with a new clique  
Sharpshooters, four deep in a 'lark shooters That might  
creep in dark and shoot the police in the heart for Sean  
Bell and Martin Luther Cause ever since '90, America  
Tried to bling me, but they still can't blind me 18 years  
behind me, 20 mo' left Pro-left, pro-death, the "Bush  
Killa" Corporate conservative crook killer Wolfowitz for  
the chips that he took killer This industry is full of shook  
niggaz That's why the shame grip breaker returns to  
left hook niggaz [Interlude] Now when we say Guerrilla  
Funk, we don't mean monkeys on a vine We mean this  
as in New Orleans, Virginia Tech and Columbine [Paris]  
We still rise like gas prices, on fire like CNN satellite  
vans if they pass by us Like Bechtel hush money cash  
stipends Lindsay Lohan's nose and vagina Fuck Imus,  
then again white folks pointin fingers at the hate that  
hate made is timeless Look at Hussein, paid 'em,  
trained 'em Played 'em, called 'em Al Qaeda then  
hanged 'em You said die nigga? But I'm still crackin  
Like six out of twenty nine eleven highjackers If  
anybody dead, it's kids in the black church bein  
mislead by the misled B-E-T, tellin kids get bread But  
never tellin 'em what to do with bread A project for the  
bitch scared Joe Biden runnin blue but he just might  
drip red [Chorus] Now when we say Guerrilla Funk, we  
don't mean monkeys on a vine We mean this as in New  
Orleans, Virginia Tech and Columbine O.J. Simpson,  
B.T.K., Beltway, Peterson, Jon Benet The San Francisco  
Panther 8, our government's hate for foreign kind  
[Paris] Representin for the innocent victims out in  
Darfur But it's really not our war I'ma leave it alone on  
this track cause that's somethin I had to go and write to  
a whole 'nother song for The rap shit got niggas on all  
fours T-Kash make many sound like Forrest Guerrilla  
Funk, straight vets, place bets them Pseudo-ass  
revolutionaries never come towards us By the way, if  
you ain't spittin hard truth Then you ain't spittin shit up  
in our booth Grande mocha civil rights leaders get a

blue star momma tryin to walk up in our shoes  
GuerrillaFunk dot com is the website Log on get'cha  
head right We got pro red right scared to head to bed  
at night Hard Truth won't spare ya life motherfucker  
[Chorus] [interlude from Malcolm X's "Black revolution  
requires bloodshed" speech] What is a revolution? Was  
no love lost, was no compromise, was no negotiation  
I'm tellin you you don't know what a revolution is~!  
because when you find out what it is you'll get out of  
the way You haven't got a revolution that doesn't  
involve bloodshed and you're afraid to bleed I saw it,  
you're afraid to bleed If it is right, for America to draft  
us And teach us how to be violent Then it is right for  
you and me [singer - repeat 2X] We don't talk about,  
we do it Got no time to dance, it's the movement Comin  
way too strong, let's move it Freedom must be won, or  
lose it [Paris - repeat 2X] Who said freedom could ne-  
ver be won? Who said it was the ballot or the gun? Who  
said a group like us, couldn't move? It wasn't me, but  
maybe it was you [another speech to end - "never back  
down, never bow down"]

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