

Capital-X

"From the Frontlines"

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Capital-"X" is coming from the Frontlines, the bloody
trenches
The muddy killing fields, of Huntsville Texas
Where I stood amongst hundreds of unmarked graves
of
murdered brothas and sistas
Sacrificed by politicians, trying to maintain their
positions
Man there's over 2 million, men, women and children
Locked up in prisons, in foul up conditions
Man you seen Abu Ghraib, well Polunsky unit's no
different
I spit evidence, that's relevant to what's really going on
Man I'll make you see why children go to schools
heavily armed
When I'm finished just don't be ignorant and think this
was only a song
Man I spit Holy Scriptures like the 59th Psalm
Forget remaining silent, I be speaking in tongues
And my words will keep speaking, even if I'm hung like
Saddam
I'm the Voice of the Voiceless, strapped with lyrical
bombs
I spit and leave casualties dying on the Governor's
lawn
I'm Capital-"X" mutha fuckas, the Revolution is on

Coming From the Front Lines, the Bloody Trenches
The muddy killing fields, of the war for justice
The front lines, where some never go home
Reach for your phone cops will rock 10 shots to ya
dome
From the front lines, the blood stained streets
Where we're preyed on by police, looking to feed the
beast
Coming from the front lines, where I'll spend my last
day
Leave in hail of gun fire or locked in a cage

I speak for every prisoner buried in an unmarked grave
For every prisoner waiting to be murdered by the state

And for every prisoner, that's being worked like a slave
For every one of my brothas and sisters working for
minimum wage
For every child, locked up in a cage
Man I will fight till the grave, and pump my mic like a
twelve gauge
While cowards let their own blood die in cage
Fuck that I'll go out like Johnathon Jackson back in days
Man since 9-11, I've seen the new wave
Mass incarceration, prison privatization
Hell our own president held stocks in private prison
corporations
Then we wonder why, terrorists wage war on our nation
Heavy police occupation, got us all under surveillance
Masses blind to the facts, sedated on medications
Man we need organizations, with affirmative action
Before they attack us, get up and attack them

No justice, no it's not just us
London, England shits just as fucked up
It's just as corrupt, bullets are quick to erupt
Our loved ones dying in the hands, of those we thought
we could trust
Over 1000 lives lost, modern day holocaust
Police brutality, use of excessive force
The line has been crossed, now there's no turning back
Man they'll probably shoot me in the back,
saying this track's a terrorist act
Man I come strapped with the facts, ready for combat
Just like a brainwashed ghetto child sent to kill in Iraq
We're all under attack, and they're shooting to kill
Operation Kratos, got me ready to kill
I'm opening fire, making the blood spill
From Parliament all the way to capitol hill
Injustice, got us up against the wall
Injustice, has got me ready for war

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