

Talib Kweli, Protective Custody

{Dante of (Mood)}

Yo, move recite chapters
Rappers write scripts for actors
Don't rap about the facts, till they attack the catch
Handcuff the shackel, stand up get tackled
The featers of your leaders heaters on their Adam's apple
Keep quiet, be silent the sphere no weak vibe
We defy, a new in it root, for street wise
Got to stop it, and taxes for guns, wars and wackers
Puttin prophet's in their pockets
And lock it till I promise

{Dante & Main Flow (of Mood)}

MF: They stoled knots, hold spots, trapped in the road block
DT: We globetrot, we roll pop, running from old cops
MF: The whole shots, cold plots, Babylon's gold pot
DT: Loan glocks, cold shots, set off like we sold rocks

{Main Flow (of Mood)}

We dealing with NARCS and cases
Deaths over parking spaces
Evil hearts are races, or higher dark places
Brutality on mark faces, car chases
Incarceration, unite so we can spark the nation

{Nine}

You got the right to remain silent and at the same time
You got the right to remain violent and aim nines
They got no love for, just slugs for you
Who want it? I fight back like a rat when he cornered
Catch me at the light, windows tinted, 35 percent
Breakin ya neck, to see who's in it
What is my intent? Trying to live, without the nonsense
You dying to give

{Tiye Phoenix}

Yo yo, the spokesqueen, number one Tiye Phonenix
The black Venus Demalo
Dopper then Tae Bo, every man, woman and child know
We unified force against the shooters of Diallo
And now there sure to lose like Luther at the Apollo
For Amistad to Amadou, attacked in these streets
The term COP really stands for Cappin Our Peeps
They shot a 40 round, are brother got slaughtered down
We push thru the border now, Jahad hold it born down

{Brezza Brewn' (of the Juggaknots)}

You wanna be a fuckin accident, the beast was barkin
You wanna know how many accidents to rob a New Yorker?
And the possible attrocity,
millimeters from the kids set the glock
With a ferocity, seemin as it's inbreed
While I stated innocent, but stressing it
You sure that it was decolit,
It could of been an isolated incident
Nothing was found, no hard feelings I fight bad guys
Strutting around like Keith Christ huttin the site
airtime

{Talib Kweli}

This goes out to MC's who used to rock in Washington Square Park
Now Guiliani got it locked after dark, so he mastered the art
Of livin the death, shadow is a, nuff of a battle
To dodge the police,

and have to rise above the trap of the barrel
My people spill blood in the streets
I'm never running from beast
Can I get a response from all the revolutionaries in this piece?
(yeah!!)
What up, cuz of the way we think they want to incarcerate us
They think time will break us, but time won't break us

{Punchline}

I rock a vest even when I take shots to the balls
The type that write the word police on a unmarked car
I resent you, gettin off easy if they suspend you
I end you, hope they use your own gun against you
It's all mental, my man died in the streets
I'm pouring out liquor, until there's nuthin to drink
That's how many cats died, slaid by the beast
That night, 5-0 held caught in the streets

scratching by El P & Mr. Len of Company Flow

{EI-P}

Petrofied little venomist, school yard outcasts
From disfunctional world of redneck garbage
Community bitch out, seekin power over
confiscate from miniscule shit court
And repress sexual activity style,
need of location when standing
Spliff of the semi-retarded, or pro defensive
Spontaneous violence and compasive lying
Package dukes that has a lunchbox with a glock
and Ku Klux decoder ring
Who sing Kumbaya to the tune of a man dying

{Jah-Born (of Medina Green)}

Y'all seen the front page? another black man slayed
By the beast hit with a rain, or 4 glocks got sprayed
Hey Giuliani, was 41 shots necessary?
Now my people's got to worry, bout the cops that be killin me
Justice? All I see is Just Us
Gettin knocked locked and bust, without a word discussed
NYPD, should be NYPIG
I don't deal with the swine, don't want swine dealin with me

{What?What?}

These shot happy motherfuckers legally ready to blaze
With raised triggas and cocked back with plans to fake figgas
Who black and innocent, Fuck it let's get militant
Run up in the precinct, strapped with gats
With full clips loaded, aimed at there heads
Stay in the feds, double 20 plus one round to blood red
Revenge, we must return to avenge my brother, we coming
The first sister holdin the lead

{John Forte}

El Capitano keep my guns high
I run from New York cuz I'm alumni
The fact I'm in it, half street, half academic
I memorize my stash number, the flash number
Ya pig stinch, plus your badge number
Ya precinct, and the Irish lad you served under
I'm probaly grinding drugs, come from hittin the kitchen
A black man in a pretty car will fit the description
You gettin informed quick
You racist fuck, I was born in it

{Mr. Khaliy}

I seen it happen before, and it could happen again
You on a block mine on your own and then you let by your friends
Cuz they ain't down to scrap, just wanna ride in your Benz
But when the cops is on the beat, that's when the party begins
Like a karate picture, the way the mop the floor with ya
All caught up in the heat, not a doctor can stitch you
Nobody movin with you, cuz you really ain't bout it
Now there's fear in your heart, and there's blood in your mouth
It's like something we never seen before
It's almost like we dreamed it all
Live or die, either or, my blood is what they fiending for
My people's screamin for the justice we deserve
Set 41 back, we leaving 22 in the curb

more scratching