

Pras

"Ghetto Politics"

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[Chorus: Pras Michel]

Pine, boxes, nine, oxes
Unidentified, flying objects
Crime, doctors, slime, coppers
Niggaz that can't get out man they locked up

[Pras Michel]

Criminal, minded, you've been blinded
Justice for all (c'mon) help me find it
Please we'll wind it, get in the hole
And start to grind it, who's behind it
Big brother got us spread like an atlas
Powerless in fear that leads to paralysis
Now when I speak, do your psycho-analysis
And those recordin Wonderland like Alice's
Y'all don't know about guerilla warfare
Kids in Haiti, trapped with the hardware
Wear them by the pair while playin truth or dare
Prisoners of war worse than the terror scare
This is the jungle we live in, this is the concrete
I call you pussy cause you are what you eat, homey
It's the art of war homes they play for keeps
So you still think that gangster shit is sweet?

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[uncredited guest rapper]

Remember when you had a lot, yeah it was yours for
sure
But we fight back, and ain't takin your shit no more
So raw, my four-four's leave a couple bent
The government talk shit, hand 'em a Doublemint
You fuckin with me? I see you like a jewel
With the terrorist my nigga, diesel like the fuel
Step up smash your team, throw matches at your head
Quarters after we bathe it in gasoline
Or petroleum, you think it's sugar when it's sodium
Handcuffs ropes and chains holdin 'em
All in the zone, have your dough and your fame
But you ain't takin nuttin wit'cha, but your bones to your
grave

To the world you're a slave, we the makers
Revolutionary haters, as anthropologists,
gynecologists
Astronauts and shit, I don't think y'all ready
For the apocalypse, so y'all better stay on top of shit

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[uncredited guest #2]

My flow contradicted, apocalyptic
With plans to cop the riches, make blacks stop the
snitchin
Politics mixed with, new statistics
Futuristic, tell me are you a witness
Or a soldier? Innocent, criminal minded
I'm militant, wise to ignorant, livin with
No time to eat and no time to sleep, my hustle is deep
Wearin the same gear all week
Near all heat, until I draw, it's kind of raw
Like a war between my ances-tors and dinosaurs
I'm on some fuck the cops shit, ask your moms
She don't even know, what this {?} tax is on
Probably got another country never shown on map
For secret agents and the ones who faked they death
live at
Where your kids disappear to when they get kidnapped
Streets is white, life is black, and this shit is trapped

[Chorus]

{*beatboxing*}

Y'all been rockin fatigues for years right?
Y'all ready to war?!

[Chorus]

[Pras Michel]

Alright, where you at my niggaz? You in the Matrix?
Get the fuck off the streets, y'knahmsayin?
Fuck all that gangster shit, we here
It's real niggaz, put on your boots, man up!
Get ready for war, ha, guerillas baby, {?}

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