Up Against The Wall

Consequence

Crack's in your pocket
Weed in your pocket
Dope in your pocket
Who the hell could stop it?
You can't get caught with
So you might want it locked in

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(I never thought you'd see me)
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It was around two at night, I saw the blue and whites
There was one black officer and two were white
And I'll admit that I was wrong 'cause I blew the light
But I figured the black one was out to prove he white
And he'd prove me right and wouldn't do me right
So when I rolled the window down he wasn't too polite
Matter fact, he was screaming at the top of his tonsils
I said, "Sir, there's no need to be this hostile."
"Well, Mr. Cons, you got late registration"
I said, "It's me, Cons, from Late Registration"
He looked at me like I ain't take my medication
And this was the cause of his detonation
He told me, "Step away from the vehicle"
This is becoming way too much to read into
He called for back-up, so what'd you expected me to do?
To stand there like a horse at a feeding zoo?
Nah, I did what my feet should do
I tried to bolt but then the white one put the nine millimeter to my throat
And told me, "Freeze, or you'll be risking it all"
And that's how I wound up

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Yea, caught red-handed, ridin' with the cannon
Schemin' and scammin', livin' like Reggie Hammond
A phantom, snapshots from the man's Canon
Pigs got my pictures on the wall like a parent
I be disappearin' but the cameras
'Ll catch you doin' dirt if you be careless
You gotta be more aware of it
To save yourself the embarrassment of gettin' caught carryin'
They hit me homie with calendars, he was talented

And I'm still fightin' cases out in Maryland and breakin' up marriages
Like packages of white, like Marilyn
Still dabble in the crack game, baggin' it
Feds in the palaces, searchin' through the cabinets
I'm a capitalist, get off that faggot shit
My establishment, that's rather fabulous
Police threw us in the paddy wagon like savages

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Yea, this shit got me feelin' kinda like Sunday evenin'
On the pulpit, me and my heathens
Me and Consequence circle your seven continents all in one weekend
Make sure your proposal is decent, get exposed to treason
The last of the dyin' Mohicans when mentionin' rappers
My niggas'll rat-tat-tat you, then kiss your mother right after
Disaster'll strike faster than a thief in the night
The thesis of a black man, policemen never could write
That's why our backs against the walls, gun raised
Takin' out everything, like bank withdrawals before the year 2K
And by the end of the day, I'll be America's most wanted
Shot and confronted while runnin' from the CIA
Livin' life as a rebel, the last Panther stuck in the ghetto
Tuckin' the metal like junkyards and rockstars
The smoke never settles, where I'm from
From a tree to the corner-stores is where we hung, uhh

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