

# We Want Freedom

dead prez

I was born black, I live black,  
and I'ma die probably because I'm black  
because some cracker that knows I'm black  
better than you nigga, is probably gonna put  
a bullet in the back of my head!!

Yeah our lives fucked up, no doubt  
All this shit we go through every day  
Sometimes a nigga don't know what the fuck to do  
But see I got my niggas  
And we gon organize a people army  
And we gon get control over our own lives  
And I mean that shit right there from the bottom of my shit  
I Ching

Yeah, yeah  
Imagine havin no runnin water to drink  
Chemicals contaminate the pipes leadin to your sink  
Just think, if the grocery stores close they doors  
And they saturate the streets with tanks and start martial law  
Would you be ready for civil war  
Could you take the life of somebody you know,  
or have feelings for if necessary?  
I got cousins in the military  
But far as I'm concerned they died, when they registered

Yo, this world is oh so cold, I think about my ancestors  
Being sold, and it make me wanna break the mold  
Fuck the gold and the party, train yourself, clean your shottie  
Tell me what you gon do to get free, we need more than MC's  
We need Hueys, and revolutionaries  
The niggas on the streets today, it's kinda scary  
The smell around my way ain't roses or strawberries  
In fact it's kinda poisonous, bringin out the boy in us  
But I'ma stand up on my own, like a man do  
Dominate the land and make wealth, like Fu-Manchu  
Yes the peoples army stick together like glue  
We represent the I-Ching, and to this we stand true  
Military formation, anyone participation is welcome  
Each one teach one, son help son  
Just one gun is all it take to get it started  
Livin in the wilderness of the west we cold hearted

If you don't think it could happen think again my son  
Be prepared for the worst that's yet to come  
We want freedom, prophecies and ancient wisdom  
Cataclsym, niggas be like fuck the system

I don't wanna be no movie star  
I don't wanna drive no fancy car  
I just wanna be free, to live my life, to live my own life

Yeah, I'm for peace  
But I'll kill ya if ya fuck with my moms or my niece  
See we all want peace, but the problem is  
Crackers want a bigger piece  
Got it where the niggas can't get a piece

That's why police get stabbed and shot  
Cuz a nigga can't eat if the ave is hot  
Locked up you get three hot meals and one cot  
Then you sit and rot, never even got a fair shot  
That's where a whole lotta niggas end up  
My man moms even got sent up, tryin to keep the rent up  
When I'm bent up I think alot about the reason I'm here  
I think about the things I fear in the comin years  
Ahead of me, I'm ready for whatever they bring though  
I'd go against a tank wit a shank for my dreams  
And that's my fuckin word  
One day the whole world will smoke herb  
And niggas won't get took to jail for hangin on the curb