Brutal

Paris

Paris is my name, I flows with ease
Cash checks, breaks necks and wrecks MC's
Who ain't down with the sound of the Panther Movement
Intense is a serious answerThe mic goes into labor you freeze up
Enveloped by the style that sounds so rough
Rehearsal weak verses potent as cyanide
A million and a half shot keepin' you highBut I don't sell 'cause what you're sellin' is never sold
Or dealed by the real mack brothers of old
Naw, I just devise a wise new formula
To keep you in tune without sellin' my soulIn 1930, it all began
With a movement comprised of intelligent black men
Led by Allah in the form of Farad
But later by the last true prophet of GodElijah Muhammad, a dominant black leader
Of 'The Lost/Found Asiatic Pack'
And later by Malcolm, whose point was straight
Stressin' a black nationalistic stateOf self-sufficiency on a mission
He stressed thrift and pride and good sense
Killed in cold blood but the shit ain't done with
Switch to Oak town, '66See Huey Newton and Cleveland Seal
Sons of Malcolm with intent to kill
And end the brutality inflicted on us by cops
Best believe, I won't stopTeachin' science in step with Farrakhan
Drop a dope bomb, word to Islam
Keeps my brothers up on it 'cause I'm black
And now you know I'm brutalCallin' all brothers to order, P-Dog'll slaughter
Stomp rip and choke those who thought a
Young black man wasn't capable of the intellect
Of gainin' respect without sellin' so checkI'm Paris, six feet two, deadly as ice
But twice as nice with, the power to fight boy
So, listen I'm tellin' y'all, the warnin' the Final Call
We're headin' for Armageddon, it's like thatThe government's policy see is tactical genocide
How many must die, chasin' a chemical high?
How much killin' and murderin' mayhem more can we stand
Before we fold black man, so take a standListen up drug dealer, whassup with that?
Hope I don't bust a cap, straight in your motherfuckin' ass
For pushin' poison to youth, I'm through with talkin', I'm steppin' up
With gat point blank at your motherfuckin' mugI'm P R O, B L A C K
Stompin' and crushin' to mush, any lush, in my way
I'm educated and strong, always right and no wrong

With many bullets of a Bensonhurst, come on alongIt's like that y'all and I won't quit
Keepin' y'all fresh on the movement tip
With F.O.I. at my side, we're never slippin' or nap
We always come sick-wid-it, bustin' serious capsThere's no, bullshit and yo look, this is the danger zone
You shouldn't have stepped to it, you shouldn't have come alone
You shouldn't have ever thought, the movement was soft
Don't you know P-Dog'll never stop
I'm brutal

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