

Public Enemy, Hard Truth Soldiers

(feat. Conscious Daughters, Dead Prez, MC Ren, Paris)

[Verse 1: Chuck D]

Bring that beat back, we set it off "we set it off"
Got us back for combat, we get it raw "we get it raw"
With a counterattack over tracks we build minds of the blind
never calm when we bomb on neocons "let's go"
Pump the level, the rebel to you
Never lose or let a devil break up my crew
Never nervous, serve 'em with the words with purpose it's the
ColIntel killa black hard truth silverback "damn"
Still checkin to see just who's set to come along
when brothers revive that movement
We bringing the balance back, never non-violent tact
Guerrilla Funk and P.E. connect
So know it when you're hearin the rhymes that I'm givin' 'em
combined with the rhythm designed to expose the sins
all in it's the master plan
until the curse is reversed I'm sayin, rebirth of a nation...

[Verse 2: Professor Griff]

They call me E-M-E, U-N-O, you know
P.A., niggaz is opposite of the Po Po
We say together the ants can conquer the elephants
They say, fuck what they say 'cause shit is irrelevant
Soldiers, where's your heart? Show me that love
What you made of? This is the shit that could make thugs
Turn revolutionary, 360 he with me she with me
Anything for you, give up my kidney...

[Verse 3: Dead Prez]

Up early in the morning, training with the machete
Revolutionary, ready for war, never scary
As an African, my daily regimen is development
Malcolm X said self defense is intelligent
So I train in the martial arts
It's something for warriors, not those with partial hearts "partial hearts"
We recognize that our people need a military
So we could take care what's already necessary....

[Chorus x2: Paris]

What they say, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah
Straight Hard Truth Soldier
Believe, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah
Straight Hard Truth Soldier

[Verse 4: Paris]

It's the killa Cal nigga now, showin' disgust
One hitter, still bitter, clips ready to bust
Gat Turner with the twin burner 21 shots in my drawz
Red beam on a pig make 'em pause
And y'all can't fuck with the style I bring
Been wild as a child ever since I came
To the knowledge of myself, raise 'em up, maintain
P-Dog and the Enemy, we bringin' the pain...

[Verse 5: Conscious Daughters]

It's the squaw, quick on the draw and quite clean
Verbal attack, I'm never seen, comin'
Niggas take off runnin', they know in my tribe
I'm pitchin' venomous arrows and shovin' bitches aside
We ride, unified, playin' our part
Bein' sure that a woman's voice'll never get lost
Still a soldier in the struggle and aware of the cost

Motherfucker, thought you knew the people ready for war...

So before I begin, let's commit to rhyme
Keep the women in the mix and do it one more time
And that when I get to hittin', know the powder is dry
Spittin' 'power to the people', hoe, the real gon' shine
Conscious Daughters in the front, soldier first brigade
Special One, CMG, Guerrilla Funk, we raid
Blaze through the competition and we all get paid
But keep it revolutionary each and every day.....

[Chorus x2: Paris]

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[Verse 6: MC Ren]

Who that nigga you can call to spit some shit
And ain't scared of the government, you niggaz lovin' it
We spread out in different positions
Tryin' to break these motherfuckers outta prison, listen "yeah"
Mayday on the front line
Nigga we G's up in the game, we bust 'till we flatline "what";
Then they want my black ass to Rock The Vote
They want as many niggaz they can to fill the boat
But these house niggaz go fight in Iraq
Cryin' to they mamma now they wanna come back
Should'nta took your black ass in the service
And fuck if I make you nervous, I'ma speak it
Black revolutionary, that's my title
While these stupid niggaz wanna be American Idols
Still ride for the streets, since day one
We rough with ours homie, straight outta Compton...

[Chorus x2: Paris]

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[Outro: MC Ren Talking]

yeah, MC motherfuckin Ren, with my nigga Paris
Guerrilla Funk