

**Angie Martinez F/ Busta Rhymes****"Nightrain"**

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Land of the free  
But the skin I'm in identifies me  
So the people around me  
Energize me  
Callin' all aboard this train ride  
Talkin' 'bout raw hardcore  
Leavin' frauds on the outside  
But the bad thing is anyone can ride the train  
And the reason  
For that is 'cause we look the same  
Lookin' all around at my so called friend  
Light skin to the brown  
The black  
Here we go again  
Homey over there knows Keith an  
But he be thievin'  
I don't trust him  
Rather bust 'em  
Up out goes his hand and I cough  
He once stole from me  
Yeah I wanna cut it off  
The black thing is a ride I call the nightrain  
It rides the good and the bad  
We call the monkey trained  
Trained to attack the black it's true  
'Cause some of them look just like you  
Stayin' on the scene  
Sittin' on the train  
See all the faces  
Look about the same  
There go the sellout who's takin' a ride like Cargo  
'Cause he deal  
The keys from Key Largo  
Runnin' Nat narcotic  
By George he got it  
Takin' makin' the G erotic  
And the fiends they scheme  
So he can put 'em down  
But his method is wreck 'em  
Put 'em in tha ground  
Got tha nerve as hell

To yell brother man  
He ain't black man  
Known to murder his own  
Traitor on the phone  
Ridin' the train  
Self-hater trained  
To sell pain  
The master's toy  
Little boy  
Hard to avoid he look wit' it but he null 'n' void  
'Cause he ridin' the train you think he down for the  
cause  
'Cause his face looks just like yours  
More of the same insane who sayin'  
Like flowin' like nightrain  
Runnin' the pain of the black reign  
You look, you laugh  
You doubt and go out  
And I'm gone  
But the bass goes on  
To talk the talk, but walk the walk  
The king of New York  
Crack a lack attack the black  
To crack the back  
Once again I test a friend wit' sincerity  
Or consider him an enemy  
Who am I to tell a lie  
Rather push da bush  
Hope da cracker get crushed  
I'm rollin' wit' rush  
Leader of the bum rush  
Russian I ain't  
Spreadin' like paint  
Lookin' at the put I got  
And its kickin'  
But it ain't chicken  
But it's livin' for a city  
So sick 'n' tired  
Of a scene buckwild, piled in a file  
Senile or chile  
They said it never been no worser  
Than this, I'm on the nightrain  
They hope ya don't miss it  
Give ya what dey gotta give you just go  
You musn't just put your  
Trust in every brother yo  
Some don't give a damn  
'Cause they the other man  
Worse than a bomb  
Posin' as Uncle Toms  
Disgracin' the race

Blowin' up  
The whole crew  
Wit' some of them lookin'  
Just like you

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