

TURN THE BEAT UP

I.

Who hacked ya? Separate the meek from the obsolete
 Aint hard to stay armed to the teeth
 in these Barguna streets
 The laws and the lawless now thicker than thieves
 Slicker than Rick, can't get anything to stick
 Bystanders unaffected,
 I didn't expect to get jumped
 Where has this society come,
 Dumber than dumb,
 Used to numbers that numb
 The law shocked,
 But wasn't a tailor slain?
 Under another blue sky, so who we gon' blame?
 We got pictures of that too and we also got names
 We find militants in haystacks
 But for inconvenience deaths, it's just shame
 Shootout shootout,
 criminals fall to the velvet glove
 You gave us guns and drugs
 And Ice, they still wonder why the hell we thugs?

[Interlude]

Now as we proceed, to be given what they think we need
 Fifty-seven, young brother
 These sections is codes from heaven, young brother
 After the fact man hunt, young brother
 Stand and clap for this man's stunt, young brother



II.

I see the might,
 Excite all the freaks
 Bags of tricks, spread hate with the sheep
 Had to escort my wife, had to have her back
 We always secure, but don't know where the securers at
 A nation covered, but still catchin' flak
 Not afraid of what they have,
 But scared of what they lack
 NO ONE WILL BE SPARED
 They always tellin the graves
 Yeah no one will be spared,
 But ain't no one gettin' saved
 Promisin more promises
 Remixin, replayin old tapes
 There is no food crisis
 Only nine month olds getting raped

