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dead prez

This is Ime Oulu reporting for the Information Age, Global Hood News Report

In women's beauty and cosmetic news, not to be taken lightly, the rise in medical malpraxis and white market body injection, instances continue  
Scientists have also found the culprit in the newest cases of head cancer have been linked to the glue used in the ever popular lace front wig  
Also in sports, as a closing note to the Olympic propaganda charade  
Salute to the amazing African tracking field athletes  
Some of who are forced to run under a colonial flag  
Congratulations Mo Farad, a Somalian who's gold was stolen once again by Great Britain

This Ime Oulu along with 90 Seas Way Informer and this is the Global Hood News

Where there's health neglect there's no self-respect  
But what else you expect? Look how they dealt the death  
We inherited stress, had to bury our best  
Martin, Malcolm X, bullet holes in they chest  
We adapt to the struggle, only way we survive  
Eating scraps from the table but it kept us alive  
Making something from nothing, still we hope for the best  
Making miracles happen, daily coping with less

Scar string will ban 'em  
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Raised in the ghetto, singing songs - called survival  
But eating soul food to have you dead on arrival  
Hand on the rifle, other hand on the bible  
Strong as an ox but look at what you put inside you  
We resemble your things, do the silliest things  
No better than you better cause that's what experience brings  
Break out of jail but can you break out a fascicle cell?  
We say we living well, but we living in hell

We already been to the other side  
We ain't turning back, now we choose a lie  
To really get by this, and that ain't right  
We feel it inside, it's time to fight

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We glued to the TV screen commercials in-between  
Crack Donalds, Murda King  
What happened to eat your greens?  
Eatin some or anything, abusing Mary Jane  
Chinese chicken wings, everyday hood thing  
5 hour energy, red bull and Hennessey  
Head bobbin bot the organs full of toxicity  
Pack a cool menthol, nicotine pick fall  
They have the nerve to put cool on the pack so they can trick y'all  
Slave to the Dutch master, colon cancer victim  
Tell you want a package but we still blame the system

No squares in my circle, screw all that sippin purple  
I'm tryina live to my potential, age is just a number  
A G preserve his temple, a G control his temper  
No discipline, you slippin, no toxins in my kitchen  
Slavery is over cousin, but then at lunch it wasn't  
If food is the last plantation then I'm Harriet Tubman  
Advocating colonics, saving my lungs from chronic  
But you can't free a slave unless he knows he's in bondage  
(You wanna get freaky? Let's go)  
You can't free a slave unless he knows he's in bondage