

# 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