

No Knock

Gil Scott-Heron

You explained it to me I must admit
But just for the record you were talkin' shit
Y'all rap about no knock bein' legislated
For the people you've always hated
In this hell hole you, we, call home No knock, the man will say
To keep that man from beating his wife
No knock, the man will say
To protect people from themselves No knockin', head-rockin', inter-shockin'
Shootin', cussin', killin', cryin', lyin'
And bein' white
No knock No knocked on my brother Fred Hampton
Bullet holes all over the place
No knocked on my brother Michael Harris
And jammed a shotgun against his skull For my protection?
Who's gonna protect me from you?
The likes of you?
The nerve of you?
Your tomato face deadpan
Your dead hands ending another freedom fan No knockin', head rockin', inter-shockin'
Shootin', cussin', killin', cryin', lyin'
And bein' white But if you're wise, no knocker
You'll tell your no-knockin' lackeys
Ha!
No knock on my brother's head
No knock on my sister's head
No knock on my brother's head
No knock on my sister's head And double lock your door
Because soon someone may be no-knockin'
Ha, ha!
For you (No knock: To be slipped into John Mitchell's suggestion box.)

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