

Boogie Down Productions, Who Protects Us From

Verse

(Fy-ah! Come down fas'...)

You were put here to protect us
But who protects us from you?
Every time you say "That's illegal"
Doesn't mean that that's true (Uh-huh)
Your authority's never questioned
No-one questions you
If I hit you I'll be killed
But you hit me? I can sue (Order! Order!)
Lookin' through my history book
I've watched you as you grew
Killin' blacks and callin' it the law
(Bo! Bo! Bo!) And worshipping Jesus too
There was a time when a black man
Couldn't be down wit' your crew (Can I have a job please?)
Now you want all the help you can get
Scared? Well ain't that true (You goddamn right)
You were put here to protect us
But who protects us from you?
Or should I say, who are you protecting?
The rich? the poor? Who?
It seems that when you walk the ghetto
You walk wit' your own point of view (Look at that gold chain)
You judge a man by the car he drives
Or if his hat match his shoe (Yo, you lookin' kinda fresh)
Well, back in the days of Sherlock Holmes
A man was judged by a clue
Now he's judged by if he's Spanish,
Black, Italian or Jew
So do not kick my door down and tie me up
While my wife cooks the stew (You're under arrest!)
Cos you were put here to protect us
But who protects us from you?

(A public service announcement brought to you by the scientists of
Boogie Down Productions. Fy-ah! Come again...)