

Fugitive

K-Solo

I ran like a rebel in '85
Cops tried to catch me 'cause all of 'em said
I beat up these other men who were bigger than me
Was it because I was black and they were W H I T E Here I was walking down the block
I seen these two big bikers standing by the biker's shop
They seen it was me so to make theyself feel bigger
One got bad bold, pointed and called me a nigger I suck my finger up, I said, "His mother" and kept stepping
His friend told his other friend, "Hey Cauky, let's get him"
I looked to my back to my surprise
One had a chain in his hand and the Devil in his eye I said, "I'm in trouble, let me think real quick"
I looked down at the ground and got this big fat brick
With no time to waste I put the brick in my hand
And then the biker took the chain fell out of his hand Then his friend Crotty said, "Cauky, are you alright?"
But what he didn't know was he was in for a fight
The right in his jaw, he fell on the floor
The kid I hit with the brick before said, "Don't hit him anymore" I put my brick down, left him on the ground
Everything was cool till the cops came around
They said, "You're under arrest for assault 2 and 3"
I laughed at the copper and said, "Explain this to me" He said, "You hit the man with a brick and punched
another in the jaw
And left the scene like nothing happened and then they called the law"
I laughed in his face, I said, "This don't make sense
It was two against my black ass, this makes this an offense" He tried to grab me, so I pushed him on the floor
And ran my black ass home and locked the living room door
I did what any black kid would have did
But to the coppers of the county, I'm known as a fugitive I had to go to school, I couldn't be late
If I miss another day Mrs. Cann said I wouldn't graduate
I didn't go a lot, that didn't mean I didn't care
I had to come to school more often to try again next year Fuck that, I went to school and I tried
You know to hide from the cops to June of '85
I get my diploma and things would be straight
Find out my graduation cops came and tried to put me on the gate I ran though with the diploma that I owned
With cops chasing me all the way till I got home
I got away gain, why, you know what I did?
I ran my black ass home and to them I'm still a fugitive Two years went by, me running from the cops
My mom looked at my dad, my dad said, "Son, this has gotta stop"
Dad gave me money, he said, "Son, this is for ya"
I went to Garden City to go get me a lawyer I went to jail, Monday I was in jail through Friday
When you're black and you're in trouble man does your lawyer get paid

Then my moms told the judge, "My son's a good child"
Then he laughed at my mother and said, "Then take us to trial" I told my mom and dad I felt within
If we took Suffolk County to court or trial, I know I wouldn't win
So without a doubt, like any black kid in Suffolk county
K S O L O had to cop out To sixteen months in River head
Instead of fighting and wilding, I wrote my records instead
Comisarry was [unverified] inmates owed me
CO's would beat me up on shakedowns
But now those suckers know me And I laugh at those cops who arrest me for what I did
'Cause I'm hooked and no longer am I a fugitive

Songwriters
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