

Hard Truth Soldiers

Public Enemy featuring Paris

[Verse 1: Chuck D] Bring that beat back, we set it off "we set it off"

Got us back for combat, we get it raw "we get it raw"

With a counterattack over tracks we build minds of the blind

never calm when we bomb on neocons "let's go"

Pump the level, the rebel to you

Never lose or let a devil break up my crew

Never nervous, serve 'em with the words with purpose it's the

CoIntel killa black hard truth silverback "damn"

Still checkin to see just who's set to come along

when brothers revive that movement

We bringing the balance back, never non-violent tact

Guerrillla Funk and P.E. connect

So know it when you're hearin the rhymes that I'm givin' 'em

combined with the rythmn designed to expose the sins

all in it's the master plan

until the curse is reversed I'm sayin, rebirth of a nation...

[Verse 2: Professor Griff] They call me E-M-E, U-N-O, you know

P.A., niggaz is opposite of the Po Po

We say together the ants can conquer the elephants

They say, fuck what they say 'cause shit is irrelevant

Soldiers, where's your heart? Show me that love

What you made of? This is the shit that could make thugs

Turn revolutionary, 360 he with me she with me

Anything for you, give up my kidney...

[Verse 3: Dead Prez] Up early in the morning, training with the machete

Revolutionary, ready for war, never scary

As an African, my daily regimen is development

Malcolm X said self defense is intelligent

So I train in the martial arts

It's something for warriors, not those with partial hearts "partial hearts"

We recognize that our people need a military

So we could take care what's already necessary....

[Chorus x2: Paris] What they say, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah

Straight Hard Truth Soldier

Believe, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah

Straight Hard Truth Soldier

[Verse 4: Paris] It's the killa Cal nigga now, showin' disgust

One hitter, still bitter, clips ready to bust

Gat Turner with the twin burner 21 shots in my drawz

Red beam on a pig make 'em pause
And y'all can't fuck with the style I bring
Been wild as a child ever since I came
To the knowledge of myself, raise 'em up, maintain
P-Dog and the Enemy, we bringin' the pain...

[Verse 5: Conscious Daughters]It's the squaw, quick on the draw and quite clean
Verbal attack, I'm never seen, comin'
Niggas take off runnin', they know in my tribe
I'm pitchin' venomous arrows and shovin' bitches aside
We ride, unified, playin' our part
Bein' sure that a woman's voice'll never get lost
Still a soldier in the struggle and aware of the cost
Motherfucker, thought you knew the people ready for war...
So before I begin, let's commit to rhyme
Keep the women in the mix and do it one more time
And that when I get to hittin', know the powder is dry
Spittin' 'power to the people', hoe, the real gon' shine
Conscious Daughters in the front, soldier first brigade
Special One, CMG, Guerrilla Funk, we raid
Blaze through the competition and we all get paid
But keep it revolutionary each and every day.....

[Chorus x2: Paris]What they say, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah
Straight Hard Truth Soldier
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[Verse 6: MC Ren]Who that nigga you can call to spit some shit
And ain't scared of the government, you niggaz lovin' it
We spread out in different positions
Tryin' to break these motherfuckers outta prison, listen "yeah"
Mayday on the front line
Nigga we G's up in the game, we bust 'till we flatline "what"
Then they want my black ass to Rock The Vote
They want as many niggaz they can to fill the boat
But these house niggaz go fight in Iraq
Cryin' to they mamma now they wanna come back
Should'nta took your black ass in the service
And fuck if I make you nervous, I'ma speak it
Black revolutionary, that's my title
While these stupid niggaz wanna be American Idols
Still ride for the streets, since day one
We rough with ours homie, straight outta Compton...

[Chorus x2: Paris]What they say, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah
Straight Hard Truth Soldier
Believe, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah

Straight Hard Truth Soldier

[Outro: MC Ren Talking]yeah, MC motherfuckin Ren, with my nigga Paris
Guerrilla Funk

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