

Ed O.G. & Da Bulldogs

"Speak Upon It"

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f/ Ace&Quan, Def Jef

[Malcolm X]

But when it comes to uhh

protecting the lives of twenty-two million Afro-Americans

Then all of a sudden, Uncle Sam becomes very concious, of legality..

[Ed O.G.]

Here's the reason that, I've been upset for a while

Cause if you're black you get life, but if you're white you're on trial

Ain't nuttin to it, just like that chump Charles Stewart

They're always claimin, that the devil made me do it

For insurance, he killed his wife and his child

and blamed it on a brother, and racists got buckwild

He had the media, believin the, aesop fable

And all the whites were like, "I can't wait 'til

they catch the bastard - I hope they fry him"

They were sure that he did it, there was no need to try him

And Willy Bennett, who was in it to win it

Got bassed and harassed cause they was sure that he did it

And the thing that really pissed me off and truly
offended me

is the suckers wanted to reinstate the death penalty

for a brother man, but not the other man

And when they found out, he killer her hisself, hmm on
the other hand

Now it's inhumane, bring it back they wouldn't dare

But his brother confessed he was with it, so give HIM
the chair

But that won't happen with that punk Dukakis

Flynn and Mickey Roach, you better just watch for us

I don't wanna hear that you're sorry to me

after you tore up, and started a war up in the black
community

It's out of the news, but it's still in my head

Charles Stewart still lives even though the sucker's
dead

I'ma speak upon it

[Malcolm X]

He is trying to wipe, you, out

Trying to eliminate your total existance

with falsehood and lies

And he's succeeding in doing it!

[Ace&Quan]

Now here's a verse about a relative, that coulda lived

But killed by a cop that thought negative

UHH, shot in the back like a victim of Jesse James

Tell them his motherfuckin name!

Phillip Pernell, murdered by a devil
that never saw a cell, so I'm here to raise hell and tell
about a child that was left to decay
and the next couple of days the pig was suspended
with pay
Receivin support from cops and superior courts
And all we receive is a bullet inside a corpse
Now tell me, what type of justice has been done
What woulda happened if I shot his son?
I woulda been killed, taken to a chamber and filled up
with gas
But yet nothin has happened to (?)
So I had to take two extra steps
and put it on wax, cause I couldn't let it rest (why?)
Cause I can't stand to see Satan smile
and get away with takin the life of a child
You meant to do it, so now your motto is (tell 'em)
The more bullets, the less blacks live (you better)
Watch your back you murderer because you're wanted
(uhh)
But for now, yo, I guess I gotta speak upon it
[Malcolm X]
We've got to come together
Pool our efforts, our strength, our finance
and build our own nation
The Chinese did it, it's called Chinatown!
[Def Jef]

Let me speak upon this with a radical take as I take
time to talk about the systematical break-down
and deliberate destruction through miseducation
of the Nubian Nation

Startin in kindergarten, continuin through college

They continue to kick you trick knowledge

And call it education but I call it trainin

Washin your brain into gainin and maintainin

the American dream, but to me it's a nightmare

Because they keeps ya right where

they want you to be, mentally, physically, and
monetarily

As you go merrily merrily merrily

down the stream but it's more like up shit's creek

without a paddle and the boat's got a leak

We start drownin in all that shit, gettin deeper

Mind's in a chokehold or should I say a sleeper

But I ain't goin out like Rip Van Winkle

so you can't gas me up anymore, and I think you know

That I can see clearly now the rain is gone

It's bright outside, I see the light, and I'ma speak upon
it

Youknowwhat!msayin?

Cause all that shit they taught me in school amounted
up to ZERO

(Word is bond!)

Abraham Lincoln ain't my motherfuckin hero,
y'knowwhat!msayin?

(That Devil ain't my hero neither)

Word up, yo this is Def Jef the poet with soul

Coolin with my man Eddie O.G.

on a funky funky funky funky funky track

(Yeah, Bulldogs is out there, y'knahmsayin?)

ShaQuan, peace to you and Ace, y'knahmsayin?

Peace to Teddy Ted, Special K, DJ Doc, Ramos

Yeah boys, the soul brothers, y'knahmsayin?)

Oh yeah yeah, Craig B. (?) Love and the Legend

And DJ Eric Vaughn, hah

(Word up)

Yeah

[Malcolm X]

Notice this!

They put "In God We Trust" on a dollar bill

They don't even have it on a church

And don't even open the verses of their bible

But on the dollar bill is a big sign "In God We Trust,"
correct?

Then they have, on the back of the dollar bill

the key, the scales, the pyramids

All of the symbols of bondage, slavery

How they took the country, who they took it from

Who you ARE, the builders of the pyramids

without your EYES..

you are the builders of the pyramids without your EYES

because you don't know you did it

Why don't he know?

Because a traitor, taught him to eat wrong foods, since
he was a baby

Put pork in him - has you eatin pigs feet and ribs

Has you livin in his image

and took away your divinity

and replacin it, with his low animalization..

{*fades out*

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