

# Dead Prez, Ridin'

Artist: Talib Kweli, Dead Prez and David Banner

Album: Sucka Free Mix

Song: Ridin'

David Banner:

I'm from a place  
Where You gotta let yo' nutz hang

Where them crakas used to cut your stomach open  
Just to let your f\*\*kin' guts hang

Right there in front of the kids

I might as well split your Whig  
'Cause that's just what the master did

But now I'm the new Nat Turner  
Spreadin' something to the kids  
Like Sojourner, Man, the truth

F\*\*k a 'Creek  
? I care but you in doubts ?  
And go "Woof";

He ain't dead  
What pledge

There's a stank up in the Busch  
Or a stank up in the White House

Shootin' board bullshit  
Man, it's dead props  
Here in Chicago  
But hit this hi-lo

Warriors come play  
Click the bottles

Cock them AK's (YEAH!)  
Bust on KK's (YEAH!)

With the Knuckle boy  
Or the Other Two  
And the Stic-Man

Given Dead on your shirt  
Like a Wristband  
You a Grown Man  
Nigga, Stand tall

Don't it hurt  
'Cause you really  
Ain't a Nigga, dog?

Don't it hurt  
'Cause you really  
Ain't a Nigga, dog?

(YEAH!)

Don't it hurt  
'Cause you really

Ain't a Nigga, dog?

(Chorus)

Country boys, city boys  
Cadals, Rolly Royce  
Whatever...long as we Ridin'

Pretty girls, ghetto boos  
On the boulevard, in the avenue  
It's a long a walk  
Now that we Ridin'

Dead Prez:

Yo'

Niggas is not orginal  
Niggas follow the radio  
Niggas think if You Blow  
Then You gotta be on the TV Show

Crackas is hypocritical  
Crackas will rob and shit on You  
'Cause see You do what they do  
They know freedom is powerful

Niggas is very visual  
If we see it, we think it's true  
Very few niggas make a move  
And even less'll see it through

Crackas make up the chemicals  
Then they call us the criminals  
Crackas make all the loot  
And we just get the residuals

Niggas will rob and shot on You  
Crackas will drop a bomb on You  
Niggas is having funerals  
Crackas is having barbeques

Niggas sing the blues  
That's reminicin' the spritual  
But when You say GAWD is You  
Niggas ain't really hearing You

Crackas like to capitalize  
Them crackas a lie  
They say if You don't ?unionnize?  
Then You'll probably die

I hate callin' niggas niggas  
So I'ma take it backwards  
I ain't got now love for whithey  
I love callin'em crackas (CRACKAS!)

(Chorus)

Country boys, city boys  
Cadals, Rolly Royce  
Whatever...long as we Ridin'

Pretty girls, ghetto boos  
On the boulevard, in the avenue

It's a long a walk  
Now that we Ridin'

Talib Kweli:

Yeah!

I call myself real  
N-I-G-G-A  
'Cause Kweli be  
Showin' on the floor  
And they policies  
My philosophies  
Show You that the block  
Is a part of me  
Freedom Fighter  
Like Richard Carter be  
It's deep how the street knowledge beef  
'Cause it ran like a code inside of me  
It's practical, not scholarly

Now why do I call myself  
A nigga  
You ask me  
Who's got my back  
When the cops harass me  
Ya'll can label  
Cinncinatti  
Can ride the train  
Or with the Caddie

When they call You  
Nigga they scared of You  
They fearin' You  
So actually  
If CRACK is gone  
Be fearing Niggas  
Then that's what the  
F\*\*k I have to be

Now

It's a badge of honor  
And some say that  
Shit's upsurd  
It's more than  
Just a word  
We flip the shit  
Like it's a 'bird

Pass it down through  
Generations, then  
Cuss You out and say it loud  
The first generation  
Of Muthaf\*\*kas  
To grab Our Nuts and  
Say it proud  
Country Niggas or City Niggas  
Tupac Niggas or Biggie Niggas  
In the coridor, floor or door,  
And all my Mississippi Niggas  
We connected  
All throughout  
The North, the East, the West, the South  
And if a white boy say the shit

He'll still get punched  
Right in the mouth

(Chorus)

Country boys, city boys  
Cadilacs, Rolly Royce  
Whatever...long as we Ridin'

Pretty girls, ghetto boos  
On the boulevard, in the avenue  
It's a long a walk  
Now that we Ridin'

(Ending 2x)

All they got for You  
Is a Cell my Nigga  
They want You  
Dead or in jail  
Without Rebel my Nigga

In the streets  
It's similar to Hell  
My Nigga  
But we gonna Boss up  
And live well  
My Nigga