

Paris, Bush Killa (Hellraiser Mix)

"I understand that time is running out.."

Now who is able to make war with the beast?
It starts with P
Trumpets sound when I push the program
And set my sight on a serpent man
Swinging the sword of the righteous
Make devils drop and they just can't spite this
Genocide and the minds of men make
Brothers like me fill up with hate
I smell a skunk in the air
Cause your program still ain't fair
So who you wanna blame for "The Hate That Hate Made?"
When P let off and pigs get sprayed
Y'all wanna kill off the black man
But I know your master plan
So we'll see who stop the black guerrilla..
P-Dog the Bush Killa

{*scratching*}
Yeah, it's P-Dog the Bush Killa

Yeah, tolerance is gettin thinner
Cause Iraq never called me "nigger"
So what I wanna go off and fight a war for?
You best believe I got your draft card!
So bad to hate somebody else
But much worse to hate yourself
Victim to the mentacide of the devil why
must black folk be made to die?
Keepin 'em on and on.. keepin ya on and on
Now my brother down South said, "Fuck the Police"
I'm sayin, "No Justice, No Peace"
So I just stick 'em like that
Cause everybody want to get the black, huh
But we'll see who'll stop the black guerilla..
P-Dog the Bush Killa

☐"He's been shot!" "The president is dead"
Yeah, it's P-Dog the Bush Killa
{*scratching*}
☐"Oh my God!" "That man shot the president"

☐"Nobody moves, just stay where you are"
☐"Just hold it right there.."

Yeah, so where's he at? I might wait for
his motherfuckin ass on a rooftop next tour
Buckin stone cause I'm known to play for keeps
Lay low to the floor and keep it neat
And send his ass home belly up
Should've listened to the facts that the black's been tellin ya
It's no suprise that a brother got wise
Now rat-a-tat-tat, it's an eye for an eye
I'm in it, got to die before we see
the motherfuckers don't give a damn for you or me
So wear a vest on your chest and the rest stand still
For P-Dog the Bush Killa, yeah!

{*breakdown*}

Now you know, that I ain't never been a slave to the bottle
All I see on the tube is the punk black role model
The passive girllike she-men

that make and dictate the lives of black men
And sometimes I wanna give up hope
Cause all they wanna do is grow up and work for white folks
Or be a pimp, drug dealer or sports star
It ain't no wonder the blacks don't go far
Now the trick is stay quick to bust shit
Got to be equipped so the devil can't flip
And be aware of the government plan to keep
young black folk walkin in our sleep
Fuck the games I still feel the pain
I still feel the shame cause ain't nuttin changed
I CAN'T fade peace when the war is all around
You better run cause the lost are bein found
Choose your team, square up and take sides
But don't be punked or a skunk when the gat fire
Cause I'm the first one to let the caps go
No more vetoes of negroes
who run scared full of fear when the devil squawk
Funk is on to the dome the glock'll talk
And be sure that a devil is peeled
Make way for the motherfuckin Bush Killa, now!

{*laughter*}

"Things change, a majority of the people will decide where and when"
"All males to the bail tomorrow mourning for the late great black man"
"We are all going to respect the law, or pay the consequences"

{*scratching: "Hey!"*}

{"Get your punk devil ass hurt motherf.." -> Ice Cube}

{*dogs barking*}

"Let me draw a bead on his black ass and he's dead!"

{*dogs barking*}

"He's gonna make it." "Let the dogs go." "No I won't do it!"

{*guitar solo for the next couple of minutes*}

{*music eventually fades*}