

Paris

"Don't Stop the Movement"

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[Paris] Guerrillas in the mist The mainstream team with
pro-black twist Hard truth soldiers in the game Hard
truth soldiers back again P Dog, I evolve I drag pigs to
the slaughter house, vut I never eat hog As the fed and
the World Bank seesaw We keep y'all in deep awe
cause we raw Like uncooked crack by the government
Hit like a base rock, listen to the bass knock Free 'em in
Jena, by any means they walk Let's see who ready to
squeeze Givin power to the people and take back
America Panic in the head of the state, pass the
Derringer Aim and shoot, Beruit to Bay Area Bury a
Homeland Security card carrier [Chorus: repeat 2X]
Get up, get up, get up, get up Get up, get up, get up,
get up Don't stop the movement! Don't stop it, don't
stop it Don't stop it, don't stop it [Paris] Panther power,
acid showers This land is ours, stand and shout it This
plan to cower, isn't ours This man is proud, keep the
scandalous out Now if it ain't what we about, it's
irrelevant U.S. policy route? Embarrassin Never leavin
you without, we got medicine And we never bend, we
got better sense Hard truth revolutionary black militant
Death to the Minutemen, checks to the immigrants
Streets still feelin it, we still killin it We still slaughterin
hawks, feed the innocent Read the imprint Guerrilla
Funk was birthed outta necessity, collectively
Respectively, to behead the beast On behalf of the left
wing scared to speak, NOW GET UP~! [Chorus] [Paris -
in background over Chorus] Yeah... hell yeah... that's
right [Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan] Something
is WRONG! Wrong with the government in which we live
Wrong with the leaders that lead us Wrong with us...
and the way we respond, to our enemy and each other
This nation is not about poor people! Whether they're
black, brown, red, yellow or white This nation is about
RICH people! And to hell with the weak, the poor, they
must serve~! [Chorus] - overlaps Farrakhan's speech
[added to Chorus] Don't stop it, don't stop it Don't stop
it, don't stop it [Paris] Guerrilla on the loose Scars on
my neck but I'm holdin on the noose Stars rock ice but
they rollin like Roots Thugs on the mic but they all shine
shoes See I don't care who you is or where you from

You look like slaves and tricks when soldiers come And
anybody disagree can get done Coons'll run, battle
lines are drawn Take one for the U.S.A., the new
Babylon Renegade nation formed to do battle on Man-
made war for mind control, carried on Mainstream
media platforms to rattle y'all But I can't be shook by
the White House Never go the right route, that's the
right route Bury me a 'G' for Guerrilla and I climb out
With the nine out, no time for time out Get up! [Chorus]
[repeat 8X to end] The people, united, will never be
defeated

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