

Flaming Wheelchairs

"Social Narcotics"

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[MC Serch]

Once again, this is your brain
This is your brain on drugs *egg starts frying*
This is your brain on social narcotics
Any questions?

Do you sell drugs (No) Do you carry drugs? (Never did)
But you ain't talking about the drugs inserted in the crib
Of the mind of the youth, young and trying to adapt
To the circles and hurdles and the craps, it's on map
Get the backslap and the "Everything's all right" lecture
Then in school BAM! sit 'em right next to
Mister David Duke, triple K white Aryan
Who tells you pops told him that you were the lesser
man
Because of drugs that were put into the books
By the crooks of culture, the truth has a mother's looks
Who blesses and loves every single day
Words from Papa triple K and 66 right way
Take the troops here Mr. "Only Way to Stop It"
I ain't checking for the crack, I'm worried about the
social narcotics

This is my land (Nah, this is my land) (Repeat 8x)

Grumble grumble growl, toss and tumble, ow
How's he living kid (Foul!)
Spoon-feeding is deceiving because I need a fork
And if white people are superior I was delivered by the
stork
Taught me that I was superior
Others are inferior, but what's important is the interior
Goddamn it, don't blame it on Janet
The nation got rhythm, but the rhythm ain't good
Not in my neighborhood
But will that change the devilish global way of thinking?
Homeboy, as fast as the eye starts blinking
But I'm just one man, one man one sister one brother
one cousin
That helps another, to change change a place and
change a pace

So the rats don't win the rat race
Cause every time a clock goes "tick" another falls vic
To the social narcotic

This is my land (Nah, this is my land) (Repeat 8x)

[Fatal]

Yo social narcotics, a dangerous way of life
Talk to the young which will now deal with strife
Parents teaching their kids to be racist
So they grow up tricking, show hate to some faces
Inside the effects get me real vexed
Seeing people trying to flex case they got a color
complex
Innocent children I see stay addicted
Getting high off of hate, that's why pain stays inflicted
To another color, it's a black and white fight
In Fatal's sight, that's why I gotta enlight
The blind minds of those that fell in this harsh reality
A social abuse that attacks the mentality
Cause race against race only brings friction
Pain and infliction, cause that's the addiction
Those that fall victim walk around headless
Cause the drug that they took made them an addict to
prejudice

This is my land (Nah, this is my land) (Repeat 8x)

[MC Serch]

This land is your land, this land is my land
>From the streets of Compton to the Brooklyn island
>From my people in prison to the Red Fern projects
This land was made for you and me supposedly
You never taught me true history
We killed the Indians and showed it as a victory
Original man, pilgrims saw him as a caveman
Convert to a Christian or become a slaveman
Indian brought the corn and the bread and in return
We gave 'em muskets to the head? Damn
Right back to the have-nots
Now in '92, lowered to be mascots
The Redskins, the Indians, the Atlanta Braves
What if we called the team "The Atlanta Slaves?"
Brothers would have a field day
Don't you understand now we got to turn the right way?
Cause every time a clock goes "tick" another falls vic
To the social narcotic

This is my land (Nah, this is my land) (Repeat 8x)

