

# Free Mumia

KRS-One

Knowledge, where the people at?  
Free Mumia!  
Channel Live!  
(The wisdom)  
Hah hah hah hah hah hahaha!  
Free Mumia!

Everywhere I look there's another house negro  
Talkin about they people and how they should be equal  
They talkin but the conversation ain't goin nowhere  
You can't diss hip-hop, so don't you even go there  
C. Delores Tucker, you wanna quote the scripture  
Everytime you hear nigga, listen up sista

I met up with this girl named Delores, a prankster  
I said I MC, she said, "You're a gangster"  
But she was caught up, she hit the floor like a breakdance  
Wrapped her up like the arms in a b-boy stance  
You have money cause I hear u get stars  
She said "where you from? " I said "I was born up in the south Bronx! "  
But now I reside all across america  
She said "You the one who be causing all that mass hysteria.

Wisdom shall come out of the mouths of babes and sucklings  
But you blinded by cultural ignorance and steady judging  
But judge not, lest ye may be judged  
For the judgment ye judge ye shall surely be judged, you gets no love

She said, "I like it, that's why I jock it"  
Then I said, You only on my dick because I fill brotha's pockets  
Cut the bullshit take me to you pad. she said, I'm gonna give you the ass ca  
use I like the way your pants sag  
Spread the legs with the otha hand she threw her kitty then I sprayed jizm l  
ike graffiti on her titty  
Freestyled all night no doudt the bitch could'ntget enough cause she was str  
ung the fuck out.

Warner, Elektra, Atlantic equals WEA  
Instead of fighting them why don't you go free Mumia

Wild recital, I kicks the vital, like the \_Final  
Call\_ as I watch, Babylon fall  
I had to Rush Limbaugh, get that pig with an axe  
Tuffy dips to the side, buckin cannons that's phat  
Because he censors the uses of the metaphor  
You can get the dick bum up  
Because it's you that brings the, real horrorcore  
Expenditures forgettin, gut from the poor

Why sure! Back before we were born they sold us out  
Yeah J. Jackson we know what you about  
Back when you were running for the presidency and competeting  
All rap was dope and u love every beat and but you took the beating  
You was using us then like you're using us now in the urban nation league  
I don't know how you figure the stop the violence movement gave you \$600, 00  
0 NIGGA  
And now u quicker to diss and get with miss Tucker you better find another y

ou sell out  
Mutha fucka's

Hate to be so rough, it could be the White Owls  
House niggaz are full of crap, like my Colin Powell  
Kickin vowels, is how we relieve the tension  
Until we start to bounce white people like suspension (revolution)  
You paint the pictures, the black man on the corner  
But tell me, who blew up Oklahoma?  
The City, ain't no pity, for the beast  
It's Hakim that voice from the East

Buck buck! Buck buck buck!  
It sound like gunshots but it could be the cluck  
Of a chicken, definition, is what you're missin and  
Listen to your children instead of dissin em  
Senator Dole doesn't understand the young people  
Like they be sayin want to, but we be sayin wanna  
They gettin dumber every summer as they walk the rope  
Maybe because they cannot understand the quotes

Word, in actuality, this Norman Bates mentality  
Always seems to represent, minus three-sixty percent  
For degrees full circle, dead from the purple  
Rays of the sun I gots melanin so check it  
Bag your nuts quick or get sick from being naked  
Suspect it, was it a means for the end  
For just a few to drive the Benz while you eat the pigskins  
Turned you into mannequins, cause the trick of technology  
A revelation, revalations  
Sensation gives me inspiration of revolution  
That's my solution, there will be no sequels  
I'm audi hundred forty four thousand with my people

From Caligula to Hitler, now it's Schwarzenegger  
A lust for the violence is the science of their behavior  
Who enslaved ya (it's the Devil) but the God of virtuosity  
And of the world created, could it be mental sodomy  
Got my mind twisted like the blades of fonta leaf  
I sit in disbelief as he crawls underneath  
The rock cock back the glock, cause I don't trust  
The Devil I rebel until Babylon is dust