We, we are the ones We'll seal your fate, tear down your state, go get yo' guns We, we came to fight It's yo' disgrace, smash up your place, that's just polite We, we are the ones We'll seal your fate, tear down your state, go get yo' guns We, we came to fight It's yo' disgrace, smash up your place, that's just polite Once upon a time when crack was gold And hip-hop was not yet platinum sold I scoured the streets for stacks to fold My mood like my hair was relaxed and blowed I hated police and my teachers were beasts My heat in the trunk of the classic Caprice The one university, I knew the deal So I cooked it, bagged it, put it on sale Now philosophically you'd be opposed To one inhaling coke via mouth or the nose But economically I would propose That you go eat a dick as employment froze And I felt like an abandoned child Left to fend for myself in the wild While every courtroom, judge and gavel Were there to bury me under the gravel Or at the bottom of the finest malt ale Observe, you'll find without fail That in every neighborhood and penitentiary There exists many others who are similar to me and We, we are the ones We'll seal your fate, tear down your state, go get yo' guns We, we came to fight It's yo' disgrace, smash up your place, that's just polite In later years I lost some peers Who mixed burners with Belvedere And took shots from gung-ho cashiers The world was cold yet hell was near So I seek for a kilo And my stack got a little bit taller like Skee-Lo A street C.E.O. There was all of this hell well and not one hero The intensity was fortified As I clenched five digits on the forty-five Barely down at the retail store, I would detail more But I don't wish this action to be glorified There was a plan I was eager to listen To not sleep in the park in the fetal position Having to wipe off canine fecal emission Otherwise I'd survive without legal permission It's an equal division and then we go to prison Which is a little decision All I wanted was a Regal to glisten And my kids would have meat in the kitchen And complete ammunition It's a given once the people are driven that We, we are the ones We'll seal your fate, tear down your state, go, get yo' guns We, we came to fight

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It's yo' disgrace, smash up your place, that's just polite
Get your work up, get your work up
We are born from the mildew, the rust, the heathenous lust
The dreams in the dust, the evidence flushed
The grieving is just, they're thieving from us
Insulted and cussed, this evening we bust
Appears unstable and under the table
We like free speech but we love free cable
We're taught from the cradle, the Bill Gates fable
Which leads to high speeds in Buick LeSables
We have no excuses just great alibis
And poker faces you can't analyze
Our politicians sell our soul and our cries
With blood on their hands, they can't sanitize
We're the have-nots but we're also the gon'-gets
Not just talkin' 'bout the Lex with the chrome kits
You can get that by yourself with the four-fifth
Let's all own shit then toast with Patron hits
We, we are the ones
We'll seal your fate, tear down your state, go, get yo' guns
We, we came to fight
It's yo' disgrace, smash up your place, that's just polite
We, we are the ones
We'll seal your fate, tear down your state, go, get yo' guns
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Get your work up, get your work up
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