

Pump Your Fist

Kool Moe Dee

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Pump your fist, pump your fist
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Pump your fist, pump your fist
Pump your fist, pump your fist Can you feel it, tension in the air? Racism, violence everywhere
Davis Howard, beach bumpers and Brawley, it appalls me now
Is there really racial justice? It's time that we discussed this
I'm disgusted and I don't trust it, what's this about? New evidence brings doubt on who took King out
Must have had clout, he took the Kennedy route
Witness stories contradict and confictions make black men
Say it had to end, it won't happen again Pump your fist, pump your fist
Pump your fist, pump your fist
Pump your fist, pump your fist
Pump your fist, pump your fist Can you hear me, hittin' home? Knowledge is the danger zone
Liars and bigots and hypocrites start to panic, they get frantic
Power generated by the truth, it's time to educate the youth
The lust for money is out of control, here's proof Drugs always a tragic endin', and at the risk of spendin' time in
jail
Caught on a bum sale they persist knowin' death's a risk
Ignorance is bliss, they kill their race and chump their face
They deserved to get dissed Pump your fist, pump your fist
Pump your fist, pump your fist
Pump your fist, pump your fist
Pump your fist, pump your fist We feel the wrath, of what happened in the past
Has made us walk a path made by slavery, no bravery
We lost our unity our source of power
And we lost all race pride in our Holocaust It's my creed, I'm from a stronger breed
My ancestors indeed had to bleed, whipped till they were freed
And now I look back and say How, how did we allow physical slavery?"
Never again I'll vow Pump your fist, pump your fist
Pump your fist, pump your fist
Pump your fist, pump your fist
Pump your fist, pump your fist But are we free? In actuality, let's talk reality, can't you see?

The slave mentality is a sickness that eats you up like cancer
And money's not the answer, won't advance ya
Why take a chance Ya just a lame, sellin' drugs for fame, that's the weak man's game
It's a shame, got the chains on your brain, you're givin'
Drugs to kids and livin' half your life in prison, God's forgivin'
But you got to work with him Distortion, confusion, equality, illusion
Justice, collusion, no racism, delusion
History, erased it, lives, wasted
Victory, tasted, drugs, face it Knowledge, wisdom, educational, system
Blurred, vision, lies, dis 'em
Voice, loud, black, proud
Truth, vowed, no sellouts, allowed
Pump your fist

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