

## Capital-X

### "I Want Justice"

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[Capital-X] Like this- Who the fuck said, that "X"  
couldn't make it Man I got friendly crash spots Brick  
City to Vegas Croatia, Italy all the way to Australia Man I  
build with comrades Central America to Asia The  
struggle is world wide, it doesn't run and hide And  
everywhere I go, I be fighting on the front lines Fuck  
waving a tech nine, that will get you time Don't put your  
life on the line for fucking nickels and dimes (Hell nah)  
Man I'll fuckin blow your minds with high caliber rhymes  
Yea every line of this rhyme's, considered a felony  
crime But all them bureaucratic fucks, can kiss my  
behind Like Moses was sent to free the Hebrew slaves I  
came for all the prisoners condemned to die by the  
state So C.Os. get ya fucking asses up and crack them  
gates No I ain't come filled with hate, I came filled with  
debate Spitting evidence, on an iron clad case  
[Chorus] I want justice, for George Jackson, and  
Anthony Haynes I want justice, for Tony Ford, and Luis  
Perez I want justice, for Randy Arroyo and all kids  
locked in a cage For Mikey Powell and all victims in  
Birmingham I want justice, for every brotha and sister  
on the row I want justice, for every broke mutha fucka I  
know I want justice, mutha fuckas, and I want it now I  
want justice, man I don't give a fuck how [Verse 2] Man  
I ain't trying to win no Grammy, fuck MTV I rock for all  
the prisoners on and off the streets I speak for every  
brotha, I seen hang dead from a sheet For every victim  
in London, murdered by the police Man it's time to slay  
that beast, no surrender or retreat I'm locked and  
loaded, holding court in the streets Releasing this  
weapon of mass destruction, by Unabatz Suicide  
bomber, get ya up out ya seats Man I'll be the  
prosecutor, the judge and the jury I'll sentence fools to  
die, by lyrics of fury While I Impeach the president for  
dereliction of duty What I spit causes rioting, and  
mutha fucken looting Yo cops is shooting, innocent  
men New York New York to the streets of Birmingham  
They waiting to invade Iran, it's all part of their plan  
Incarcerated states of America, invading foreign lands  
[Chorus] [Verse 3] Brooklyn Born, Brick City resident  
Man I work hard for mines yo, just like an immigrant I

do what I gots to, to eat and to pay the rent Man these  
rappers is spent, and I'm tired of their posing They're  
being terminated, all accounts is frozen I'm spitting  
this for the rap fanatics, thats been dope sick and  
jonesing And it's so high potent, it's to be taken in  
small dose's 16 bar's, will leave you comatosed I spit  
so much truth, I'll make justice choke Brothers on death  
row, are being lynched with no rope Condemned with  
no hope, who the victims here? How many innocent  
have been murdered, throughout the years Huntsville  
Texas, Dominique Greene Brothas I hear your screams,  
louder than sirens As I take stages like a sniper, on  
roof tops firing Making noise for the silenced, calling  
for a seize in the violence [Chorus]

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