

Police State

dead prez

You have the emergence in human society
Of this thing that's called the State
What is the State? The State is this organized bureaucracy
It is the police department. It is the Army, the Navy
It is the prison system, the courts, and what have you
This is the State it is a repressive organization
But the state and gee, well, you know,
You've got to have the police, cause..
If there were no police, look at what you'd be doing to yourselves!
You'd be killing each other if there were no police!
But the reality is

The police become necessary in human society
Only at that junction in human society
Where it is split between those who have and those who ain't gotI throw a Molotov cocktail at the precinct, you
know how we think

Organize the hood under I Ching banners
Red, Black and Green instead of gang bandanas
F.B.I. spyin' on us through the radio antennas
And them hidden cameras in the streetlight watchin' society
With no respect for the people's right to privacy
I'll take a slug for the cause like Huey P.
While all you fake niggaz try to copy Master P
I want to be free to live, able to have what I need to live
Bring the power back to the street, where the people live
We sick of workin' for crumbs and fillin' up the prisons
Dyin' over money and relyin' on religion for help
We do for self like ants in a colony
Organize the wealth into a socialist economy
A way of life based off the common need
And all my comrades is ready, we just spreadin' the seed[Chorus]

The average Black male
Live a third of his life in a jail cell
Cause the world is controlled by the white male
And the people don't never get justice
And the women don't never get respected
And the problems don't never get solved
And the jobs don't never pay enough
So the rent always be late; can you relate?
We livin in a police stateNo more bondage, no more political monsters

No more secret space launchers
Government departments started it in the projects
Material objects, thousands up in the closets
Could've been invested in a future for my comrades
Battle contacts, primitive weapons out in combat
Many never come back
Pretty niggaz be runnin' with gats
Rather get shot in they back than fire back
We tired of that - corporations hirin' blacks
Denyin' the facts, exploitin' us all over the map
That's why I write the shit I write in my raps
It's documented, I meant it
Every day of the week, I live in it; breathin' it
It's more than just fuckin believin' it
I'm holdin' them ones, rollin' up my sleeves an' shit
It's cee-lo for push-ups now, many headed for one conclusion
Niggaz ain't ready for revolution

Songwriters

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