

# Walk Like A Warrior

## Dead Prez

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I was trained to defend myself for my brain and my mental health  
The white man got the wealth he held back  
We're living in hell black and niggaz can sell crack  
But that ain't gonna change this thing  
If you gonna bang, then bang for change  
Don't bang for crazy things if not don't bang  
If you gonna ball play the game how it should be played  
Can you dribble a grenade?  
To save your life you payed the price  
Mama raised you right now how you ain't gonna fight?  
For the white man's laws hell no  
For the cause, because we got to get what's ours  
Gotta struggle for the motherfucking power  
'Cause we're livin' in the last few hours  
It's 11:59, I think it's bout time  
We get on the grind, and get out the carbine  
With freedom of mind we can see what we can find  
If you can spot 'em, pop pop pop the Po-9  
This is only a rhyme so now don't get scared  
Listen to the message in the word  
Don't let your sight get blurred, you heard this righteous words  
You might prefer it from a car mic  
Timeout, I didn't say bug out, ball out, bling out  
All you'll sell-outs get the hell out  
This year it's RBG so bang on out  
Uh, we people army nigga bang on out  
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Yo, yo, what you know bout heart?  
Can't be the weak link in the squad  
Gotta look way deep in your heart  
Anything in the way gotta go straight through take charge  
Can't hide from your flaws when you ride for the cause

'Cause a nigga will pull your card  
Keep your guard up 24/7 on the street  
Like you're doin' hard time on the yard  
What you know about heart?  
Can you assemble your heat in the dark  
Take it apart, and clean all the parts?  
Life is a journey, a course, like learning a martial art

You can't have partial heart  
Gotta get your own, if you drop the bone, dog  
We all fall it ain't over till the problem solved  
Get your back up off the wall  
My niggaz is riders, we fighters, we tight as a fist  
RBG's up in this bitch, so bang on out  
If your khakis is saggin', you reppin' your rag  
And you holdin' the magnum  
Use it for freedom nigga, bang on out  
All my dirtiest dirts, revolutionaries and visionaries  
Don't be no scared nigga, bang on out  
It's a war goin' on in the streets  
We hollerin' fuck the police  
Ain't 'bout no peace, nigga, bang on out  
Me so you see fifty niggaz in all black fatigues  
My regime runnin' down your street  
At the end of the block, we got the god damn cops  
And they hope we sink, tell me what you see  
I see buildings burning, motherfuckers trippin'  
For a goddamn purpose, the police is nervous  
'Cause we done observed 'em now niggaz is thinking about murder  
We ain't talking, no more, and we ain't squashin' shit with Po-Po  
And we ain't marchin' in the middle of the goddamn road  
'Cause martin got smoked, niggaz ready for war  
So get the fuck up, we fixin' to set the city to fire  
This time when we ride we burnin' it down, turn this shit 'round  
Keep your justice, your peace and keep blessin' the heat  
And that there crooked officer  
We won't stop blazin' till they coughin' up blood  
Wanna slang my baseball cap to the back and get busy, nigga  
You say you a soldier, well get over here nigga we under attack  
As soon as they done, they get gone  
Murder mo come, come, they done, me red rum  
Me red rum, they done and when we put 'em in they grave  
We toss in a donut, and tell 'em we don't surrender, surrender, no  
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I ain't talkin' 'bout no hustle  
I ain't talkin' 'bout no gangster  
I'm hollerin' at them soldiers  
Revolutionary culture  
Bang on out

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