

## Paris

### "Hannibal Lecture"

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[Malcolm X] Being here in America doesn't make you an American  
Being born here in America doesn't make you an American  
Why if birth made you an American you wouldn't need any legislation  
You wouldn't need any amendments to the Constitution  
I don't see any American dream, I see an American nightmare  
I'm one of the 42 million black people who are the victims of America

[Paris] Aiyyo we all in together now, all in together now  
Hard truth soldierin, hard truth soldier SHIT  
Keep on servin 'em, cause you know we do work  
Mashin in my Chevy down the streets of New York, they feel me  
I smooth grip, and hit up the spot  
Snatch Flav as my dual pipes burn up the block  
We bumpin hardcore, heavyweight, b-boy blast  
On the street they hear my beat, my 69 is fast  
Smash down Lennox, head up to the 'View  
Some reporter wanna holla and I said it was cool  
Wanna know about the album and the Enemy's new  
How P.E. and Guerilla Funk is keepin it movin  
Breakin bread talkin politics, you know how it go  
'Bout the war and how it's shitty that we murder for dough  
Then the reporter asked a question, that I had to mash  
How, I would act if every day was maybe my last  
How if every day I worried 'bout my family in this  
I'd be murdered on these street in a puddle of piss  
Or if I would get some news that my brother had died  
If they ran up in my house and held my kids and my wife  
Or if we was looted and somebody took all our thangs

If my sister was abducted, never heard from again  
I began to compare it, so he could observe  
When I made the parallels with how they livin abroad  
I can't ignore it, these pigs ride deep in the streets

Cap a nigga for his wallet, beat another for free  
And the cold part about it, life is cheaper than that  
Down there people on the bottom kill each other for scraps  
Imagine that, propoganda got the people confused  
Damned by the media that keep 'em subdued  
I been around the world, seen a lot of shit in my life  
Same sirens, same ghetto birds swirlin at night  
Same racism, profilin each of us all  
Same outsiders where we live enforcin the law  
Gats clappin on the streets, gunplayin with heat  
Same prisons full of brothers herded in like sheep  
Same turncoats that'll burn folks for pay  
Same conditions in communities we die everyday  
Same brutality and ignorance, now what will it take  
to break the motherfuckin cycle, get the people away?  
That's why I'm fresh out of tears for 'em, all out of tears  
for 'em  
Even though my heart goes out, what the fuck you cryin  
'bout?  
Money for rebuilding but, what about home?  
When the way we live is shitty where's the love for our  
own?  
I can't decide it, it's real, I hit you with proof  
Maybe I'll be suicided cause I hit you with truth  
See they kill for less than what we say on records to  
you  
Hear the message in the music from a rebel to you,  
now listen

[Outro: x6 to end] Save my life you gotta, save my life  
you gotta [x3]  
Save us, save us

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