

## **Raise Hell "Down Rodeo"**

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Bangin' this bolo tight on this solo flight  
Can't fight alone  
Funk tha track my verbs fly like tha  
Family stone  
Tha pen devils set that stage for tha  
War at home  
Locked wit out a wage ya standin' in tha drop  
Zone  
The clockers born startin' at an empty plate  
Momma's torn hands cover her sunken face  
We hungry but them belly full  
The structure is set ya neva change it with a  
Ballot pull  
In tha ruins there's a network for tha toxic  
Rock  
Shool yard ta precinct, suburb ta  
Project block  
Bosses broke south for new flesh and  
A factory floor  
The remains left chained to the  
Powder war  
Can't waste a day when the night brings  
A hearse  
So make a move an plead the fifth 'cuse ya  
Can't plead the first  
Can't waste a day when the night brings  
  
A hearse  
So now I'm rollin' down rodeo wit a  
Shot gun these people ain't seen a  
Brown skin man since their grandparents bought  
One  
Bare witness to tha sickest shot while suckas  
Get romantic  
They gonna send us campin' like they did my man  
Fred Hampton  
Still we're lampin' still clockin' dirt for our  
Sweat  
A ballots dead so bullets what I get  
A thousand years you had the tools  
We should be taken 'em  
Fuck tha g ride I want the machines that are

Makin' em  
Our target straight wit a room full of armed  
Pawn to  
Off tha kings out tha west side at dawn  
The rungs torn from the ladder can't reach the  
Tumor  
One God, one market, one truth, one consumer  
Just a quiet peaceful dance  
For things we will never have

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