

# Me Phi Me, Here We Come

Here is the plan to command urban cities  
You took me from Africa, said that's the way to fix me  
But I want my retribution, revolution is with me  
I got my fucking gat, ain't wisslin' no Dixie  
Like baba-do-ba baba-do-ba baba-do-bowe  
To my ancestors you'll bow, and I want my freedom now  
And I ain't doin' no talkin', I'm stalkin' today  
You don't keep peace treaties anyway...

An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth  
Now how many eyes and teeth you think I lost, tell the truth  
&quot;Maroon!&quot; feeds the hypeness in my psyche tonight  
I watch the whites full delight from my second class life  
But in a land without the first class, the second class is right  
So I'm eliminating those that think they want to fight, you might  
Should I heed capital crimes, they'll read them  
Verdict: &quot;Death&quot; Sentence: &quot;Freedom&quot;

Death to me - &quot;Here we, here we, come come&quot;  
If it'll make me free - &quot;Here we, here we, come come&quot;

Yeah, bring it on, death about to grow from the seeds you sown  
You fertilized it with poverty, you watered it with dope  
And harvested it by the guns that betrayed my hope  
But scopes came with those guns, now what do I see  
You and your family looking scared of me, you plead mercy  
But non-violence has only got me half-way to where I want to be  
Now my vengence will make me free...

&quot;So don't throw Martin Luther King in my face!&quot;  
His dreams no reality, fatality's the case  
You took away my dignity, I forgot about who I was  
&quot;But I never had a dream 'cause...&quot;  
Life is something I think we can no longer share  
&quot;...my life is a nightmare&quot;  
Death is something I no longer fear!  
America has been my boogiemans for 400 years!

Death to me - &quot;here we, here we, come come&quot;  
If it'll make me free - &quot;here we, here we, come come&quot;

I'll ride the pale horse, to you my name is Death  
Hell is with me of course, now it's forced  
I'm the messenger of swarms to come, go warn your son  
You've battered, splattered brains where I bring the verdict  
Like you he was guilty, I find you wretched and weak  
Your evil seed are filthy, but still we got to go through the motions  
I accuse thee of being like the devil in the first degree, Let's see

Did you steal the land that you're on?  
And is my red brother nearly gone?  
Took my ancestors from their home?  
Built your fucking nation on their bones?  
Atomc pain on the yellow man?  
Poisoning the air and the land?  
Narcotics and disease from your hand?  
Now I can't seem to understand...

Death to me - &quot;here we, here we, come come&quot;  
If it'll make me free - &quot;here we, here we, come come&quot;

(A laughing chant turns into a frantic laugh then fades away mumbling)  
&quot;fuckers, you mother fuckers, Ahhhhhwww&quot;