

Promise Of Redemption

"Conspiracy"

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* send corrections to the typist

Shit son I got my notice of eviction
Next day they hit me with an unjust conviction
What is this fiction? I ain't in to superstition
But somebody's on a mission to fuck with me
Everybody's in on it from record labels to travel agents
To government agents and radio stations
And people cancelling shows those damn silly hoes
Same cowards that won't air our videos
Too hot for TV and banned from radio
And when's the album droppin' fans are waiting yo
This one is for yall I hope you're hearing me
We all got a job to combat the conspiracy...

[Chorus]

Against DVSG's
Every single industry always deceiving me
It's a conspiracy against DVSG's
They're out to get Embee, Cosmic, Supreme and me

After I wrote this rhyme I hade to eat the paper
And after hearing this rhyme you might meet your
maker
Cus anybody with this knowledge is considered a risk
So if you see the police kid get rid of the disc
And if you're scared of getting family members
murdered
Turn the music off right now pretend you never heard it
Any brave soul still out there ready to hear my story
About how the whole world is conspiratory
Nah I'm not paranoid I always got a pair of boys
In blue on the look out for me and my crew
It's a fact the government consider our music a threat
And they ain't happy until Loop Troop crew's in a net
They want us losing our necks to keep the fool's in a
check
But yo schlooks and schlookettes they ain't ruling us
yet
They wanna stop our communication with the world's
population

Cus on popular demand we bring hip hop emancipation

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

They wanna shoot us up they wanna shoot us down
They wanna lock us up they wanna lock us down.
They wanna bruck us up they wanna bruck us down
They wanna fuck us up they bring the ruckus now.

They don't like the likes of us
They don't like the lines I bust
They do like to fight and fuss
And claim that I don't have the right to cuss
Well I keep spitting till the mike a rust
I keep giving that type of rush
I make the youths them hype enough
For po po to pull out the nines and cuffs
And I smash their face red like a blush
I turn the crowd into psycho thugs
I turn hip hop spots into biker clubs
And make the scene explode like dynamite and such
And they can't stop this fire burning
They can't top this higher learning
They got cops and sly attorneys
Foolish dogs keep barkin' at this flying bird it's...

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

[Chorus]

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