

## Police State

dead prez

You have the emergence in human society  
of this thing that's called the State  
What is the State? The State is this organized bureaucracy  
It is the po-lice department. It is the Army, the Navy  
It is the prison system, the courts, and what have you  
This is the State -- it is a repressive organization  
But the state -- and gee, well, you know,  
you've got to have the police, cause..  
if there were no police, look at what you'd be doing to yourselves!  
You'd be killing each other if there were no police!  
But the reality is..  
the police become necessary in human society  
only at that junction in human society  
where it is split between those who have and those who ain't got

I throw a Molotov cocktail at the precinct, you know how we think  
Organize the hood under I Ching banners  
Red, Black and Green instead of gang bandanas  
F.B.I. spyin on us through the radio antennas  
And them hidden cameras in the streetlight watchin society  
With no respect for the people's right to privacy  
I'll take a slug for the cause like Huey P.  
while all you fake niggaz {UNNNGH} try to copy Master P  
I want to be free to live, able to have what I need to live  
Bring the power back to the street, where the people live  
We sick of workin for crumbs and fillin up the prisons  
Dyin over money and relyin on religion for help  
We do for self like ants in a colony  
Organize the wealth into a socialist economy  
A way of life based off the common need  
And all my comrades is ready, we just spreadin the seed

The average Black male  
Live a third of his life in a jail cell  
Cause the world is controlled by the white male  
And the people don't never get justice  
And the women don't never get respected  
And the problems don't never get solved  
And the jobs don't never pay enough  
So the rent always be late; can you relate?  
We livin in a police state

No more bondage, no more political monsters  
No more secret space launchers  
Government departments started it in the projects  
Material objects, thousands up in the closets  
Could've been invested in a future for my comrades  
Battle contacts, primitive weapons out in combat  
Many never come back  
Pretty niggaz be runnin with gats  
Rather get shot in they back than fire back  
We tired of that - corporations hirin blacks  
Denyin the facts, exploitin us all over the map  
That's why I write the shit I write in my raps  
It's documented, I meant it  
Every day of the week, I live in it; breathin it  
It's more than just fuckin believin it

I'm holdin them ones, rollin up my sleeves an' shit  
It's cee-lo for push-ups now, many headed for one conclusion  
Niggaz ain't ready for revolution

I am.. a revolutionary  
and you're gonna have to keep on sayin that  
You're gonna have to say that I am a proletariat  
I am the people, I'm not the pig

Guiliani you are full of shit!  
And anybody that's down with you!  
You could man-make things better for us  
and you cuttin the welfare  
Knowin damn well when you cut the welfare,  
a person gon' do crime..