

Paris f/ George Clinton, T-K.A.S.H. "Don't Stop the Movement"

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{*17 second instrumental to open*} [Paris] Guerrillas
in the mist The mainstream team with pro-black twist
{*echoes*} Hard truth soldiers in the game Hard truth
soldiers back again P Dog, I evolve I drag pigs to the
slaughter house, vut I never eat hog As the fed and the
World Bank seesaw We keep y'all in deep awe cause
we raw Like uncooked crack by the government Hit like
a base rock, listen to the bass knock Free 'em in Jena,
by any means they walk Let's see who ready to
squeeze Givin power to the people and take back
America Panic in the head of the state, pass the
Derringer Aim and shoot, Beruit to Bay Area Bury a
Homeland Security card carrier [Chorus: repeat 2X]
Get up, get up, get up, get up Get up, get up, get up,
get up Don't stop the movement! Don't stop it, don't
stop it Don't stop it, don't stop it [Paris] Panther power,
acid showers This land is ours, stand and shout it This
plan to cower, isn't ours This man is proud, keep the
scandalous out Now if it ain't what we about, it's
irrelevant U.S. policy route? Embarrassin Never leavin
you without, we got medicine And we never bend, we
got better sense Hard truth revolutionary black militant
Death to the Minutemen, checks to the immigrants
Streets still feelin it, we still killin it We still slaughterin
hawks, feed the innocent Read the imprint Guerrilla
Funk was birthed outta necessity, collectively
Respectively, to behead the beast On behalf of the left
wing scared to speak, NOW GET UP~! [Chorus] [Paris -
in background over Chorus] Yeah... hell yeah... that's
right [Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan] Something
is WRONG! Wrong with the government in which we live
Wrong with the leaders that lead us Wrong with us...
and the way we respond, to our enemy and each other
This nation is not about poor people! Whether they're
black, brown, red, yellow or white This nation is about
RICH people! And to hell with the weak, the poor, they
must serve~! [Chorus] - overlaps Farrakhan's speech
[added to Chorus] Don't stop it, don't stop it Don't stop
it, don't stop it [Paris] Guerrilla on the loose Scars on
my neck but I'm holdin on the noose Stars rock ice but
they rollin like Roots Thugs on the mic but they all shine

shoes See I don't care who you is or where you from
You look like slaves and tricks when soldiers come And
anybody disagree can get done Coons'll run, battle
lines are drawn Take one for the U.S.A., the new
Babylon Renegade nation formed to do battle on Man-
made war for mind control, carried on Mainstream
media platforms to rattle y'all But I can't be shook by
the White House Never go the right route, that's the
right route Bury me a 'G' for Guerrilla and I climb out
With the nine out, no time for time out Get up! [Chorus]
[protesting crowd] The people, united, will never be
defeated The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated The people,
united, will never be defeated The people, united, will
never be defeated The people, united, will never be
defeated The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated The
people... [T-K.A.S.H.] Bringing you back what you miss
in hip-hop Hard Truth, S-s-s-s-s-s-Soldier Radio
[Paris] Yeah~! [George Clinton] Whoahhhh-HO!!
[unknown voice - repeat 2X] G-U-E-R-R-I-L-L-A Funk We
demand, just be some freaks {*saxophone solo*}
[Paris] We don't ask no mo' or question, we take it, we
just take it And we don't wait for them no mo' we take
it, we just take it We all come up or none, it's all love,
we take it, we just take it Now we don't wait for them no
mo' we take it, we just take it (Don't stop the
movement!) [unknown voice - repeat 2X] G-U-E-R-R-I-L-
L-A Funk We demand, just be some freaks
{*instrumental solo with P-Funk sound effects*}
[George Clinton] Yeah he look awful but he'll tee off
like when we take off of course Comin in under par with
the stroke of his voice, follow through Yet he's drivin
you crazy with the words that he utters From the tee to
the green usin the wood for a putter That's what he
said, no he didn't stutter! Reachin the hole in just one
stroke Fore~! Woo Socially engineered anarchy
induced chaos So you playaz, you can count on it~!
Nothing lost around here, it's on the one That fuss was
us! Them metaphors leaving metafools metaphysically
in a state of euphoria One mo' time! Hey! You're in the
presence of your past And now they wanna count us
out But they are now, being funk'd down We program,
biologically, to benefit us The age of modification,
hahahahaha (Don't stop the movement!) [unknown
voice - repeat 4X] G-U-E-R-R-I-L-L-A Funk We demand,
just be some freaks {*instrumental fade 28 seconds
with one last "don't stop the movement"*}

