Behind Enemy Lines

Born From Pain

Yo, little Khadejah pops is locked, he wanna pop the lock
But prison ain't nothin' but a private stock
And she be dreamin' 'bout his date of release, she hate the police
But loved by her grandma who hugs and kisses her
Her father's a political prisoner, free Fred
Son of a Panther that the government shot dead
Back in 12-4-1969, 4 o'clock in the mornin, it's terrible but it's fine
'Cuz Fred Hampton Jr., looks just like him
Walks just like him, talks just like him
And it might be frightenin', the feds and the snitches
See him organize the gang, brothers and sisters
So he had to be framed yo, you know how the game go
18 years because the 5-0 said so
They said he set a fire to a Arab store
But he ignited the minds of the young black and poor
Behind enemy lines, my niggas is cellmates
Most of the youth never escape the jail fate
Super maximum camps will advance they game plan
To keep us in the hands of the man locked up
(Hello?)
Collect call from Ness
(Where are you?)
Yo shit is crazy boo, I miss you
(Have you been alright?)
Yo, can you put some money in my commisary?
Little Kenny been smokin' Lucy since he was 12
Now he 25 locked up wit a L
They call him triple K, 'cuz he killed 3 niggas
Another ghetto child got turned into a killa
His pops was a Vietnam veteran on heroin
Used like a pawn by these white North Americans
Mama couldn't handle the stress so went crazy

Grandmama had to raise the baby
Just a young boy, born to a life of poverty
Hustlin', robbery, whatever brung the paper home
Carried the chrome like a blind man hold a cane
Tattoos all over his chest so you could know his name
But y'all know how the game go

Deez kicked in the front door and guess who they came for
A young nigga headed for the pen, coulda been, shoulda been
Never see the hood again
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Cuando yo llamo, como t

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