

Behind Enemy Lines

dead prez

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 commissary? 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 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 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 Cuando yo llamo, como t no me quieres escuchar

No he visto mis hijos, mi mujer, no me mandan retratos

No tengo dinero, estoy aqu jodo en la crcel meto You ain't gotta be locked up to be in prison

Look how we livin'

30,000 niggas a day, up in the bing, standin' routine

They put is in a box just like our life on the block

Behind enemy lines You ain't gotta be locked up to be in prison

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