

Warrior's Dance

Zion I

(feat. Pep Love, Jog9)

[MC Zion:]

Yo, R.I.P. to my warrior's gone
Stokely, George Jackson, Huey ???
If you feelin me, we should be, family
Vanity, hold us back mentally, my brother be strong
Til the time come, wisdom upon the drum
Where we come from guns clap the sun
Lemme visual, lifestyle hate habitual
Proceed with caution, niggaz ritual

[Pep Love:]

Return of the black William Wallace
2002 Shaka Zulu with two black steel revolvers
In the community, all of us
Got to get involved cause that's the law for us
Mr. Officer, we don't want no trouble
We just doing our black thing, making our own
government
You'll be lucky if you don't get locked up
Shackled, chained, and dropped off, picking all of the
cotton

[Chorus: Pep Love, MC Zion]

It's time to get this shit crackin
It's time to do this warrior dance, turn thought into
action
It's time to loosen up your bones
Get on the dance floor, time to get it on
To all my people in the struggle! (Where ya at?)
We gotta bubble! (Where ya at?)
To all my people in the streets! (Where ya at?)
Rock to the beat! (Where ya at?)

[Pep Love:]

I speak sporadic war tactics when my metaphors backflip
Perform black magic then I chop 'em with my war hatchet
Cultivate the crop so we can cop the proper yield
When we drop the real shit, we keep it poppin!
Don't make me start chuckin spears up in here

I got words for your ears and a bucket for your tears
A threat for your fears - I'm set
on this revolutionary concept that we slept on for
years

[MC Zion:]

I'm just like Hannibal when I ramble through
Make moves, elephant tough, voodoo crew
Phenomenal, writer, skill of a crimefighter
Make mine divine will intice ya
Tighter than Lycra, my microphone
One height be gone, the type of mind to leave blown
I could just, cry a river, the plight of my niggaz
We die, for five figures don't lie, it happens

[Chorus]

[Pep Love:]

I'm hot under the collar but melanin keeps me cool
Twelve sinner if you think me fool
Watch my obsidian glow, peep my ebonical flow
I heave all over the beat and let my self go

I'm coming through the lane throwing elbows
You won't ask no mo', they keep saying 'Hell no!'
We gotta take reparations, so make preparations
for the invasion of the alien nation
[MC Zion:]
Yo, I might change the world, this place need a
makeover
B-Boys, B-Girls, this a takeover!!
Rap fanatic, the flag got static
Flying at half mast but we way past tragic
Flow subliminal, make my mic mineral
Take my flight general, can't we strike veniful
I'm at the show where it go down
David got a stone in the zone, he wanna throw now!
[Pep Love:]
Who's the criminal? Show me your leader I'ma let him
know
We'll let the children and the women go
Me and my generals prepare for war
We are war-i-ors not scared of y'all
[Chorus]