

Raw Fusion

"Wild Francis"

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This is a love song (3x)

A love for the revolution

[VERSE 1: Money B]

1951

Francis was brung

Into this world

The cutest little girl

That you ever wanna see

Big brown eyes and her hair was just as curly as it
wanna be

She was her parent's pride and joy

And at the age 14 she was chased by every boy

In the neighborhood

Who was up to no good

Her daddy told her 'no', but Francis thought she could

Do whatever she wanted to do

She was independent and cool, but she wasn't a fool

Cause when you're poor, you gotta go for self

Everyday's a hustle, and you gotta protect your wealth

Reality wasn't pleasant

And at sweet 16, she was eight months pregnant

Her parents didn't approve, she had to move on her own

And around the way she was known

As

Wild, Wild Francis

Wild, Wild, Wild Francis

Wild, Wild Francis

Wicked, wicked, wicked Francis

Wild, Wild Francis

Rough, rough, rough Francis

Wild, Wild Francis

Wicked, wicked Francis

[VERSE 2: Money B]

Two yeas passed, at last 1969

18 years old and grown refined

Francis with a healthy baby boy

She wasn't doin good, but she was employed

At the neighborhood liquor sto'

Bein po' she had to make a livin, but she wanted mo'

Sho', cause back in the community

All she knew was poverty and police brutality

Francis wasn't scared of no one

But afraid of what might happen to her young son

You see, the ghetto's filled with pitfalls

And if you start slippin and trippin, there's not much hope at all

But she heard about a group of blacks with guns

They were prepared and not scared to fight back and
attack

For people like you and me

To make life better in the poor black community

Like a free breakfast program

Cause it was proof, the government never gave a
damn

About blacks, they rather see em die in hell

"They cause problems, let em all have sickle cell"

But this party started a free clinic

So when the people got sick, they got help quick

They even had plans for a school later

Francis read it, cause the party had their own paper

She knew this was her life's calling

It was time for revolution, and Francis was all in

Before she quit, she told the boss what she was gonna
do

And all he said was, "They were right when they called
you..."

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[VERSE 3: Money B]

Francis, Francis, a full-fledged soldier

A member of the party with a chip on her shoulder

Startin down the road of revolution

Beginning with the work of Mao-Tse Tung, Karl Marx
and Lenin

This group was following a communist plan

Spearheaded by a ten-point platform and program

Statin what they wanted (freedom) and what they
believed (equality)

Like the power to control their own destiny

And the necessities, land, bring

Education, housing and clothing, and it was no thing

To pick up the gun and see to

An immediate end to the murder of the people

They were full of rebellions, well, this

Attracted the attention of government intelligence

One night there was a meeting down at headquarters

It was the night the police gave orders

They knew one day it would happen

They were prepared, clips were picked up and snapped
in

Posts were manned, and that's when Fran took a stand

With no fear, her gun gripped tight in hand

Smoke bombs came through the window

They were soldiers, and they weren't about to give in,
so

Gunshots rang out, pigs got blown up

The party was wreckin shit, but more cops showed up
The police were tough, and when the smoke cleared
Fran laid in a puddle of red stuff
With the rest of her party comrads
And at the funeral her son, mom and dad
Cried and cried, but what's to do when
A life is lost for the love of the revolution
Now that's what romance is
Rest in peace...
Wild, Wild
Wild, Wild
Wild, Wild Francis
Wild, Wild, Wild Francis
Rough, rough, rough Francis
Bad, bad, bad Francis
Wild, Wild Francis
Wild, Wild, Wild Francis
Wicked, wicked, wicked Francis
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