

Paris, Evil

They don't mind you givin' the latest rap
They don't mind your being hoes
They don't mind your being bitches
They don't mind you being whatever image that Viacom and BET can come up with
But what they don't want you to know..
Is that you're the ones that can redefine civilization if you take time to do it

It's a Guerrilla Funk-orchestrated counter-attack
Formulate and infiltrate 'em so the people react
See if I was wicked I would pick and stick to a plan
To rule the world and trick 'em, this is how it'd begin

See I'd have to find a way to keep the people enslaved
Behave, teach the babies it's my way or the grave
And start with the body, workin' labor for free
And give 'em fake religion so they worshippin' me

And see and when the free labor play out, I'd let it go
But only after I made enough to control
Then I'd tell 'em that the Afterlife is better than this
And that they should love their enemies when faced with contempt

I'd persist with some history that I would rewrite
In a school system where I'd keep the money too tight
I'd let 'em all know just where they belong in my world
Turn the boys into felons, makin' hookers of girls

Swirled up in my plan, build jails to keep
All my prisons full of niggas, have 'em workin' for free
See with ghetto-economics in check, I'd keep 'em broke
Teach 'em only to respect sports, music and dope

Control the content of lyrics, now only the sound
Of sex, dope and murder in a song is allowed
Tell 'em Niggas ain't shit every move that they make
And that black is dirty so they never try to be great

Can you relate? I'd laugh, watch 'em murder for scraps
Set it up so they'd die over crack I provide
Do it right, and I'd see they try to be like me
Try to be the biggest G up in these murderous streets

I'd teach, manhood means how many women ya fuck
How many babies you can make, responsibility ducked
Fuck a job, real men are pimps, that's what I'd teach
And if bitches wanna trip, then them bitches get beat

I'd see it all through, never lose and pass a new law
Give 'em 3 strikes so the men are constantly gone
Yeah, if I was evil they would think I do no wrong
See it's lethal how I keep 'em in their place so long, believe

Chorus:

I got my eyes upon you, and all the things that you do
Some close they eyes but mine can see, all the evil surroundin' me
So what I'm 'posed ta do, when I can see right through?
Expose the lies and snatch the sheets, fight the evil surroundin' me

After all is said and done here and I could afford
I'd concentrate deeply on controllin' abroad
And think about a way to take control of they land
I'd create a virus made to murder people en masse

Last time was Tuskegee, but now it's for real

House Bill 15090 would just kill
With germs that would murder with sperm and blood drips
And kill 'em all worsen than burned, they'd die quick

See to understand, you could witness the plan
Through the green-monkey sham they would think it began
And while we argue over the cost, they'd all die
With generations all being lost with no fight

I'd continue with the pain, make it oh-so plain
I'd manipulate the market for my capital gain
Keep the people all broke and confused and underclass
Give my homies all executive bonuses through the crash

And if the heat get too hot, I'd plant a bomb
Or wreck a plane, just like Hitler back in the day
And scare all the people, they'd forget about me
They'd forget about elections and the way that we cheated

See me blame it on a foreigner and non-white men
Celebrate my gestapo with a positive spin
Then manipulate the media - it's U.S. first
Get the stupid-ass public to agree with my words

Then I'd make the play, takin' all their freedoms away
Incarcerate anybody that'll get in my way
Make 'em censor any media that challenge the mold
Give 'em bullshit shows just like Anna Nicole's

Control the message in the music - it's gangsta fo' sho
Give 'em diamonds, never tell 'em 'bout the conflict zones
Never tell 'em 'bout the murder in Sierra Leone
Never tell 'em how the diamonds make 'em murder their own

It's all too easy, if I was evil that's how I'd rock it
Make sure that my propaganda won't ever stop it
Got 120 channels, but it's nothin' to watch
Now 11:55 be the time on the clock, believe..