

Menace Clan, Runaway Slave

We can take over the world, he said
And it's plenty gold in my country, he said
A 1000 men make a company, he said
But I gotta put into your butt lead, I say

When it's dark fuck the dumb, I'm on the run
Go to the shack for somebody black that wanna come
Original man in a swamp land habitat
Old man said, "Don't go," but fuck that
I gotta be free, they can't catch me
Cause I'm too quick for 'em, see?
Check the north star, goin' real far north
A straight line is designed for the shortest course
So a crooked devil wants me back now
He let his dogs go to chase this black down
But I ain't down with being caught, so I fought back
They gotta drag them a bleeding dead nigga back
But not like that, fool, I ain't going out
Before I do I bet I take one of these crackers out
(Freedom, freedom!) Fuck yeah, I killed him
(Freedom, freedom!) Now should I bury him? (Fuck nah!)
Fuck nah, he didn't do the same for my grandpa
Grandpa died with his finger like fuck y'all
Ran through the woods (?) and I step in
Made a haystack for a black man that's sleeping
Next day well on my way up north
(Surround the nigga) trip cut short
Standing in the middle, know I'm black till the end
Waiting, in a second now the shots will begin
25 shotguns pointed at me, fuck y'all devils, now I'm free
Motherfucker, you'll never catch me

Runaway slave, I'm out of here (?), I'm outtie

I'm a motherfucking slave, I'm tired, I'm thirsty and I'm hungry
Picking cotton to build a white man's country
My mother's working hard and she's dying of starvation
Never seen my brother, he's on another plantation
My father fought back, he wasn't going for this
Now he's hanging from a tree in the forest (damn)
My little sister gets raped and beaten
Nothing but dirty water and pork for eating
I can't take this shit no longer
As I work harder I get stronger and stronger
Looking at my chains and my chains are rusty red
(?Look at?) the bull grip, he don't trust me
But I'ma chill and wait till 12 o'clock
Pick up a rock, hit the chain and it broke in half (I'm out of here)
Now feel the wrath of a runaway slave
But I'm gonna stay brave
When I'm getting free I'm putting pale face in the grave
Thinking about my people and how I'm gonna free them
Pass my father body still hanging from a tree limb
Running and running and on the trail there's some dobermans
The smell of a sweaty black nigga, yeah, they know the scent
Picking up ground and I started to run faster
Double barrel pump fired by the slave master
I hid in some bushes so I can catch my breath
Trying to gather up the strength that I had left
If I could rest for a second I'd be gone
Oh shit, there goes the dobermans, the chase is back on
Them wanna catch me, them wanna take my freedom
Them can't catch me, them can't have my freedom
Them took it once I want it back, gimme my freedom

I kept on running, I thought I had 'em beaten
Until I ran into the middle of a Ku Klux Klan meeting
They all stopped, as they stood there staring at me
I must have seen a 100 guns they had pointed at me
White robes, white hoods, blue eyes
6 dobermans chewing on my thighs
I took a deep breath cause I knew what time it was
Just before they pulled their triggers I yelled, "Fuck y'all crackers!"