

# Sharp Shooters

## dead prez

Everything is politics, Kweli, people army, you know it  
(M-1)

The white man came to Africa with rifles and Bibles  
Heard the name, started changin the titles  
Now instead of Chaka call me Nat Turner with the burner  
Freedom fighter for this revolution, fuck a wave journeyer  
See I be what John Wilkes Booth was to Lincoln, blam!  
Sirhan Sirhan, peepin through the curtains with my eyes on a Kennedy  
Dead prez, politic, know your enemy, keep your toast close  
Because political power come from the barrel of it  
We in a war, nigga leave it or love it  
Since they got us in a scope like a P.E. logo  
I watch for the po-po (woop woop) and train at the dojo  
Not a gun Deniro but a working class hero  
Takin a stand, like a panther with an M-1 Guran  
Screamin know your gun laws, self defense is a must  
When we set it off I'm a be the first to bust(Chorus - dead prez)  
Yo, I'm one with my gun, I love it like my first son  
It protects me and makes sure the jakes respect me  
Yo, I'm one with my gun, I love it like my first son  
It protects me and makes sure the jakes respect me(Talib Kweli)  
What do you do  
When the police kick in your door like 'get on the floor'  
Shoot you in the back  
Cause who you are and where you at's against the law  
You try to protect your home with the illest arsenal possible  
Learn how to heal yourself and stop fuckin with them hospitals  
Get with brothas down for the cause givin it all they got  
But every brother ain't a brother (word), fuck around and get shot  
By these black kings that pack gatlings  
To make a rat sing like Nat King  
Before they start blasting (blow!)  
With no accuracy, handling they beef in the public  
Now an innocent child got a bag for a stomach  
Property value plumit every time a shot is fired (c'mon)  
People feelin betrayed so they take the street to riot  
Cops fire shots and try to stop the spirit takin over the entire block  
Politicians say it's time to march  
But people is past that, ready to blast at whatever comin

From the master or from the office, niggas is sick of runnin  
Yeah, all my soldier, raise it up, see'mon, now  
(Bust ya guns) yeah, Kweli with dead prez, see'mon  
(Blow blow)(stic.man)  
I'm deep in the runs  
Where all that niggas give a fuck about is stackin funds  
The black and young type that's packin automatic guns  
If any static comes sparatic shots'll ring out  
You get caught up, you get your fuckin brains blown clean out  
The killers reign supreme, survival of the illest brain and scheme  
For cream you know the game in my vein  
I feel the pain for all the niggas that passed away  
Tryin to get cash the fastest way we know how, the old fashion way  
Blastin, we actin like cock tecs and tenniments  
My squad flex if any shit pop, and put an end to it  
It's like hell, this planet I'm from consist of dilligent crack sale  
Assisting off the backs of young black males  
It's innocent, suspending in packed jails that benefit  
White well being, while niggas catch hell just for being  
You might as well have a life of crime, ain't nothin free in this life  
I stick a nine in ya spine for mine  
No time for talk, 'cause I walk when I talk  
Stalkin sidewalks of course with the eyes of a hawk  
Crack a quart to get away from this trife world and thought  
Puffin Newports 'cause life's a bitch, and it's too short  
My crew sport leather, gold, camoflaug, rugged denim  
Deadly in venom, totin buckets with nothin in 'em  
But Rawkus, some ill mothafuckas for real  
Straight hustlas with nothin but a taste for kill

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