

Ja Rule F/ Black Child "Wild Francis"

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This is a love song (3x)

A love for the revolution

[VERSE 1: Money B]

1951

Francis was brung

Into this world

The cutest little girl

That you ever wanna see

Big brown eyes and her hair was just as curly as it
wanna be

She was her parent's pride and joy

And at the age 14 she was chased by every boy

In the neighborhood

Who was up to no good

Her daddy told her 'no', but Francis thought she could
Do whatever she wanted to do

She was independent and cool, but she wasn't a fool

Cause when you're poor, you gotta go for self

Everyday's a hustle, and you gotta protect your wealth

Reality wasn't pleasant

And at sweet 16, she was eight months pregnant

Her parents didn't approve, she had to move on her
own

And around the way she was known

As

Wild, Wild Francis

Wild, Wild, Wild Francis

Wild, Wild Francis

Wicked, wicked, wicked Francis

Wild, Wild Francis

Rough, rough, rough Francis

Wild, Wild Francis

Wicked, wicked Francis

[VERSE 2: Money B]

Two yeas passed, at last 1969

18 years old and grown refined

Francis with a healthy baby boy

She wasn't doin good, but she was employed
At the neighborhood liquor sto'
Bein po' she had to make a livin, but she wanted mo'
Sho', cause back in the community
All she knew was poverty and police brutality
Francis wasn't scared of no one
But afraid of what might happen to her young son
You see, the ghetto's filled with pitfalls
And if you start slippin and trippin, there's not much
hope at all
But she heard about a group of blacks with guns
They were prepared and not scared to fight back and
attack
For people like you and me
To make life better in the poor black community
Like a free breakfast program
Cause it was proof, the government never gave a
damn
About blacks, they rather see em die in hell
"They cause problems, let em all have sickle cell"
But this party started a free clinic
So when the people got sick, they got help quick
They even had plans for a school later
Francis read it, cause the party had their own paper
She knew this was her life's calling
It was time for revolution, and Francis was all in
Before she quit, she told the boss what she was gonna
do
And all he said was, "They were right when they called
you..."

Wild, Wild Francis
Wild, Wild, Wild Francis
Wicked, wicked Francis
Rough, rough, rough Francis
Wild, Wild Francis
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Wicked, wicked, wicked Francis
Wild, Wild, Wild Francis

[VERSE 3: Money B]

Francis, Francis, a full-fledged soldier
A member of the party with a chip on her shoulder
Startin down the road of revolution
Beginning with the work of Mao-Tse Tung, Karl Marx
and Lenin
This group was following a communist plan
Spearheaded by a ten-point platform and program
Statin what they wanted (freedom) and what they
believed (equality)
Like the power to control their own destiny

And the necessities, land, bring
Education, housing and clothing, and it was no thing
To pick up the gun and see to
An immediate end to the murder of the people
They were full of rebellions, well, this
Attracted the attention of government intelligence
One night there was a meeting down at headquarters
It was the night the police gave orders
They knew one day it would happen
They were prepared, clips were picked up and snapped
in
Posts were manned, and that's when Fran took a stand
With no fear, her gun gripped tight in hand
Smoke bombs came through the window
They were soldiers, and they weren't about to give in,
so
Gunshots rang out, pigs got blown up
The party was wreckin shit, but more cops showed up
The police were tough, and when the smoke cleared
Fran laid in a puddle of red stuff
With the rest of her party comrades
And at the funeral her son, mom and dad
Cried and cried, but what's to do when
A life is lost for the love of the revolution
Now that's what romance is
Rest in peace...

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