

Paris, Make Way For A Panther

From the depths of hell, it was felt from all the fire and pain
As they rained on the brains of black men
Contraband as they planned by they never thought
They they would get caught, let alone by a black man
Take and rape, shape your brain and claim
That what's ours is his, so you fear the white race
And hate and never think about the fact we built it all
Got you thinking all the black can do is crawl
So you lose when you chose to be duped
Now crew from Bush and Duke play the flute
I shoot, cause I ain't never gave a FUCK about a skunk
But some brothers want to go out like a punk
Now they fade fade creams and contacts
Used to be black, start scheming and kinda acting
Ask the false facts, to back to genocide
It ain't no wonder the strong black man's died

☐ Make way for a panther, right! (Repeat 8x)

Yeah, uh, damn, catch a nosebleed