The Killing Season

A Tribe Called Quest

Winter in America, never knew white Christmas 'Cause elves said the squares is always making my shit list Spring is in the air and all the flowers in bloom The powers that be wanna devour the movement Tears disappear when they fall in the summer rain Bleedin' through this mic, but they call it entertainment Running across stages is a drug It's like a brother, we crumple the raw papers Call it the Lord's name cause we taking it in our veins Like the feeding us intravenous It's war and we fighting for inches and millimetres Try to stall the progress by killing off all the leaders If we don't give them martyrs no more, they can't defeat us This lack of justice got us disgusted, look at our faces All these soldiers hate but I saw military training The force flags fly at a half mast this morning Take a bow, this might be your last performance They sold ya, sold ya, sold ya The old lady saw us on the lawn with the Henny Turn the pool party into the one from McKinney Might've been racist like the waitresses up at Denny's So we had twelve gauges, automatics, and semis

Now they wanna condemn me for my freedom of speech 'Cause I see things in black and white like Lisa and Screech Presidents get impeached and others fill in the throne But veterans don't get the benefit of feelin' at home So maybe those projections out at Silicon Over dro they getting injections made of silicone I swear it's the killing season 'Cause killin' is still in season yea Louder than a three pound, voices screaming at ya boo It must be killing season, on the menu, strange fruit Whose juices fill the progress of this here, very nation Whose states has grown bitter, through justice expiration These fruitful trees are rooted in bloody soil and torment Things haven't really changed, been dormant for the moment Marks and scars, we own it, only makes for tougher skin Helps us actualize the actual greatness held within Been on the wrong team so much, can't recognise a win Seems like my only crime is having melanin Connection to the sun so strong the relationship is lusted for Causes meant to suffocate, I can't breathe no more Settle the score sadly, need an abacus to tally Through all the peaks and valleys, yo, I recognize them sadly Black soul old enough, inner city holdin' up Watch me get all my goons, watch us get soldiered up They sold ya, sold ya, sold ya They sold ya, sold ya, sold ya