In the Dust

2 Live Crew

If you would suck my soul
I will lick your funky emotionIs this America? Yeah
Is this freedom? No
Is this Democracy? No
Is equality? No
What do we want?
FreedomTaking this shit into the effect mode
Expressing my feelings before I exploded
About the suffering passed on to a black man
By the money hungry seeking white manFucking up our streets with pollution
Then lock a nigga up for the solution
There they go again pickin' on the little man
Fuck wit' the cartel or the white man{[Incomprehensible]}Arrest musicians for the things they say
But can't find a crime after it got sprayed
This is America in God we trust
We won just this but a dick is in the dustI'm stereotype so I fit the description
A nigga has the stigma for pushing or pimpin'
Police harass me and public embarrass me
They use brutality without asking meI'm mad 'cuz I was caught and reached for his license
Cops pulls the gun and cold ice
Then I'm a victim of society I got societal ills
It's harder to pay bills than pop pillsThey send a brother off to fight for your country
When ask for ours, we get nothing
I look for work and get my feelings hurt
They got my back against the wall and my dick is in the dirtLet's talk about this man, they call Nino Brown
The black man, they call Nino brown
You know there's a lot of Nino Browns in every city
In the United States of AmericaAmerica had formed a Nino Brown in every city
Basically because we have no way out
Ah, is that what America really wants us to think
That we don't have way out?Here's an example, you have never seen
A black man come into Miami
With pounds and pounds of marijuana
Pounds and pounds of cocaineYou have never seen a black man drop off
A kilo load of cocaine out of a plane, you have never seen this
But yet it is still is in our community everyday
And we're the ones going to jail for itThe system is designed to lead us to stray
So we turn to drugs and guns for our pay
It's the sign of the times

I gotta get mine all I live is a life of crimeI come up hard from the ran down ghetto
You talk your ass off but tell me what a nigga know
All I see is a lot of neighborhood drama
Babies crying, I wonder where's the mamaC.O.D. and got rushed to trauma
A dealer had to deal to make a fast buck
She was just a patient, what the fuck?
His back's against the wall and his dick's in the dust

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