

# These Are The Times

## Dead Prez

Verse 1:

The televisions have eyes  
Your modern religion is live  
Plotting a collision world wide  
Watch the hour glass the power class  
Showing currency for world supremacy  
Burroughs is burned down deliberately son  
We ain't about what's devil level  
Smell the gun metal  
King to mo' man  
I read mouths Satan  
Feel the foul taste that run on my tongue  
Burn a L for everyone of my sons  
There so much more than just herb in my lungs  
Similar to spilt Mercury,  
With enough force  
They could've killed Hercules  
This whole nation was built  
Virtually, from capital to captivity  
The earth could be the modest ??  
You not listening  
It's cold outside  
They got the whole South side  
Using bar codes,  
Military blocks on all the state roads  
And worse, somebody's chold got hung  
They took his pants off,  
Covered his whole body with ants, and cut his hands off  
The type of shit that have your brain bleedin'  
They about to start scanning the back of niggas hands  
And get your vein readin'  
They call it New World Order  
But, son, this game is in the fourth quarter  
World War 3, don't drink the water  
Because...  
Chorus:  
These are the times that try a nigga sole  
Population control,  
We wasting time chasing gold

They after more than your mind  
They want your nation as a whole  
It's time to take of the blindfold(I know) x2  
(A thousand men, a thousand sorrows)

Verse 2:

These are the times that try my thug sole  
White collar crime  
Deaf tones, gold, and drug sold  
The truth is never told  
I call it black Holocaust  
Some say all is lost  
But in the end  
Your life is all it costs  
Pronounce counter ??  
Global 2000 ??, what they plan to do  
In case of emergency  
They building mad prisons with urgency  
Son, I solemnly swear  
They keep them slugs in the air  
Until they murder me  
Shut down the government  
Revelutionaries be lovin' it  
Clinton flee the country in a bubblejet  
Trouble is yet to come,  
For each crime, they tryin' niggas three times  
Then probably prosecute me for this rhyme  
International nickel and dime hustlers  
Move weight and muscle us around  
But my army bustin' rounds  
Shells covered the ground for miles  
Street ?? from here to Capitol Hill  
And you can read it on a dollar bill  
Chorus  
I know(I know)  
The time(the time)  
They trying to take this world(world)  
Of mine(Yeah) x2

Verse 3:

They breakin' windows out with canisters of tear gas  
Put out the cannabis  
We fighting canibals with silver badges  
I feel the madness in the wind  
Like a premonition  
Dee got the ammunition  
Puffin' reefer while we cleaning pieces

None of my niggas don't believe in Jesus  
We fight a war against the ?? Chevrolet Caprices  
    Whatever way we find feasible  
    Sometime shit be unbelievable  
    I'm seeing skeletons in parked vehicles  
    Put all the terrible types behind sandbags  
My philosophy is much more than snatch your handbag  
    I'm talkin' shit like hand-to-hand,  
    Man-to-man, clan-for-clan  
    What side you stand?  
Some of us will breakdown mentally  
    Some of us will pass away  
    Overwhelmed by injuries  
    But our victory is meant to be  
I studied the signs for twenty-two years  
    And this is what it meant to me  
    Chorus x2  
    I know(I know)  
    The time(the time)  
They tryin to take this world(world)  
    Of mine x2

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>