

# 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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