

Sirens

Little Brother

Are we back on? Let's go
(One, two, three, four!)
Yo, yo, back in it, back in it

"The one thing that, the black audience realized, is when the tower fell
There were some changes. There was a change in societies, where where
All of a sudden they went from being, somewhat of the people still having a
say
To now it's, whatever the masses do. So there's not even really a choice
That a black audience is being given."

They talk about us, not usin the word nigga
I wanna speak about a couple issues much bigger
Like most black folks live below the poverty line
And they wonder why the FUCK we attracted to crime
Got niggaz shootin niggaz at the drop of a dime
Babies in the street die way before they time
Many single parent mothers packin welfare lines
And niggaz bein donors, the apocalypse is on us
Niggaz take owners, that's all I ever asked
And got pegged as a hater, man they tryin to take niggaz
Out with the fader, started with three
Down to two-six later, back independent
Cause to kids I wouldn't cater
Go against the system you in bed with Al'Qaeda
Dog they not playin
Look here, they goin to war with more than rap
This our muh'fuckin lives now it's time to fight back

They're coming closer for you
They're gonna get you while you sleep, watch out!
Don't sleep, beware
They're coming closer for you
And they won't stop 'til you delete, watch out!
Don't sleep, beware

Yes sir, one time, uhh, uhh, yo
I came back from NY, a nigga lost his deal
Felt sick to the stomach, almost lost his meal
Lost friends from way back, and on top of all that
They tryin to blame this rap shit for all of our ills
Like I can stick you up with a mic
Like I can rape you with a verse or use a verb as a knife
Like before Kool Herc, everything was alright
Like y'all wasn't callin black women hoes befo' "Rappers Delight"
Sheeeit~! That's just idiot talk, this whole shit is a farce
I refuse to be hip-hop's pallbearer
Had to tell me son cut that bullshit off
Them ain't videos nigga, that's psychological warfare
Too many different variations of the same face
Designed to keep yo' broke ass in the same place
Somethin else more yo it gots to be for
I'm a end transmission cause they watchin me
I know they watchin me

Yeah, do not attempt to adjust your station
There is nothing wrong, for we have takin over

Come to give y'all the truth
Phonte, Big Pooh, Illmind on the beat
It's time to wake 'em the fuck up yo
YEAH~!