

Paris

"Get Fired Up"

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[Paris] What'chu know about that hip-hop that's corporatized? What'chu know about them porch monkey raps and lies? What'chu know about the image black men as pimps? And Slavor Slav-ass country coon niggaz with limp? What you know about a mack MC with skills who could spit and kick real shit people could feel? What'chu know about the radio and fake-ass clowns with the same ten songs, every city and town? What'chu know about that Hollywood culture fetish and who fuckin who and what bitches is wearin? And who gettin fat and who adoptin who And what nigga got arrested now actin a fool What'chu know about these rappers on Cribs at night? Shootin pool with no motherfuckin books in sight Grinnin grills when they showin off they rims and ice With that 'HAA', wish them dumb motherfuckers be quiet! See I'm fresh outta favors so excuse my tone This bullshit been goin on way too long Who decide what'chu listen to and what gets shown? Who decides what message get inside your home? I'm knowin all about devil-ass Jimmy lovine And all of the rest of the killin machine Debra Lee and the BET hoes and demons Dealin dope through the radio and video screens I'm sayin... what if we demand a change? And blow heads off 'stead of complainin I'll bet then you listen what folks sayin When we say we had enough, knowin we ain't playin Now get fired up [Chorus] I get fired up (*3X*) Look at what they doin to me I get fired up (*3X*) Look at what they doin to me [Paris] Oh yeah~! And fuck these political hacks Wanna act like they the mouthpiece for blacks Jesse Lee and Ward Connerly and Keyes attack anything black when white folks writing the checks And in fact, I could see hella niggaz is blind Like Armstrong leavin every child behind And McWhorter's a whore too, shit is a crime Clarence Thomas couldn't ever be a brother of mine I shine light on that bullshit, it's all self hate (yeah) Who the next face to betray the race? I place bets that the real people sure to relate When I blast on that bootlickin masquerade, and say Hold up, wait a minute, nigga stop please Me don't suffer from vic-tim mentality All we ever did was want to try to get a piece of the pie

that supposedly for everybody Real talk, somebody
best tell Russell Fo' street niggas catch his ass up in a
tussle Drop squad in effect man, deprogram We throw
his pink wearing ass in the back of the van And say no
more rap apologist, I quit! Every diamond is a blood
diamond, please forgive And see me redeemed for the
deeds I did For that Def Jam scam pushin poison to kids
Now get fired up [Chorus] [Paris] What about these
racists that talk that shit 'bout these immigrants, like
they claim to it's legit? Like they ain't stole it anyway,
murdered and pillaged Like they justified, cryin 'bout
they want to get rid of It's the 1-2-3, the 3 to 2-1 (yeah)
This nation was built on the backs of brown slave trade
and the dead red population Put the yellow man in a
camp concentration Now - I blast on these right wing
hoes Now who'll be the first exposed? Hannity with that
weak doublespeak his tone I'll make his drop out
bartenderin ass get thrown And fuck Mike Savage~!
Radio snake With that bully bullshit minuteman debate
Pro-life, pro-war, man it's all pro-hate Do 'em in for his
sins and Katrina disdain And uhh... motherfuck yo'
taxes bitch While Chevron is stackin chips While they
send another off to die Send another young body to
Iraq with lies What the fuck you gonna say to me? I see
right through it Through the smokescreen keepin folks
meaner and stupid Through the fake fear, fake tears,
pride and collusion Ain't no fakes here, all I see is lies
and abuses P (Dog), still the one you can't fuck with
Educated then a motherfucker, I see clearly Can't be
whipped or debated, can't break my spirit Never
bought off, never go soft, and never fear it Hear it loud
when I say it, that's the way that it go Hear it loud,
cause I'm killin 'em with words in a row Bitch it ain't
Paris Hilton, it's the murderous flow Only P-Dog spittin
is the Paris you know Now get...

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