

Paris, Bush Killa

30 seconds of Bush news snippets

"I understand that time is running out";

"Ooooh look, it's the president! Hey Mr. President!";

□"Okay, there he go. Easy, easy, don't lose sight, wait Two, three and...NOW!";

gunshots, screaming

Check it out (P Dog)

Here I go, an angry brother finna make his move (P Dog)

But can I buck him in the city so I never lose? (P Dog)

See I'm a get him the crowd with a couple heavies (P Dog)

And lay the barrel to the ground, hold the gat steady (P Dog)

And now I'm ready for my adversary, talk is cheap (P Dog)

I'm looking for a way to make a plan and keep it neat (P Dog)

And check it out and make around and pick a rooftop (P Dog)

And get a spot where the view's hot, set up shop

Cause all I wanna see is motherfucking brains hanging

Another level when it's me and Devils gangbangin

So don't be telling me to get the non-violent spirit

Cause when I'm violent is the only time the devils hear it (P Dog)

Rat-tat-tat goes the gat to his devil's face (P Dog)

I hope he think about how he done us when he lay to waste (P Dog)

And get the feeling of the peeling from the other side (P Dog)

From guns given to my people from my own kind (P Dog)

So get with Ollie cause I'm probably fin to make you mad (P Dog)

I'm steady waiting for the day I get to see his ass (P Dog)

And give him two from the barrel of a black guerrilla (P Dog)

And that's real from the motherfucking Bush Killa

□*laughing* "I understand that time is running out";

Now who is able to make war with the beast?

It starts with "P";

Trumpets sound when I push the program

And set my sight on a serpent man

Swinging the sword of the righteous

Make devils drop and they just can't spite this

Genocide and the minds of men make

Brothers like me fill up with hate

I smell a skunk in the air

Cause your program still ain't fair

So who you wanna blame for the Hate That Hate Made?

When P let off and pigs get sprayed

Y'all wanna kill off the black man?

But I know your master plan

So we'll see who stops the black guerrilla

P Dog the Bush Killa

□It's P Dog the Bush Killa

Tolerance is getting thinner

Cause Iraq never called me "nigger";

So what I wanna go off and fight a war for?

You best believe I got your draft card

So bad to hate somebody else

But much worse to hate yourself

Victim to the mentacide of the double-wide

Most black folks be made to die

Keeping 'em on and on

Keeping ya on and on

Now my brother down south said "Fuck the Police"
I'm saying "No Justice, No Peace"
So why'd you stick 'em like that?
Cause everybody want to get the black
But we'll see who stop the black guerrilla
P Dog the Bush Killa

"He's been shot!" "The president is dead!"

Yeah, it's P Dog the Bush Killa

"Nodbody move, just stay where you are!"

So where's he at? I just might wait for
his motherfucking ass on a rooftop next tour
Bucking stone cause I'm known to play for keeps
Lay low to the flow and keep it neat
And send his ass home belly up
Should've listened to the facts that the black's been telling ya
It's no suprise that a brother's got wise
Now rat-tat-tat-tat, it's an eye for an eye
Now I'm in it, got to die before we see
That motherfuckers don't give a damn for you or me
So wear a vest on your chest and the rest stand still
For P Dog the Bush Killa