

# Dreadful Day

## Poor Righteous Teachers

[Wise Intelligent]

Yook yook yook yook yook yook!  
Poor Righteous Teachers is here up on the case with Mr. Junior Reid  
Ha ha  
What!  
Come down Mr. Junior Reid enter

[Junior Reid]

Thinking why  
Standing here thinking why standing here thinking why (6x)  
It was a dreadful day, yeah  
Babylon take me away, why  
Down to Riker's Island donde  
This is what I see every day, oh yeah  
Use razor cutters to cut matches in four  
Cause I not sure to get no more  
No no more  
No no more

[Wise Intelligent]

Witness the days and be real  
The days of boys and rappers  
Soul snatchers, gun clappers, and bloodsucking crackers  
The body catchers who keep their weapons pointed at ya  
The life subtracters, the poison animal eating slackers  
Nobody move, nobody bleed as I proceed  
I beg you heed this thing me talk with Junior Reid  
You load your clip, you cock your shit get on your way  
You're guaranteed to murder something today  
From Riker's Island to Sing Sing and San Quentin  
You're touring prisons, result of all that bullshitting  
But now you're bitching, better sharpen up that ice pick and  
Proceed to stick him or kiss your stupid ass good riddance

[Junior Reid]

Take me from my wonderful home, oh  
Carry me to here in Rome, no  
Someone's smart will use one comb  
Mine'll make a knife  
About to get fleas and lice  
Tonight  
The man who smoke and bruise lose  
They'll always have a next men to use  
Peep the gangsta man, why-oy  
Of this operation, why-oy  
Brutalization, why-oy  
Love to the nation, why-oy

[Wise Intelligent]

True  
That day they took me away they had me bound in shackles  
Locked down twelve brothers connected by the ankles  
By chains we dangled imprisoned for the star spangled

Banner for glamour mad motherf\*\*ker's slammer  
Just like the streets there's niggas in here wildin' out and dying  
You can receive any drugs that you want to try and  
The only difference between the streets and prison living  
Are homosexuals, the closest you can get to women  
And I ain't 'bout to demote the self and go that route  
I've been here two years, one week and I want out  
When will it cease, this way of death ain't fit for beasts  
I fail to see a correctional facility

[Junior Reid]

It was a dreadful day  
Eradication take me away  
Take me to a penitentiary  
This is what I see every day, oh yeah  
Use razor cutters to cut matches in four  
Cause me not sure to get no more  
No no more why-oy  
No no more yeah  
Ten men smoke once leave dayy  
Don't mean we on stage eight  
Look me eye no red  
Like wild monkey weed I'm dead, dead  
Poor Righetous Teacher  
And Junior Reid sensei  
We wanna see the sun rise  
In the land of the rising sun

It was a dreadful day  
Babylon take me away  
Down to Riker's Island donde  
This is what I see every day, oh yeah  
This is what I see every day  
This is what I see every day

Life in a jailhouse, life so rough  
Life in a jailhouse so tough  
So rough