

I said listen, I'm a nigga on a mission  
Do what I gotta to get my people in position  
Help 'em envision a better living condition  
Stop putting so much trust in your religion  
They couldn't conquer without division  
Boy you still black, I don't care if you Catholic or Christian  
Police'll still fuck you up, young buck  
Bust you in your head, leave your body by the dump truck  
Revolution got me pumped up  
But it's still a fact black people still think so fucked up  
How they got money to go war with whoever wrecked the buildings  
And none forever cuz HIV infect the children  
That mean the money for a life they can save  
They rather use it to send a life to a grave  
And that's not righteous ways  
That ain't even half, my real-a-real  
I could write for days, but I don't know how they might behave  
You seen what they did to the 'Pac's, Martin's, and Marvin Gaye  
Could you picture the Black Panther party today?  
Usin' hip hop to say the same thing Marcus Garvey would say?  
Imagine Malcolm X over a beat  
Tryin' to rally up the troops and take control of the street  
Still in the window holdin' the heat  
But now we got soldiers on the corner like police patrollin' the beat  
Fuck G.E.D.'s - Niggaz need DP CD's  
We don't need PCP; we don't need flat screen TV's and DVD's  
We need more knowledge of who we be

Do we really know where the guns come from?  
Do we really know where the drugs come from?  
How come it only affects us and not them?  
How come Jesus Christ has still not come?  
Why am I wrong if I kill a nigga that punch me?  
But it's alright for you to blow up a whole country...