

Paris, Sleeping With The Enemy

(Paris)

Come, I'm P-Dog, with the shit
that stick, now I'm fin' to get scandalous
Huh, and tell y'all about a brain disease
A act up it's a shame disease
Nigga please, you still don't act right up
Wait a minute, let me get my facts right
When I say that we all don't act the same
Just a handful wanna salt the game
So I gotta roll deep
Check your grip and don't smile, hard as concrete
Damn shame but it's like that
Cause some got hardheads like bricks that don't crack
Raised up on TV
Fast food and fast times, do or die G
Without nuttin to lose but a war
And here life don't mean SHIT to die for

{*scratched Chuck D: "Every brother ain't a brother;"}
{*"Every brother ain't a brother"}

(Paris) C'mon, yeah

{*"Every brother ain't a brother"}

(Paris) B'le dat!

{*"Every brother ain't a brother"}

(Paris) Sellin your soul, don't sell your soul man, yo

{*"Every brother ain't a brother"}

{*"You got my back and I got yours"}

(Paris)

The reporter looked just like me or you
But that don't mean the man was cool
He understood when I said that it was death to intergrate
Cause intergrate means assimilate (word!)
But the media, hate the youth
Love to spread lies and distort the truth
They say the pen is stronger than the sword
but the sword'll give any house nigga his just reward!
So let the beat just roll on, huh
While the weak get told on
I'm P-Dog, tellin you the actual fact
is just cause the skin is black don't mean shit!
It ain't about us comin up
To them, it's about us gunnin up
It's a shame but no strain on the brain to see
It's plain, some, are sleeping with the enemy

C'mon!

Yeah

Yeah!

(Paris)

Boom, another knocked out, what's it all about
Gotta give a shout to the few that's never sellin out
P-Dog, I never slipe or slide, I never float along
As long as in control I know I'm born to be a martyr
Huh, and I'ma keep on rappin with
The facts, that I keep on smashin shit
No props cause it doesn't really matter bout the color of the cop
And now I hate police so I won't stop
See the punk bitch get mad, huh
I ain't the one for a toe tag
You best believe when you see me on the street
I be a motherfucker ready for the static with a glock automatic!
So let me tell you why I hate pigs
The black gestapo, ultimate house nigga

Simply because a brother wantin to be with a plan
that wanna kill off and cage the black man
Ain't never runnin from the U.S.A.
Punk, land of the weak, freak, home of the slave
And I ain't goin to Clarence cause the appearance is clear to me
Some punks, are sleepin with the enemy