**"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)