

Invasion (Album Version (Explicit))

Jeru the Damaja

Verse One:Police all on my dick like I shot somebody
Cause of these big ass lips and I rock my locks knotty
 Life is getting hectic Tupac got shot in the nuts
You saw cops was corrupt when Rodney King got fucked up
 With friends like these who needs enemies
Constantly harassing, filling up my nuts like a Klansman
Snatching up a nigga for nuttin I heard bad guys wear black
 So I guess I'm the motherfucking villain
 Under pressure they got me under pressure
What's your name your address and phone number
 Your occupation come down to the station
There's been a robbery they claim a nigga fit the description
 It can't be, so I slides out on em
In ninety-five you gotta catch a nigga, if you want him
 One to three, and five to ten
Bullies in blue suits Son with automatic weapons
 I'm stressed, ready to blow up somethin
The beast keep frontin, invasion
Verse Two:I was forced into a life of crime
 Career criminal, now my career is crime
 My mind is in a fucked up state
 A brainwashed state, is the black man's fate, in the ground
or locked down upstate, when I was young I used to shoot for the stars
 but got shot down by demons in patrol cars
 Stars good cop, bad cop, stick up the crack spot
The ave won't get hot til one of their crew gets shot
 Ask, Larry Davis, how much they took
 Cops and crooks, but who's the crooks?
Take a nigga to jail, make bail, guilty or innocent
 The system gets ten percent
 Frontin like you're doin somethin
But you ain't sayin nothin, invasion
Verse Three:Come up in my cipher best believe I'ma dip on that ass
 Beast-boy I'm professional heart of the ghetto
 raised, in the ways of thugs
 Dodgin slugs, takin slugs, driving stolen automobiles
 skills fantastical
 Living life on the edge it's dramatic, mad drama
 I'm a fanatic, adrenalin addict
 Getaway car, stick shit or automatic
 Where's my crew at, you got your crew scopin

for a nigga up and down the Ave, it makes me laugh
 Eat my nuts, eat my dust
I won't spend the night locked up or in handcuffs
 'cause in the concrete jungle, I got the right stuff
 Smooth operator, pilot and navigator
Break out from oppression, my mission to escape
 The, invasion

Songwriters

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