

Dead Prez, Food Clothes And Shelter

(stic.man)

Yeah ... for all my peoples that's hungry

(Chorus)

A nigga need food

You got to have food for ya health, and clothes

Gear to keep esteem for yaself, son, shelter

A place to lay for rest when ya stressed over life

Cause it's trife and ain't no god gon help ya

(stic.man)

I feel the winter heart creepin

Vicious as the wind, which is life, when it's deep without a meanin

A trife scene it screams, niggas fiendin

The pipe dream and some be seemin like the only way to keep

Breathin in the slums -- but nothing comes

And keeping funds is like dreamin

My situation no solution, even the young become demons

Where I'm from shit is unyielding

Something like three-hundred million gun wielding black rats trapped in one building

With low ceilings, and no feelings

Cutthroat villains, dope dealings, and glossy eyed pavilions

Sunken faces, and powder traces

My people slave for the basics

The powerless devoured in the matrix

Of politics, pimps and glass pipes

From gun blast and flickin off blunt ash, the cash heist

The fast life where the have-nots rule

Stick and grab plots, toting tools, victim last by some jewels

Round the world, we stay stuck in capsules, shackled

And crackas got homes like castles

I figure the only way this nigga got to go is wild

Plottin licks for liberation, stockin cap style

(Chorus x2)

(M-1)

I was born in the storm hearin gun clap from thunder

See my childhood peers, catchin years in the numbers

I wake up from hunger, try to lift the stress that I'm under

How I made it this far makes me wonder

You in a fight for your life, for basic human rights

Can't afford the boomin prices, it's economic crisis

Life is a sacrifice, I'm down to my last bag of rice

They forcin us to live like laboratory mice

Like fuckin laboratory mice that's right

You wear the camaflouge, but do you choose to live the soldiers life

I told u before this is a war not a play fight

Taught to be a slave from the womb to the gravesite

Some of us even share the views of the canaanites

Tryna be white, but they gon lose in this game of life

So dead that! I tie my dread back and scheme

Put a star on my Red, Black and Green

(Chorus x2)

(Bridge)

What do power mean,

Our team seem to think it means sour cream

Cause our dreams got us fiendin for the power, son

And Huey P. said political power come from the barrel of the gun

What do power mean, I believe in thieving

And smoking weed, everything happens for a reason

I hope my seed grow up and get even, it's open season

And if you poor and black, you know the reason ... yeah