Testify

Styles P

{"Testify!"}
[Styles P:]
Time I testify, listen
Why Malcolm get killed by the N.O.I.?
I'm yellow but I'm dark for real
And why nobody flip when Martin was killed?
Why Mandela did all them years
All that blood, all that sweat, and all them tears?
And I can name thousands more
that died in the struggle from Mr. Wallace to Mr. Shakur
That's why I stay influenced to "Kick in the Door"
Bring the White House dudes around the blacks that's poor
Notice that it's "unity" in "opportunity"
Make a lil' cash, now the block is screwin me
Brand new E-Class, cops pursuin me
Guess they wanna see me park it
Lookin at my gun, they wanna see me spark it
But I'm the Ghost and if I could vote it would be for Sharpton
Yeah~!
[Chorus:]
[S.P.:] {tes-ti-fy} [Kweli:] {tes-ti-fy} equality
{"Testify!"}
[S.P.:] {tes-ti-fy} [Kweli:] {tes-ti-fy} equality
[Talib Kweli:]
Yeah, yo, yo
We never stop like the news watch
Still tryin to fill the void of Biggie and Tupac
We on them avenues with the red and the blue tops
Dudes hot to shoot cops from the rooftops
Too many snitch niggaz TESTIFY
Warrior kings sent to the bing and left to die
Girls confuse sex with love so they extra dry

And got birth control stuck to they necks and thigh
Whoa, it ain't a game, they want the blacks all killed off
Our caps all peeled off, nigga this real talk
What's ill is y'all niggaz still caught up in them battle raps
There's beef in the hood, +Escaladin+ like Cadillacs
Monkey on your back livin like a junkie

Addicted to a dream, wanna die for your country
Tear down the prison walls, set everyone free
From freedom fighters to Askari X to Pimp C
[Chorus]
[Talib Kweli:]
Yeah... kids slip in the clip and aim
for the fortune cause the fame ain't shit to gain
They get stuck on whips and chains, so freedom slip they brain
And psychologically that shit's insane
Now that's crazy, a function of raisin the crack babies
Sell it back to them cats freebasin back in the 80's
(C'mon) Disco shit, nigga cock the toast
Hi-Tek on the track and we rock with the Ghost
[Styles P:]
Damn right I make gangster music
But I still spit poetry like Langston Hughes did
Pressures of the ghetto might make you lose it
Grab AK's and go and make the news kid
Might lose control, but not my soul
Won't sell for the white man to buy me some white gold
Sell for the black man, to buy me control
P, Tek and Kweli, the shit come from the soul y'know?
[Chorus]
[scatting to the end]

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