

Dead Prez, Sharp Shooters

(stic.man)

Everything is politics, Kweli, people army, you know it

(M-1)

The white man came to Africa with rifles and Bibles
Heard the name, started changin the titles
Now instead of Chaka call me Nat Turner with the burner
Freedom fighter for this revolution, fuck a wave journeyer
See I be what John Wilkes Booth was to Lincoln, blam!
Sirhan Sirhan, peepin through the curtains with my eyes on a Kennedy
Dead prez, politic, know your enemy, keep your toast close
Because political power come from the barrel of it
We in a war, nigga leave it or love it
Since they got us in a scope like a P.E. logo
I watch for the po-po (woop woop) and train at the dojo
Not a gun Deniro but a working class hero
Takin a stand, like a panther with an M-1 Guran
Screamin know your gun laws, self defense is a must
When we set it off I'm a be the first to bust

(Chorus - dead prez)

Yo, I'm one with my gun, I love it like my first son
It protects me and makes sure the jakes respect me
Yo, I'm one with my gun, I love it like my first son
It protects me and makes sure the jakes respect me

(Talib Kweli)

What do you do
when the police kick in your door like 'get on the floor'
Shoot you in the back
cause who you are and where you at's against the law
You try to protect your home with the illest arsenal possible
Learn how to heal yourself and stop fuckin with them hospitals
Get with brothas down for the cause givin it all they got
But every brother ain't a brother (word), fuck around and get shot
By these black kings that pack gatlings
to make a rat sing like Nat King
Before they start blasting (blow!)
With no accuracy, handling they beef in the public
Now an innocent child got a bag for a stomach
Property value plunit every time a shot is fired (c'mon)
People feelin betrayed so they take the street to riot
Cops fire shots and try to stop the spirit takin over the entire block
Politicians say it's time to march
But people is past that, ready to blast at whatever comin
From the master or from the office, niggas is sick of runnin
Yeah, all my soldier, raise it up, c'mon, now
(Bust ya guns) yeah, Kweli with dead prez, c'mon
(Blow blow)

(stic.man)

I'm deep in the runs
where all that niggas give a fuck about is stackin funds
The black and young type that's packin automatic guns
If any static comes sparatic shots'll ring out
You get caught up, you get your fuckin brains blown clean out
The killers reign supreme, survival of the illest brain and scheme
For cream you know the game in my vein
I feel the pain for all the niggas that passed away
Tryin to get cash the fastest way we know how, the old fashion way
Blastin, we actin like cock tecs and tenniments
My squad flex if any shit pop, and put an end to it
It's like hell, this planet I'm from consist of dilligent crack sale
Assisting off the backs of young black males

It's innocent, suspending in packed jails that benefit
White well being, while niggas catch hell just for being
You might as well have a life of crime, ain't nothin free in this life
I stick a nine in ya spine for mine
No time for talk, 'cause I walk when I talk
Stalkin sidewalks of course with the eyes of a hawk
Crack a quart to get away from this trife world and thought
Puffin Newports 'cause life's a bitch, and it's too short
My crew sport leather, gold, camoflauged, rugged denim
Deadly in venom, totin buckets with nothin in 'em
But Rawkus, some ill mothafuckas for real
Straight hustlas with nothin but a taste for kill

(Chorus) 4x

(Talib Kweli talking)
Yeah, c'mon, all my soldiers
Brooklyn where you at
Florida, Cincinnati where you at
Africa where you at, yo