

Da Bulldogs

"Life of a Kid in the Ghetto"

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feat. Ace&Quan;, Def Jef

[Malcolm X]

But when it comes to uhh
protecting the lives of twenty-two million Afro-
Americans
Then all of a sudden, Uncle Sam becomes very
conciuous, of legality..

[Ed O.G.]

Here's the reason that, I've been upset for a while
Cause if you're black you get life, but if you're white
you're on trial
Ain't nuttin to it, just like that chump Charles Stewart
They're always claimin, that the devil made me do it
For insurance, he killed his wife and his child
and blamed it on a brother, and racists got buckwild
He had the media, believin the, aesop fable
And all the whites were like, "I can't wait 'til
they catch the bastard - I hope they fry him"
They were sure that he did it, there was no need to try
him
And Willy Bennett, who was in it to win it
Got bassed and harassed cause they was sure that he
did it
And the thing that really pissed me off and truly
offended me
is the suckers wanted to reinstate the death penalty
for a brother man, but not the other man
And when they found out, he killer her hisself, hmm on
the other hand
Now it's inhumane, bring it back they wouldn't dare
But his brother confessed he was with it, so give HIM
the chair
But that won't happen with that punk Dukakis
Flynn and Mickey Roach, you better just watch for us
I don't wanna hear that you're sorry to me
after you tore up, and started a war up in the black
community
It's out of the news, but it's still in my head
Charles Stewart still lives even though the sucker's

dead
I'ma speak upon it

[Malcolm X]
He is trying to wipe, you, out
Trying to eliminate your total existance
with falsehood and lies
And he's succeeding in doing it!

[Ace&Quan;]
Now here's a verse about a relative, that coulda lived
But killed by a cop that thought negative
UHH, shot in the back like a victim of Jesse James
Tell them his motherfuckin name!
Phillip Pernell, murdered by a devil
that never saw a cell, so I'm here to raise hell and tell
about a child that was left to decay
and the next couple of days the pig was suspended
with pay
Receivin support from cops and superior courts
And all we receive is a bullet inside a corpse
Now tell me, what type of justice has been done
What woulda happened if I shot his son?
I woulda been killed, taken to a chamber and filled up
with gas
But yet nothin has happened to (?)
So I had to take two extra steps
and put it on wax, cause I couldn't let it rest (why?)
Cause I can't stand to see Satan smile
and get away with takin the life of a child
You meant to do it, so now your motto is (tell 'em)
The more bullets, the less blacks live (you better)
Watch your back you murderer because you're wanted
(uhh)

But for now, yo, I guess I gotta speak upon it

[Malcolm X]
We've got to come together
Pool our efforts, our strength, our finance
and build our own nation
The Chinese did it, it's called Chinatown!

[Def Jef]
Let me speak upon this with a radical take as I take
time to talk about the systematical break-down
and deliberate destruction through miseducation
of the Nubian Nation
Startin in kindergarten, continuin through college
They continue to kick you trick knowledge
And call it education but I call it trainin

Washin your brain into gainin and maintainin
the American dream, but to me it's a nightmare
Because they keeps ya right where
they want you to be, mentally, physically, and
monetarily
As you go merrily merrily merrily
down the stream but it's more like up shit's creek
without a paddle and the boat's got a leak
We start drownin in all that shit, gettin deeper
Mind's in a chokehold or should I say a sleeper
But I ain't goin out like Rip Van Winkle
so you can't gas me up anymore, and I think you know
That I can see clearly now the rain is gone
It's bright outside, I see the light, and I'ma speak upon
it

Youknowwhat!msayin?
Cause all that shit they taught me in school amounted
up to ZERO
(Word is bond!)
Abraham Lincoln ain't my motherfuckin hero,
y'knowwhat!msayin?
(That Devil ain't my hero neither)
Word up, yo this is Def Jef the poet with soul
Coolin with my man Eddie O.G.
on a funky funky funky funky funky track
(Yeah, Bulldogs is out there, y'knahtmsayin?
ShaQuan, peace to you and Ace, y'knahtmsayin?
Peace to Teddy Ted, Special K, DJ Doc, Ramos
Yeah boys, the soul brothers, y'knahtmsayin?)
Oh yeah yeah, Craig B. (?) Love and the Legend
And DJ Eric Vaughn, hah
(Word up)
Yeah

[Malcolm X]
Notice this!
They put "In God We Trust" on a dollar bill
They don't even have it on a church
And don't even open the verses of their bible
But on the dollar bill is a big sign "In God We Trust,"
correct?
Then they have, on the back of the dollar bill
the key, the scales, the pyramids
All of the symbols of bondage, slavery
How they took the country, who they took it from
Who you ARE, the builders of the pyramids
without your EYES..
you are the builders of the pyramids without your EYES
because you don't know you did it
Why don't he know?

Because a traitor, taught him to eat wrong foods, since
he was a baby
Put pork in him - has you eatin pigs feet and ribs
Has you livin in his image
and took away your divinity
and replacin it, with his low animalization..
{*fades out*}

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