

Poor Old Lu "Dreadful Day"

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Featuring Junior Reid

[Wise Intelligent]

Yook yook yook yook yook yook yook!
Poor Righteous Teachers is here up on the case with Mr.
Junior Reid
Ha ha
What!
Come down Mr. Junior Reid enter

[Junior Reid]

Thinking why
Standing here thinking why standing here thinking why
(x6)
It was a dreadful day yeah
Babylon take me away why
Down to Riker's Island donde
This is what I see every day, oh yeah
Use razor cutters to cut matches in four
Cause I not sure to get no more
No no more
No no more

[Wise Intelligent]

Witness the days and be real
The days of boys and rappers
Soul snatchers, gun clappers, and bloodsucking
crackers
The body catchers who keep their weapons pointed at
ya
The life subtracters, the poison animal eating slackers
Nobody move, nobody bleed as I proceed
I beg you heed this thing me talk with Junior Reid
You load your clip, you cock your shit get on your way
You're guaranteed to murder something today
From Riker's Island to Sing Sing and San Quentin
You're touring prisons, result of all that bullshitting
But now you're bitching, better sharpen up that ice pick
and

Proceed to stick him or kiss your stupid ass good
riddance

[Junior Reid]

Take me from my wonderful home, oh
Carry me to here in Rome, no
Someone's smart will use one comb
Mine'll make a knife
About to get fleas and lice
Tonight
The man who smoke and bruise lose
They'll always have a next men to use
Peep the gangsta man, why-oy
Of this operation, why-oy
Brutalization, why-oy
Love to the nation, why-oy

[Wise Intelligent]

True
That day they took me away they had me bound in
shackles
Locked down tweleve brothers connected by the ankles
By chains we dangled imprisoned for the star spangled
Banner for glamour mad motherfucker's slammer
Just like the streets there's niggas in here wildin' out
and dying
You can receive any drugs that you want to try and
The only difference between the streets and prison
living
Are homosexuals, the closest you can get to women
And I ain't 'bout to demote the self and go that route
I've been here two years, one week and I want out
When will it cease, this way of death ain't fit for beasts
I fail to see a correctional facility

[Junior Reid]

It was a dreadful day
Eradication take me away
Take me to a penitentiary
This is what I see every day, oh yeah
Use razor cutters to cut matches in four
Cause me not sure to get no more
No no more why-oy
No no more yeah
Ten men smoke once leave dayy
Don't mean we on stage eight
Look me eye no red
Like wild monkey weed I'm dead, dead

Poor Righteous Teacher
And Junior Reid sensei
We wanna see the sun rise
In the land of the rising sun

It was a dreadful day
Babylon take me away
Down to Riker's Island donde
This is what I see every day, oh yeah
This is what I see every day
This is what I see every day

Life in a jailhouse, life so rough
Life in a jailhouse so tough
So rough

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