X-Clan, Fire

Cave men! [You better hush!] Cave women! [Hush!] And the... [Hush!]
Troglodytes! [Gun shot.]
[Somebody's calling my name....]
[Brother J]
Ah, yeah! Ah, come on, come on, come on!
[Professor X] To the East, my brother, to the East!
[Brother J] Uh, to the East, my brother, to the East! Come on!
[X] To the East, my brother, to the East!
[J] To the East, my brother, to the East, yeah!
[X] To the East, my brother, to the East!
[J] To the East, my brother, to the East, my brother, to the East, my brother, to the East, my brother, to the East, my brother, to the East!
[Professor X]
Yes! I'm that kind of nigga
The one you fear, be scared you can't figger
The one that has the finger on the trigger, boom!
In the cut of zoom
In the darkness, the halo, the moon!
Stepping ta' ya' real soon
Ah! Check the blackness!
Me before those enter the lightness!
Masturbating!
Masquerading!
And you call your self righteous?
Follow me!
A peripheral, missionary, and ark commit-ness
Having intercourse with the nation of darkness!
Books with worms!
Jherri suited with last names like perms!
niggas, get your hands of your cracks, come to terms with yourself
If you don't get any bigger
Pink Caddy driving, black boot stomping
Yes! I'm that kind of nigga
Brother J, whatcha' say?
Brother J, Brother J, whatcha' say?
Brother J, whatcha' say? Brother J, whatcha' say?
[Brother J]
Yeah!
I'm just a pro-Black nigga, and I'm doing this
And yet you watch me, clock me, to see if I continue this
In the ways of the Caddy I survive like a pimp
No jherri curls, waves, perms, or crimps
The ever-nappy crew setting the mood
I raise my fuel for my firm attitude
Walking through the streets with my war cry spear
Certain folks know it means doom when they hear
My firm, black boots with no spurs attached
Now let me take a second, cause I might detach
My black boots if you confuse
I lose my peoples in the words you choose
For writer was wrong, or, man, what you think?
Accept my Black, so how the hell you diss Pink?
And yet you wanna' be down, clown
So many wanna' be down, with the illogical ark
Steppin' through your cave-boy crew
Your nest of war, with your bald hair-do!
Media weapons!
News at 11!
Paper at 6 or systematic tricks
And that's why I do what I do
Say how I feel so you get it on the real
True, true, any rapper will subdue
Try to test some buddy business
And submit my whole crew

The front page, says outrage
There's no gauge, cause it's time for the MAC!
Tune in your radio, video, stereo and all that
To the vibes of the pro-Black
It's like that as I wind up my wrist
Check out the smack of the scientific fist
But on a level to the East I go
Cause with Freedom or Death, there's no choice, you know?
Still on the topic of the P-R-O
When I pass my verbs, stick to brother P-X-O
[Professor X]
Over and under as I progress to this
Got no time to be hanging out with humanists
Raise a flag, fly the, tag the hand, clutch the fist
Serve we nationally comes the diss
Humanity keep it with us we break edicts
Milwaukee, the brutality, how can you dismiss?
So, off to the road we go you know
Follow the pro-nigga flow
Off to the road you know we go
Follow the pro-nigga flow
For you and yours, legislation
Past-purpose agitation
By way of the old ??? emancipation
Zoom, zoom, zoom revelation
Cometh pro-Black dedication
The solution: revolution
Evolution
The conclusion: the trigger!
Please, a let me take a swigger
And if you don't get any bigger
Yes, I'm that kind of nigga!
[J] Yeah! To the East, my brother, to the East!
[X] To the East, my brother, to the East!
[J] Come on! To the East, my brother, to the East! Yeah!
[X] To the East, my brother, to the East!
[J] To the East, my brother, to the East! Yeah!
[X] To the East, my brother, to the East, my brother,
to the East, my brother, to the East!
[Brother J]
Yeah!
Revolution, evolution, the solution
No amendments, and burn the Constitution
You take the authors, a bunch of old wig-ers
Who ratified extinction of the poor, Black niggas
Know why? Cause I'm that nigga that they can't stand
That teach an African how to say, "Black man!"
And I'm that nigga they can plainly see
With the nationalist colors of the red, black, green
Yeah! I'm the one who cut Tarzan's vine
Ran his ass out the jungle with his homeboy swine
One of those brothers that they just can't find
That makes 'em shake and make 'em shiver when it comes nighttime
Yeah! A boom-bap with a pro-Black slap
The old systematic dues
All Irish do Japs. Yeah!
You hear me? Boy, you'd better make way!
Enough action and totally nothing to say
And here's a message to the Rainbow crew
And their fearless leader, Captain Human:
Revolution is not humanism!
Individualism and not separatism!
Hey! Point blank, living-ism is a tank
Cause there's just some things that I never forget:
I remember green suits on a Black mayor;

I remember nine-millimeter child slayers;
I remember all the times that you called me an animal
But in Milwaukee there's a cannibal
Check it! Some of the things that you just don't figure
Cause it gets a lot Blacker and a whole lot bigger
No matter, nightstick or bring your big trigger
Our nation is protected by some pro-Black niggas!
[Professor X]
Making note of some minors. I'm not talking baseball, cause if I was Brother J, we'd be playing professional. There nine innings to a baseball game. By the way: Is it humanity? Or is it vanity? Vainglorious! This is protected, by the red, the black, and the green, with the key! On the road again. Sissy! And ya' don't stop!