

Eightball % MJG F/ Crime Boss, Thorough "Strange Fruit"

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Chorus: Shawn Chapelle

Southern trees, bare us strange fruit
Blood on the leaves, blood at the roots
Black bodies swingin, in the Southern breeze
All that strange fruit hangin... hangin from the trees

Verse One: Danja Mowf

Check it out, here's a story that's true (aight)
They had me locked up, for this crime I didn't do
This white girl identified me, as a rapist
Had me wishin I was Harry Houdini, the great escapist
But wait it's, more check it out the plot thickens (aight)
Cause Shorty started tellin more tales than Charles Dickens
She said I kidnapped her, trapped her, slapped her
then after, I tapped her, I fled through the pasture
NAH, not me cuz, knew I'd get acquitted
But seemed every white face in town knew I did it
or done it, shit about a hundred, approachin white figures
bearin triggers screaming, "Kill that nigger!"
I'm gettin nervous just a little concerned
cause in the South where I'm from niggaz will get burned
Cause them whitey's on some next shit -- some hang
you by your neck shit
Oh well, I'm in jail man; I figure I'm protected (right..)

Chorus

Verse Two: Danja Mowf

Yeah, should have expected not to trust the police
Them cops ain't even yell "Freeze!" they just gave the
mob the keys (uh)
They beat me like I stole somethin, pistol-whipped me
like a stickup
Tied my hands behind my back, tied my feet to the
bumper

of a pickup, truck, now I'm gettin shucked like corn
Bein drug through the town, face down
to the gravel, my clothes and skin unravel
I guess I'm guilty, the lynch mob dropped the gavel
They took me to a tree, hung me naked by my wrists
When I beg and I plead I can't take it like this
they shoved a pole in my mouth (what?) cause you see
down South
Lynchin was a show, ERYBODY came out
See the mothers brought they daughters, to come and
check the slaughters
And fathers brought they sons, to see how it was done,
they brung
everyone, from the old to the young
Cause it really was nuttin to see a nigga get hung, word

Chorus

Verse Three: Danja Mowf

Yeah, I hung bloody, down by the muddy
water of the Missi-ssippi for my slaughter
The order in this court was plantatation mutilation
I felt the cool sensation of a knife point
slicin through the joint of each toe, each finger
each thumb and, face it that's for touchin on a white
woman
My screams and tears brought more celebration and
cheers
than twelve o'clock on New Year's
A girl couldn't see, someone raised her higher
so she could watch them breakin out my teeth with the
wire plier
My one desire was to meet my Messiah but they
wouldn't let me die-ah
sayin, "Nigger we gon' fry ya in the fire"
I prayed that death was movin near; that's when
they castrated me and kept my nuts as souveneirs (uh)
Gasoline cleaned my wounds like liquor
Saw the match flicker, begged em do it quicker
Ahh yes, the smell of burning flesh
A hundred angry bullets, penetrate my chest
Sweet death long awaited, I hang as a monument
A warning simply stated for a people that they hated
But nowadays, the table's turned like a wrench (aight)
Cause white folks no longer have a reason to lynch
(why?)
Cause when it comes down to it (uh-huh) there's no
need to pursue it
when you got A MILLION NIGGAZ round the country
that'll do it

Think!

Chorus (repeat 2X)

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