

Kool G Rap, Oz Theme 2000

[Talib Kweli]

For all my people who got someone locked down right now
Fuck it, this for everyone locked down right now, fuck it
Help me out, Lord Jamar, Talib Kweli, Kool G Rap

[Kool G. Rap]

From the street blocks, to c-blocks, sleep in a box
Creep with an ox, got beef in the shop, got beef with the cops
Sharp blade keep in the crotch, prison guards deep on the watch
Fifth stare people'll drop, if it ease not then we peeping it pops
Even though they not speaking a lot,
the plot ease drop, greasing a cop
Come to shove meat in your chops, flee the spot, sheets in a knot
Get tied from your feet to the top, you caught in the hall,
make blood skeet with a mop
If you doing shift in the kitchen blood'll leak in the pot,
Just a long game of sheep and the fox
Phone time, beef for your slot, the shit'll make you weep in your coot
Mayors get messy y'all, nigga get shanked up in the chest he fall
Pressed against the wall, got the best of y'all,
stitch from neck to balls
Skin cut flesh and all, stretched out unless you balled,
nothing sexy at all
The life destiny wall, hope the Lord bless when he call,
Stand like a man or be a Debbie in core, heavier
they come heavier from nigga to whore
Be a predator, dead in the morgue, a spread in the log

(Chorus 2X: Talib Kweli)

In the prison, industrial complex
You got taxes, politics, jobs death
Gross stun it, cold blooded, dark and heartless
From the pyramids down to the projects

[Lord Jamar a.k.a Supreme Allah]

What do it take, vandal try to escape
I got a homemade shank, wrap the handle with tape
Better move quick fast, I got a trick for your ass
Niggas in my clique stick dick to your ass
So we don't give a fuck trying to make time past
Here eat it up feed a nigga fine glass
Got jail house wine in the stash,
Every time the caf serve swine yo I tell I pass
Do like Beecher did to Shillinger and shit on your ass
You the feature when I'm killing ya, hit on your ass
Supreme Allah said we got time to kill
So when it's time to kill, we got time to kill
In the yard with the guards when its time to build
And time is hard got to use my wills
See shit has changed every since they killed Adebisi
You never know niggas might try to grease me

(Chorus)

[Talib Kweli]

The image that we pro-ject is still God
Time to reflect but the reflection is hard
Like sticking mirrors out between the bars, seeing the guards
Seem like everybody innocent regardless of the charge
You face death, rape threats, and place bets,
on who getting laced next
Forever faceless never waste breathe
Blowing out the candles that the wind already snuffed out
They locked up your body your mind could bust out

Police don't sweep to get the dust out
They want your name in the system,
My need to mention the death penalty as legal lynching
People listen, they got teenagers up in the line up
To fill the new facility they built they need the crime up
Please, the war on drugs is really war on the youth
War on the people, war on the truth
The violent crimes rise,
the silent dies as sirens cry through the night
People fight for what's left and not what's right

(Chorus)

[Talib Kweli]
Word is bond

{*Goes into a Augustus Hill on Oz skit*}