

# 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 crime I 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 mama C.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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