

# Liberation

SiR

"...But only here, did that little band of men so advanced beyond their time  
That the world has never seen their like since  
Evolve the idea that you and I  
Have within ourselves the God-given right  
And the ability to determine our own destiny  
But freedom is never more than one generation away from extinction  
We didn't pass it on to our children in the bloodstream  
The only way they can inherit the freedom we have known is if we fight for it,  
protect it, defend it  
And then hand it to them  
With the well thought lessons of how they in their lifetime must do the same  
And if you and I don't do this  
Then you and I may well spend our sunset years telling our children, and our  
children's children what it once was like in America when men were free."

Say you wanna be free, that'll cost you  
Go ahead and make an offer  
Speak now or hold your peace  
Gamblin' with your heart, they're playing for keeps  
Are you ready to lose?  
Can you win if you don't hold any?  
Say you trying to be, but you don't know which  
Say you trying to ball, but you sitting on the bench  
Wanna be free, but take a stand, fuck the team, break the chains  
Go ahead, drive the hearse, in reverse, live to die, fuck the lane  
Matter of fact, fuck the name, I'm what's next, write the checks, Malcolm X,  
ready to die, steady and aim  
Take my life and I'll remain free (liberation)

Yeah (yeah)  
Say you want a liberation, yeah (yeah)  
Liberation, yeah (yeah)  
Liberation, yeah (yeah)  
Do you want liberation, yeah (yeah)  
Liberation, yeah (yeah)

I'm a extraterrestrial, born in a telescope  
Dressed like an Eskimo, on point like a decimal  
Hair to my feet, see the aura is impeccable (yaaaah)  
The God is within, but I'm sinning with the best of you  
Floating on a stepping stone, or rather that  
Super-sport Chevy, got your chick riding heavy on my testicles  
By any means necessary  
This is something I've been destined to do  
And when I die, then I'm legendary  
So frame my picture in the vestibule  
Next to Sammy Davis  
Say bitch, I tend to bob-and-weave  
As though I don't know where my lane is  
They want me to stay confined  
On some suit-and-tie, assembly line  
From the cradle to the grave shift  
And that reminds me  
When I studied all year, got straight aces  
Stayed out of trouble, kept it straight laced and  
Carried her books, and bought her Lay's chips  
But when I went for a kiss, I got nixed (I just saw you as a friend)

Next summer she was running with Dwayne  
Fresh nigga' with the new J's (friend)  
He never went to class, but he stayed paid (friend)  
And he stayed laid (friend)  
So I diverted from the safe way  
And you can still see the chip on my shoulder  
But I refuse to live life like a robot, it's a new day  
In short story, shorter, you gon' do what you told her  
Or you'll influence the culture, it's either hot or it's colder  
Run with us, or get ran over, Drumhedz

"The only way they can inherit the freedom we have known  
Is if we fight for it, protect it, defend it  
And then hand it to them  
With the well thought lessons of how they in their lifetime must do the same  
And if you and I don't..."