

Lil' Kim % Too \$hort

"Keep Control"

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(Chorus)

Keep control...

(Tragedy the Intelligent Hoodlum)

When I made arrest the president, America ate me
Spoke the truth that the gov't hates me
They labeled me a prejudice poet
I'm speaking the truth as I know it
I hold on but it's hard for me to handle
Too much lies, corruption and scandal
Cops want to kill a brother or two
Who do you call when the gang wears blue
I ain't going out like an Uncle Tom man
My gun is loaded and I'm itching to pull the trigger
I'm marking for death as a funky rhyme sayer
Corruption flows from the cops to the mayor
Mali troops will run through your resident
In my hand will be the head of your president
All you fess that made a check to throwdown
Will rise up for a political showdown

Chorus

(King Tee)

Yo, King Tee stepping in on a dark tip
Open your eyes and your mind and get a grip
Of the ropes and chains that kept us
Since we were black they didn't want to except us
But it's ok, I got my own plan
'Cause yo, I ain't down wit your program
The natives cook, wash and clean
And to the rubbers that throw in the scene
M-A-N-D-E-L-A
Now you got a chance to hear what he say
Since they kept him locked up for so long
'Cause his skin was black and his mind was strong
But we need to all stand together though
And let the red, black and green show
Become aware of yourself before it gets too late
Another message from King Tee the great

Chorus

(Grand Puba)

Yo bust it

Hung wit the flip, got a ?dooby? wig

Now she thinks she's all that shit, her man got zits

Hon living lovely, Miss Gouchi

Even got a Benz when she drives around wit all her friends

Ugn, miss quick fast in a heedy

Speedy, speedy, speedy, the bitch is greedy

Spend so fast, she got caught wit 4 kids

And the man caught a nice thick bitch

Now the bitch is on skid

Screaming how she hates her kids

The move for the bitch is a thing quick and easy

Think slick, she better get wit the wick

'Cause foul, foul, foul is your style

You tried to run the race but you lost by a mile

See it everyday, it's the same old sorry song

How long must this go on

Chorus

(Def Jef)

Power now or never, together forever

And ever, sever make it endever

To enlight your brother when

I recommend to extend a hand

Expand it then wish strength to fend

Black women and men from the white power structure

They stucked ya in, stoled your culture and fuked ya

And you gave birth to a nation

You freelabel laid America's economic foundation

Blood, sweat and tears and fear for years

But now here was a peer to give you shift in the gears

The turn of the tables, knowledge and ables

Us to escape the sterotype wit the labels

And years of classroom fables, fiction

Fallacies all sorts and fabrications

?For sarge? even fuss

Star Spangled story, stigma and stunts

Chorus

(Chubb Rock)

I know this 11 year old kid named Jeffery Cowen

And knowing his father slowing

And his mother is hoeing

And now should he be growing

He's too young to be sewing

he should just chill and be flowing
I know he was being malested and sold
And his mom for being infected
Never check it, so I invested
My time and made sure little bro was looked at
Pops got evicted, not a smack
Pumped his fists and being that I'm a ?fugiless?
The bum got done by the one
And little Jeffery, no more tears left and drip
Mixed wit seaman on his lip, emotional trip
It confuses and bent ill thoughts
In the soul of the youngster
Is daddy a monster
That raw creates lip songs and heartache pain
Drys and open your eyes for the insane

Chorus

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