

Dead Prez, D.O.P.E. (Drugs Oppress People Every

drugs oppress the people every day

sellin dope, servin weed we had to hustle to hustle just to eat

aint no hope in the streets, you broke you sell dope
all my young niggaz outside hustlin coke
know the drama, if you aint sellin crack then its ganja
I been through it dun, hittin niggaz two for one
pullin guns out and bustin my shits too
what? I aint give a fuck
I used to get a rush when i bust mine
backin up my nickle and dimes
goin thru difficult time
writin my life story in rhyme
but when I look at all the niggas
they hit with mad time
in proportion with the big king pins it dont fit
you could get caught with barely a half a slab
and the judge sentence you like you ran the ave
I aint plan to get rich fom sellin that shit
it was survival
my game plan was not to get knocked by 5-0
but who am I
just a young nigga caught in the mix
and if this weed dont sell I'm'a cop me a brick

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its been a minute snce I been in the game
some years back I held crack
I couldn't say the same thing
ask my niggas bang double and rowley
we was trouble got the fiends spot bubbling hot
we wouldnt never make a lot
I mean not like scarface or nino brown
or george bush no matter what you push
it was politics and camera tricks
very deceptive
criminal lies
us in fooled with the collective
for the most part we don't own no boats and planes
we just cop it from poppi
bag it in the cellophane
its a family thing
you got to hustle all night
yo I seen fiends losing they brains for hard white
ask my aunt and my brother and my stressed out mother
how realistic it gets its sadistic
statistics show its sick how we livin
the one thing bigger than dope games is prisons
one million niggas inside
over three million is tied and plus the president lied
because the white house is the rock house
uncle sam the pusha man
this is for my people on the island

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but what we gon do when we caught up
and have to face responsibility?
(this that ghetto shit, this that ghetto shit)

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out on the block, white tee shirt, army fatigues
niggas hold crack in they mouth watchin for D
sellin dope, you know how it beez
tryin to get that government cheese
and the D's yell freeze

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tallahasee up in this bitch
my nigga maintain, nimrod
my nigga percent, abu
my brother troy locked up
huey newton rest in peace
south rowley, california
brooklyn, dean street
dead prez 98
get it straight
and all my family and my whole army
get it straight