**"Rock N Roll"**

*[Mos Def]*  
Make me wanna HOLLA.. aowwWWWWWWWWWWWWW!  
"Ah.. ah-ah, ah-ah.. ah-ah, ah-lert the squad.."  
Rock and roll  
"Ah.. ah-ah, ah-ah.. ah-ah, ah-lert the squad.."  
Hehehe, rock and roll  
"Ah.. ah-ah, ah-ah.. ah-ah, ah-lert the squad.."  
Whoahhhhh-oh, oooh-weee-oooh  
"Ah.. ah-ah, ah-ah.. ah-ah, ah-lert the squad.."  
Whoahhhhh-oh  
  
(Huh) My grandmomma was raised on a reservation  
(Huh) My great-grandmomma was, from a plantation  
They sang - songs for inspiration  
They sang - songs for relaxation  
They sang - songs, to take their minds up off that  
F\*cked up situation  
I am... yes I am... the descendant (yes yes)  
of those folks whose, backs got broke  
who, fell down inside the gunsmoke  
(Black people!) Chains on they ankles and feet  
I am descendants, of the builders of your street  
(Black people!) Tenders to your cotton money  
I am.. hip-hop  
"It's heavy metal for the black people"  
I am.. rock and roll (rock and roll.. rock'n'roll)  
BEEN HERE FOREVER!  
They just ain't let you know.. (HA!)  
  
I said, Elvis Presley ain't got no soul (huh)  
Chuck Berry is rock and roll (damn right)  
You may dig on the Rolling Stones  
But they ain't come up with that style on they own (uh-uh)  
Elvis Presley ain't got no SOULLLL (hell naw)  
Little Richard is rock and roll (damn right)  
You may dig on the Rolling Stones  
But they ain't come up with that shit on they own (nah-ah)  
  
Guess that's just the way shit goes  
You steal my clothes and try to say they yo's (yes they do)  
Cause it's a show filled with pimps and hoes  
Tryin to take everything that you made or control (there they go)  
Elvis Presley ain't got no SOULLLL  
Bo Diddley is rock and roll (damn right)  
You may dig on the Rolling Stones  
But they ain't the first place the credit belongs  
  
Say whoahhhh-oh (don't take it) oooh-weee-ohhh  
(black music) whoahhhh-oh (don't take it) oooh-weee-ohhh  
(black music) whoahhhh-oh (Jimi Hendrix say) oooh-weee-ohhh  
(black music) whoahhhh-oh (Albert King and) oooh-weee-ohhh  
(and Motown)  
  
(huh) I ain't tryin to diss  
but I don't be tryin to F\*ck with Limp Bizkit  
"The F\*ck is on your mind?"  
When I get down in my zone  
I be rockin Bad Brains and Fishbone  
I ain't tryin to slow your groove  
But that ain't the way I'm tryin to move  
I don't turn on Korn to get it on;  
I be playin Jimi Hendrix 'til the dawn  
That's my word is bond  
Sittin up on my front lawn  
Got the volume turned to ten  
Playin Albert King the best again (black)  
When the mornin in the cooker  
Got to turn on some John Lee Hooker  
When I want some rock and roll  
Go to Otis Redding to get some soul  
  
Say, James Brown got plenty of soul  
James Brown like to rock and roll  
He can do all the shit fo' sho'  
that Elvis Presley could never know (black people)  
Said, Kenny G ain't got no SOULLLL  
John Coltrane is rock and roll (uh-huh)  
You may dig on the Rolling Stones  
but they could never ever rock like Nina Simone  
  
Say whoahhhh-oh (don't take it) oooh-wee-ohh  
(black music) whoahhhh-oh (don't take it) oooh-weee-ohhh  
(black music) whoahhhh-oh (don't take it) oooh-weee-ohhh  
(black music) whoah-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh  
  
"ah-lert the squad.."  
  
*[MUSIC PICKS UP PACE AND GETS LOUDER]*  
  
Who am IIIIiiiiiiiiIiiiII, HUH!  
GET YOUR PUNK ASS UP!  
ELVIS PRESLEY AIN'T GOT NO SOUL  
JIMI HENDRIX IS ROCK AND ROLL  
YOU MAY DIG ON THE ROLLING STONES  
BUT EVERYTHING THEY DID THEY STOLE  
ELVIS PRESLEY AIN'T GOT NO SOUL  
BO DIDDLEY IS ROCK AND ROLL  
YOU MAY DIG ON THE ROLLING STONES  
BUT WE SEND THEY PUNK ASS HOME  
Who am IIIiiiiiiiiiii (ROCK AND ROLL)  
Who am IIIiiiiiiiiiii (ROCK AND ROLL)  
Who am IIIiiiiiiiiiii (ROCK AND ROLL)  
Who am IIIiiiiiiiiiii (ROCK AND ROLL)  
Who am IIIiiiiiiiiiii (ROCK AND ROLL)  
Who am IIIiiiiiiiiiii (ROCK AND ROLL)  
Who am IIIiiiiiiiiiii (ROCK AND ROLL)  
Who am IIIiiiiiiiiiii (ROCK AND ROLL)  
Who am IIIiiiiiiiiiii (ROCK AND ROLL)  
Who am IIIiiiiiiiiiii!!!  
Say, rock and ROLL!  
Who am I? Rock and ROLL!  
Who am I? Rock and ROLL!  
Who am I? Rock and ROLL!  
Who am I? Rock and ROLL!  
Who am I? Rock and ROLL!  
Who am I? Rock and ROLL!  
GET YOUR PUNK ASS UP!!!!!!!  
Company, MOVE!!!  
For Harlem, Fort Greene, Compton  
East St. Louis, Detroit (BO BO)  
Chicago (BO BO) Bed-Stuy (BO BO)  
Flatbush (BO BO) Brownsville (BO BO)  
East New York (BO BO) Newark New Jersey (BO BO)  
Illadelphia Cincinatti Atlanta the Dirty South  
All towns GET YOUR PUNK ASS UP!!  
"Rock and roll for the black people"  
Hi ma..  
  
"Well that was just wonderful"

**"Beautiful Struggle"**

*[Sample]*  
This is a tear jerker  
*[Intro - echoes]*  
The revolution is here, the revolution is here people  
I said it once, I'll say it twice  
You gots to be ready  
The revolution is inside of you  
People, the revolution is here, yeah  
*[Hook]*  
The revolution's here  
No one can lead you off your path  
You'll try to change the world  
So please excuse me while I laugh (yeah)  
No one can change your ways (rock with me for a second)  
No one can lead you off your path (come on)  
You'll try to change the world  
So please excuse me while I laugh  
*[Verse 1: Talib Kweli]*  
Yo, I heard it's said the revolution won't be televised  
But in the land of milk and honey there's a date you gotta sell it by  
Otherwise it just expires and spoils  
And these folks jump out the pot when the water too hot  
Cause the fire boils inside  
You go to church to find you some religion  
And all you hear is connivin' and gossip and contradiction and  
You try to vote and participate in the government  
And the muh'F\*ckin' Democrats is actin' like Republicans  
You join an organization that know black history  
But ask them how they plan to make money and it's a mystery  
Lookin' for the remedy but you can't see what's hurtin' you  
The revolution's here, the revolution is personal  
They call me the political rapper  
Even after I tell 'em I don't F\*ck with politics  
I don't even follow it  
I'm on some KRS, Ice Cube, Chris Wallace shit  
Main Source, De La Soul, bumpin' "2Pacalypse Now"  
*[Hook]*  
The revolution's here (yeah)  
No one can lead you off your path (uh uh)  
You'll try to change the world  
So please excuse me while I laugh (ha ha, ha ha)  
No one can change your ways  
No one can lead you off your path (uh uh)  
You'll try to change the world ('scuse me)  
So please excuse me while I laugh  
*[Verse 2]*  
Yo, I speak at schools a lot cause they say I'm intelligent  
No, it's cause I'm dope, if I was wack I'd be irrelevant  
I'm like the dope in your tracks until your high is settled in  
You leanin' to the left, the laughter's the best medicine  
But the troubles you have today you just can't laugh away  
Stay optimistic, thinking change is gonna come like Donny Hathaway  
You have to pray, on top of that, act today  
Cause opportunity shrivel away like Tom Hanks in "Cast Away"  
Everybody pass away, the pastor prays, the family mournin'  
Everybody act accordin' to the season that they born in (You'll try to change the world)  
You fight in the streets, start bleedin' 'til the blood is pourin'  
In the gutter, mothers cry 'til the Lord be livin' by the sword and  
All that folks want is safety, they goin' gun crazy  
The same reason Reagan was playin' war games in the '80s  
The same reason I always rock dog chains on my babies  
The struggle is beautiful, I'm too strong for your slavery  
  
*[Hook]*  
  
*[Outro: Talib Kweli]*  
It's a beautiful thing that's happenin' right now  
Right now G  
Yo, I'm rockin' with my man Hi-Tek on the track right now  
We fightin' the good fight  
The Beautiful Struggle  
Yeah, let's go  
  
(So please excuse me while I laugh)

**Grandmaster Flash: The Message** Songwriters: MARTIN/SHAPIRO/NESLER

It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder   
How I keep from going under   
It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder   
How I keep from going under   
  
Broken glass everywhere   
People pissing on the stairs, you know they just don't care   
I can't take the smell, I can't take the noise   
Got no money to move out, I guess I got no choice   
Rats in the front room, roaches in the back   
Junkies in the alley with the baseball bat   
I tried to get away, but I couldn't get far   
Cause a man with a tow-truck repossessed my car   
  
Chorus:   
Don't push me cause I'm close to the edge   
I'm trying not to lose my head, ah huh-huh-huh   
[2nd and 5th: ah huh-huh-huh]   
[4th: say what?]   
It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder   
How I keep from going under   
It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder   
How I keep from going under   
  
Standing on the front stoop, hangin' out the window   
Watching all the cars go by, roaring as the breezes blow   
Crazy lady livin' in a bag   
Eating out of garbage pails, used to be a fag-hag   
Said she danced the tango, skipped the light fandango   
The Zircon Princess seemed to lost her senses   
Down at the peepshow, watching all the creeps   
So she can tell the stories to the girls back home   
She went to the city and got social security   
She had to get a pimp, she couldn't make it on her own   
  
My brother's doing bad on my mother's TV   
She says: "You watch it too much, it's just not healthy!"   
"All My Children" in the daytime, "Dallas" at night   
Can't even see the game or the Sugar Ray fight   
The bill collectors they ring my phone   
And scare my wife when I'm not home   
Got a bum education, double-digit inflation   
I can't take the train to the job, there's a strike at the station   
Neon King Kong standin' on my back   
Can't stop to turn around, broke my sacrophiliac   
A mid-ranged migraine, cancered membrane   
Sometimes I think I'm going insane, I swear I might hijack a plane   
  
My son said: "Daddy I don't wonna go to school   
Cause the teacher's a jerk!", he must think I'm a fool   
And all the kids smoke reefer, I think it'd be cheaper   
If I just got a job, learned to be a street sweeper   
I'll dance to the beat, shuffle my feet   
Wear a shirt and tie and run with the creeps   
Cause it's all about money, ain't a damn thing funny   
You got to have a con in this land of milk and honey   
They pushed that girl in front of the train   
Took her to the doctor, sewed her arm on again   
Stabbed that man right in his heart   
Gave him a transplant for a brand new start   
I can't walk through the park, cause it's crazy after dark   
Keep my hand on my gun, cause they got me on the run   
I feel like a outlaw, broke my last glass jar   
Hear them say: "You want some more livin' on a seesaw?"   
  
[4th Chorus]   
  
A child is born with no state of mind   
Blind to the ways of mankind   
God is smiling on you but he's frowning too   
Because only God knows what you'll go through   
You'll grow in the ghetto, living second rate   
And your eyes will sing a song of deep hate   
The places you're playin', where you stay   
Looks like one great big alley way   
You'll admire all the number book takers   
Thugs, pimps, pushers and the big money makers   
Driving big cars, spending twenties and tens   
And you wanna grow up to be just like them, huh,   
Smugglers, scrambles, burglars, gamblers   
Pickpockets, peddlers even panhandlers   
You say: "I'm cool, I'm no fool!"   
But then you wind up dropping out of high school   
Now you're unemployed, all non-void   
Walking 'round like you're Pretty Boy Floyd   
Turned stickup kid, look what you've done did   
Got sent up for a eight year bid   
Now your manhood is took and you're a may tag   
Spend the next two years as a undercover fag   
Being used and abused to serve like hell   
Till one day you was found hung dead in a cell   
It was plain to see that your life was lost   
You was cold and your body swung back and forth   
But now your eyes sing the sad, sad song   
Of how you lived so fast and died so young   
  
Chorus   
  
Yo Mell, you see that girl there?   
Yo, that sounded like Cowboy man   
Cool   
Yo, what's up Money?   
Yo, where's Cooly an Raheim?   
They is downstairs coooling out   
So what's up for tonight y'all?   
We could go down to Phoenix   
We could go check out "Junebug" man   
Hey yo, you know that girl Betty?   
Yeah man   
Come on, come all man   
Not like it   
That's what I heard man   
What's this happening, what's this?   
What's goin' on?   
Freeze   
Don't nobody move or nothin'   
Y'all know what this is (What's happend?)   
Get 'em up, get 'em up (What?)   
Oh man, we're (Right in there) Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five   
What is that, a gang?   
No   
Shut up   
I don't wanna hear your mouth   
Shut up   
Officer, officer, what is the problem?   
You the problem   
Hey, you ain't gotta push me man   
Get in the car, get in the car   
Get in the god...   
I said, "Get in the car"   
Why is he?

**Jadakiss, Why (remix)**

All that I've been given It's this pain that I be living (The remix, the remix) They got me in the system Why they gotta do me like that?   
Why is garbage music selling a lot? Why is the music industry state of mind real far from hip hop? Why vote republican if you black? Why build more jails, less schools 'cuz we under attack?   
Why I keep the four pound in the air? The revolution will not be televised get from around here Why I keep my right fist in the sky? I let them know that we gonna make it, don't plan our demise   
Why you gotta teach your kids on your own? 'Cuz when you get in the zone They bringing you in, you both getting cloned   
Why we still gotta pray to Allah? It's hip hop, this the 'New World Order' And they playin' us hard   
Why rappers getting protection? Why the country ain't flipped When they jerked the votes the last election?   
Why die for all my beliefs? I gotta look at my kids I rather smile Then cry when he's sleep, that's why   
Why, why they got me strugglin'? Why? All the brothas locked behind bars Drained up in the system going crazy I'm battling my pistol going, why?   
Why do n--s say I changed for a girl? Why you worried 'bout my clothes? If my flow gon' change the world? Why you wait till you 30 to try to be hard? Why I gotta have religion if I believe in God?   
Why is Bush acting like he trying to get Osama? Why don't we impeach him and elect Obama? Why ain't Rick James remembered for classic hits? Why do we remember Rick for smackin' a bitch?   
Why did Ricky Williams retire? They mad at Miami Why did Justin sell Janet out and go to the Grammy's? Why you kill on every song, why you frown at the screen? It’s so many thrones, why we argue who is the King?   
Why it's over for the gangsta, why it's over for bling? Why they hype Britney up, they know she can't sing? Why a whip and a chain a black American dream? Why I know it in my heart it remains unseen? Why?   
Why, why they got me strugglin'? Why? All the brothas locked behind bars Drained up in the system going crazy I'm battling my pistol going, why?   
Registered voter not blood of a panther Why is the question what is the answer? Got a suggestion, here's an example Won't we build our own airline, states, and highways? Fly to Africa, do some trades with Zimbabwe   
Why did Malcolm's mission die with the man? Why we ain't pick it up where he left it and carry out his plan? Why the merger try to exclude L.A. Reid? He brought you Usher, Outkast top-selling CD's   
Why do half America got AIDS? Why do schools care about your son's braids More than they care for his grades?   
Why they hate our white t-shirts and hats turned backwards? And why is Jesus Christ never played by black actors? And why there ain't a MC that can touch me nor budge me? And why is Nas the best thing in rap since Chuck D?   
And why this record ain't sell 5 mill yet? Jada's as real as it get Put my money where my mouth is We do something 'bout this   
Why, why they got me strugglin'? Why? All the brothas locked behind bars Drained up in the system going crazy I'm battling my pistol going, why?   
Yo by thugs, I'm surrounded Tell me why is it the money motivates me? But the love keeps me grounded? Why my cases ain't get thrown out? And why team USA keep getting blown out?   
Why the Democratic party ain't getting with me? Why they still hanging black bodies in Mississippi? Yea, why did governor McGrevey get caught with a lizard? Why they take away Shyne's phone calls and visits?   
Why I been hot for 7 years? Why the new M5 come with 7 gears? Please tell me why y'all keep making that trash? Why they reinstating the draft, why is it so much hating you have?   
And why sell records and keep working? Why we go on stage with the bread with the feet working? Shit Li's real, why when I loved on die you miss them? Why it took for me to make 'Why' for y'all to listen?   
Why, why they got me strugglin'? Why? All the brothas locked behind bars Drained up in the system going crazy I'm battling my pistol going, why?

**Fight the Power, Public Enemy, 1989**

1989 the number another summer (get down)  
Sound of the funky drummer  
Music hittin' your heart cause I know you got sould  
(Brothers and sisters hey)  
Listen if you're missin' y'all  
Swingin' while I'm singin'  
Givin' whatcha gettin'  
Knowin' what I know  
While the Black bands sweatin'  
And the rhythm rhymes rollin'  
Got to give us what we want  
Gotta give us what we need  
Our freedom of speech is freedom or death  
We got to fight the powers that be  
Lemme hear you say  
Fight the power  
  
Chorus  
  
As the rhythm designed to bounce  
What counts is that the rhymes  
Designed to fill your mind  
Now that you've realized the prides arrived  
We got to pump the stuff to make us tough  
from the heart  
It's a start, a work of art  
To revolutionize make a change nothin's strange  
People, people we are the same  
No we're not the same  
Cause we don't know the game  
What we need is awareness, we can't get careless  
You say what is this?  
My beloved lets get down to business  
Mental self defensive fitness  
(Yo) bum rush the show  
You gotta go for what you know  
Make everybody see, in order to fight the powers that be  
Lemme hear you say...  
Fight the Power  
  
Chorus  
  
Elvis was a hero to most  
But he never meant ---- to me you see  
Straight up racist that sucker was  
Simple and plain  
Mother---- him and John Wayne  
Cause I'm Black and I'm proud  
I'm ready and hyped plus I'm amped  
Most of my heroes don't appear on no stamps  
Sample a look back you look and find  
Nothing but rednecks for 400 years if you check  
Don't worry be happy  
Was a number one jam  
Damn if I say it you can slap me right here  
(Get it) lets get this party started right  
Right on, c'mon  
What we got to say  
Power to the people no delay  
To make everybody see  
In order to fight the powers that be  
  
(Fight the Power)

**Tupac Changes**

Come on come on  
I see no changes. Wake up in the morning and I ask myself,  
"Is life worth living? Should I blast myself?"  
I'm tired of bein' poor and even worse I'm black.  
My stomach hurts, so I'm lookin' for a purse to snatch.  
Cops give a damn about a negro? Pull the trigger, kill a n--a, he's a hero.  
Give the crack to the kids who the hell cares? One less hungry mouth on the welfare.  
First ship 'em dope & let 'em deal to brothers.  
Give 'em guns, step back, and watch 'em kill each other.  
"It's time to fight back", that's what Huey said.  
2 shots in the dark now Huey's dead.  
I got love for my brother, but we can never go nowhere  
unless we share with each other. We gotta start makin' changes.  
Learn to see me as a brother 'stead of 2 distant strangers.  
And that's how it's supposed to be.  
How can the Devil take a brother if he's close to me?  
I'd love to go back to when we played as kids  
but things changed, and that's the way it is  
  
*[Bridge w/ changing ad libs]*  
Come on come on  
That's just the way it is  
Things'll never be the same  
That's just the way it is  
aww yeah  
*[Repeat]*  
  
I see no changes. All I see is racist faces.  
Misplaced hate makes disgrace to races we under.  
I wonder what it takes to make this one better place...  
let's erase the wasted.  
Take the evil out the people, they'll be acting right.  
'Cause both black and white are smokin' crack tonight.  
And only time we chill is when we kill each other.  
It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other.  
And although it seems heaven sent,  
we ain't ready to see a black President, uhh.  
It ain't a secret don't conceal the fact...  
the penitentiary's packed, and it's filled with blacks.  
But some things will never change.  
Try to show another way, but they stayin' in the dope game.  
Now tell me what's a mother to do?  
Bein' real don't appeal to the brother in you.  
You gotta operate the easy way.  
"I made a G today" But you made it in a sleazy way.  
Sellin' crack to the kids. "I gotta get paid,"  
Well hey, well that's the way it is.  
  
*[Bridge]*  
  
*[Talking:]*  
We gotta make a change...  
It's time for us as a people to start makin' some changes.  
Let's change the way we eat, let's change the way we live  
and let's change the way we treat each other.  
You see the old way wasn't working so it's on us to do  
what we gotta do, to survive.  
  
And still I see no changes. Can't a brother get a little peace?  
There's war on the streets & the war in the Middle East.  
Instead of war on poverty,  
they got a war on drugs so the police can bother me.  
And I ain't never did a crime I ain't have to do.  
But now I'm back with the facts givin' 'em back to you.  
Don't let 'em jack you up, back you up, crack you up and pimp smack you up.  
You gotta learn to hold ya own.  
They get jealous when they see ya with ya mobile phone.  
But tell the cops they can't touch this.  
I don't trust this, when they try to rush I bust this.  
That's the sound of my tune. You say it ain't cool, but mama didn't raise no fool.  
And as long as I stay black, I gotta stay strapped & I never get to lay back.  
'Cause I always got to worry 'bout the pay backs.  
Some buck that I roughed up way back... comin' back after all these years.  
Rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat. That's the way it is. uhh  
  
*[Bridge 'til fade:]*  
Some things will never change

**"F\*ck The Police" NWA**

*[MC Ren as Court Officer]*  
Right about now, N.W.A. court is in full effect  
Judge Dre presiding  
In the case of N.W.A. vs. the Police Department;  
prosecuting attourneys are: MC Ren, Ice Cube,   
and Eazy-motherF\*ckin-E  
  
*[Dr. Dre as The Judge]*  
Order, order, order  
Ice Cube, take the motherF\*ckin stand  
Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth  
and nothin but the truth so help your black ass?  
  
*[Ice Cube as Witness]*  
You god damn right!  
  
*[Dr. Dre]*  
Well won't you tell everybody what the F\*ck you gotta say?  
  
*[Ice Cube]*  
F\*ck the police comin straight from the underground  
A young n--a got it bad cause I'm brown  
And not the other color so police think  
they have the authority to kill a minority  
F\*ck that shit, cause I ain't the one  
for a punk motherF\*cker with a badge and a gun  
to be beatin on, and thrown in jail  
We can go toe to toe in the middle of a cell  
F\*ckin with me cause I'm a teenager  
with a little bit of gold and a pager  
Searchin my car, lookin for the product  
Thinkin every n--a is sellin narcotics  
You'd rather see, me in the pen  
than me and Lorenzo rollin in a Benz-o  
Beat a police out of shape  
and when I'm finished, bring the yellow tape  
To tape off the scene of the slaughter  
Still gettin swoll off bread and water  
I don't know if they fags or what  
Search a n--a down, and grabbin his nuts  
And on the other hand, without a gun they can't get none  
But don't let it be a black and a white one  
Cause they'll slam ya down to the street top  
Black police showin out for the white cop  
Ice Cube will swarm  
on ANY motherF\*cker in a blue uniform  
Just cause I'm from, the CPT  
Ounk police are afraid of me!  
HUH, a young n--a on the warpath  
And when I'm finished, it's gonna be a bloodbath  
of cops, dyin in L.A.  
Yo Dre, I got somethin to say

Example of scene one  
*[Cop]* Pull your god damn ass over right now  
*[NWA]* Aww shit, now what the F\*ck you pullin me over for?  
*[Cop]* Cause I feel like it!  
Just sit your ass on the curb and shut the F\*ck up  
*[NWA]* Man, F\*ck this shit  
*[Cop]* Aight smartass, I'm takin your black ass to jail!  
  
*[Dr. Dre]*  
MC Ren, will you please give your testimony   
to the jury about this F\*cked up incident?  
  
*[MC Ren]*   
F\*ck the police and Ren said it with authority  
because the n--az on the street is a majority  
A gang, is with whoever I'm steppin  
and the motherF\*ckin weapon is kept in   
a stash box, for the so-called law  
Wishin Ren was a n--a that they never saw  
Lights start flashin behind me  
But they're scared of a n--a so they mace me to blind me  
But that shit don't work, I just laugh  
because it gives em a hint, not to step in my path  
For police, I'm sayin, "F\*ck you punk!"  
Readin my rights and shit, it's all junk  
Pullin out a silly club, so you stand  
with a fake-assed badge and a gun in your hand  
But take off the gun so you can see what's up  
And we'll go at it punk, and I'ma F\*ck you up!  
Make you think I'ma kick your ass  
but drop your gat, and Ren's gonna blast  
I'm sneaky as F\*ck when it comes to crime  
But I'ma smoke 'em now and not next time  
Smoke any motherF\*cker that sweats me  
or any asshole, that threatens me  
I'm a sniper with a hell of a scope  
Takin out a cop or two, they can't cope with me  
The motherF\*ckin villian that's mad  
With potential, to get bad as F\*ck  
So I'ma turn it around  
Put in my clip, yo, and this is the sound  
*[BOOM, BOOM]* Yeah, somethin like that  
but it all depends on the size of the gat  
Takin out a police, would make my day  
But a n--a like Ren don't give a F\*ck to say  
  
*[Cop]* *[knocking on the door]*  
*[NWA]* Yeah man, what you need?  
*[Cop]* Police, open now  
*[NWA]* Aww shit  
*[Cop]* We have a warrant for Eazy-E's arrest  
*[Cop]* Get down and put your hands up where I can see 'em  
(Move motherF\*cker, move now!)  
*[NWA]* What the F\*ck did I do, man what did I do?  
*[Cop]* Just shut the F\*ck up  
and get your motherF\*ckin ass on the floor  
(You heard the man, shut the F\*ck up!)  
*[NWA]* But I didn't do shit  
*[Cop]* Man just shut the F\*ck up!  
  
*[Dr. Dre]*   
Eazy-E, won't you step up to the stand  
and tell the jury how you feel about this bullshit?  
*[Eazy-E]*  
I'm tired of the motherF\*ckin jackin  
Sweatin my gang, while I'm chillin in the shack, and  
shinin the light in my face, and for what?  
Maybe it's because I kick so much butt  
I kick ass - or maybe cause I blast  
on a stupid-assed n--a when I'm playin with the trigger  
of any Uzi or an AK  
Cause the police always got somethin stupid to say  
They put out my picture with silence  
Cause my identity by itself causes violence  
The E with the criminal behavior  
Yeah, I'm a gangsta, but still I got flavor  
Without a gun and a badge, what do ya got?  
A sucker in a uniform waitin to get shot  
by me, or another n--a  
And with a gat it don't matter if he's smaller or bigger  
(MC Ren: Size ain't shit, he's from the old school fool)  
And as you all know, E's here to rule  
Whenever I'm rollin, keep lookin in the mirror  
And ears on cue, yo, so I can hear a  
dumb motherF\*cker with a gun  
And if I'm rollin off the 8, he'll be the one  
that I take out, and then get away  
While I'm drivin off laughin this is what I'll say  
  
The verdict  
  
*[Dre]* The jury has found you guilty of bein a redneck,   
white bread, chickenshit motherF\*cker  
*[Cop]* But wait, that's a lie! That's a god damn lie!  
*[Dre]* Get him out of here!  
*[Cop]* I want justice!  
*[Dre]* Get him the F\*ck out my face!  
*[Cop]* I want justice!  
*[Dre]* Out, RIGHT NOW!  
*[Cop]* F\*CK YOU, YOU BLACK MOTHER-F\*CKERRRRRRRRRRRRS!  
  
F\*ck the police! *[x3*

**1970**

**(Don't Worry) If There's a Hell Below, We're All Going to Go - Curtis Mayfield**

*[spoken:]*  
Sisters, n--s, whities, jews, crackers!  
Don't worry, if there's hell below, we're all gotta go!  
Aaaaaaah!  
  
Sisters, brothers and the whities  
Blacks and the crackers  
Police and their backers  
They're all political actors  
  
Hurry  
People running from their worries  
While the judge and the juries  
Dictate the law that's partly flaw  
Cat calling, love balling, fussing and cussing  
Top billing now is killing  
For peace no-one is willing  
Kind of make you get that feeling  
  
Everybody smoke  
Use the pill and the dope  
Educated fools  
From uneducated schools  
Pimping people is the rule  
Polluted water in the pool  
And Nixon talking about don't worry  
He says don't worry  
He says don't worry  
He says don't worry  
  
But they don't know  
There can be no show  
And if there's a hell below  
We're all gonna go  
  
Everybody's praying  
And everybody's saying  
But when come time to do  
Everybody's laying  
  
Just talking about don't worry  
They say don't worry  
They say don't worry  
They say don't worry  
  
Sisters, brothers and the whities  
Blacks and the crackers  
Police and their backers  
They're all political actors  
  
Smoke, the pill and the dope  
Educated fools  
From uneducated schools  
Pimping people is the rule  
Polluted water in the pool  
  
And everybody saying don't worry  
They say don't worry  
They say don't worry  
They say don't worry  
  
But they don't know  
There can be no show  
And if there's a hell below  
We're all gonna go  
  
Lord, what we gonna do  
Tell me what we gonna do  
If everything I say is true?  
This ain't no way it ought to be  
If only all the mass could see   
  
But they keep talkin' 'bout don't worry  
They say don't worry  
They say don't worry  
They say don't worry

## Fight The Power Part 1 & 2 lyrics

## Isley Brothers

Time is truly wastin'   
There's no guarantee, yeah  
Smiles in the makin'   
You gotta fight the powers that be  
Got so many forces   
Stayin' on the scene  
Givin' up all around me   
Faces full o' pain  
  
CHORUS:  
I can't play my music   
(They say my music's too loud)  
I kept talkin' about it   
(I got the big run around)  
And when I rolled with the punches   
(I got knocked on the ground)  
With all this bullshit going down  
  
Time is truly wastin'   
There's no guarantee, yeah  
Smiles in the makin'   
You gotta fight the powers that be  
I don't understand it   
People wanna see, yeah  
Those that got the answers   
Red tape in the way  
I could take you in easy   
That's just half the fun, oh boy  
Seeking satisfaction   
Keeps me on the run  
  
CHORUS:  
I can't play my music   
(They say my music's too loud)  
I kept talkin' about it   
(I got the big run around)  
And when I rolled with the punches   
(I got knocked on the ground)  
With all this bullshit going down  
  
Time is truly wastin'   
There's no guarantee  
Smile's in the makin'   
You gotta fight the powers that be  
  
If you & I can - we got the power  
  
Fight it, fight the power   
  
Fight it........baby, baby, baby, yeah  
  
Fight it, fight the power  
(repeated till end)