

Old Guards, New Methods

Verse

Standing against the odds to take back what they took.

Some fight with stones, some fight with guns.

But instead I choose to fight with my pen and my notebook.

Nothing for the ninth ward, just more of the same.

Wealthy wolves smell the blood of opportunity.

Send in the sheep to develop a New Orleans.

A new twist for an old division game. New wars. New kings.

The pigs came here to take everything.

No wars. No kings.

We gotta stop the blood-letting. What about the overcrowded projects where desperation calls?

What about the lack of education and the lack of love?

But most of all: what about the innocent in rooms with bars and

Three walls? Can you tell me, where is the justice in Philly for

MOVE and Mr. Jamal? New wars. New kings.

The pigs came here to take everything.

No wars. No kings.

We gotta stop the blood-letting. I've read about people found without the copper tokens around their necks

Whose hands you cut off and left bleeding to death.

I've read about Hampton's murder by the state while he slept.

Our lives are all on trial and you still remain the "judge"

While the Injustice machine stays greased up with innocent blood. No war.

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