## Boogie Down Productions, Who Protects Us Fron

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...)