

# Protective Custody

## Company Flow

{dante of (mood)}

Yo, move recite chapters  
Rappers write scripts for actors  
Don't rap about the facts, till they attack the catch  
Handcuff the shackel, stand up get tackled  
The featers of your leaders heaters on their adam's apple  
Keep quiet, be silent the sphere no weak vibe  
We defy, a new in it root, for street wise  
Got to stop it, and taxes for guns, wars and wackers  
Puttin prophet's in their pockets  
And lock it till I promise

{dante & main flow (of mood)}

Mf: they stoled knots, hold spots, trapped in the road block  
Dt: we globetrot, we roll pop, running from old cops  
Mf: the whole shots, cold plots, babylon's gold pot  
Dt: loan glocks, cold shots, set off like we sold rocks

{main flow (of mood)}

We dealing with narcs and cases  
Deaths over parking spaces  
Evil hearts are races, or higher dark places  
Brutality on mark faces, car chases  
Incarceration, unite so we can spark the nation

{nine}

You got the right to remain silent and at the same time  
You got the right to remain violent and aim nines  
They got no love for, just slugs for you  
Who want it? I fight back like a rat when he cornered  
Catch me at the light, windows tinted, 35 percent  
Breakin ya neck, to see who's in it  
What is my intent? trying to live, without the nonsense  
You dying to give

{tiye phoenix}

Yo yo, the spokesqueen, number one tiye phonenix  
The black venus demalo  
Dopper then tae bo, every man, woman and child know  
We unified force against the shooters of diallo  
And now there sure to lose like luther at the apollo  
For amistad to amadou, attacked in these streets  
The term cop really stands for cappin our peeps  
They shot a 40 round, are brother got slaughtered down  
We push thru the border now, jahad hold it born down

{brezzly brewn' (of the juggaknots)}

You wanna be a f\*\*kin accident, the beast was barkin  
You wanna know how many accidents to rob a new yorker?  
And the possible attrocity,  
Millimeters from the kids set the glock  
With a ferocity, seemin as it's inbred  
While I stated innocent, but stressing it  
You sure that it was decolit,  
It could of been an isolated incident  
Nothing was found, no hard feelings I fight bad guys  
Strutting around like keith christ huttin the site

Airtime

{talib kweli}

This goes out to mc's who used to rock in washington square park  
Now guiliani got it locked after dark, so he mastered the art  
Of livin the death, shadow is a, nuff of a battle  
To dodge the police,  
And have to rise above the trap of the barrel  
My people spill blood in the streets  
I'm never running from beast  
Can I get a response from all the revolutionaries in this piece?  
(yeah!!)  
What up, 'cause of the way we think they want to incarcerate us  
They think time will break us, but time won't break us

{punchline}

I rock a vest even when I take shots to the balls  
The type that write the word police on a unmarked car  
I resent you, gettin off easy if they suspend you  
I end you, hope they use your own gun against you  
It's all mental, my man died in the streets  
I'm pouring out liquor, until there's nuthin to drink  
That's how many cats died, slaid by the beast  
That night, 5-0 held caught in the streets

\*scratching by el p & mr. len of company flow\*

{el-p}

Petrofied little venomist, school yard outcasts  
From disfunctional world of redneck garbage  
Community bitch out, seekin power over  
Confiscate from miniscule shit court  
And repress sexual activity style,  
Need of location when standing  
Spliff of the semi-retarded, or pro defensive  
Spontaneous violence and compasive lying  
Package dukes that has a lunchbox with a glock  
And ku klux decoder ring  
Who sing kumbaya to the tune of a man dying

{jah-born (of medina green)}

Y'all seen the front page? another black man slayed  
By the beast hit with a rain, or 4 glocks got sprayed  
Hey giuliani, was 41 shots necessary?  
Now my people's got to worry, bout the cops that be killin me  
Justice? all I see is just us  
Gettin knocked locked and bust, without a word discussed  
Nypd, should be nypig  
I don't deal with the swine, don't want swine dealin with me

{what? what? }

These shot happy motherf\*\*kers legally ready to blaze  
With raised triggas and cocked back with plans to fake figgas  
Who black and innocent, f\*\*k it let's get militant  
Run up in the precinct, strapped with gats  
With full clips loaded, aimed at there heads  
Stay in the feds, double 20 plus one round to blood red  
Revenge, we must return to avenge my brother, we coming  
The first sister holdin the lead

{john forte}

El capitano keep my guns high  
I run from new york 'cause I'm alumni

The fact I'm in it, half street, half academic  
I memorize my stash number, the flash number  
Ya pig stinch, plus your badge number  
Ya precinct, and the irish lad you served under  
I'm probaly grinding drugs, come from hittin the kitchen  
A black man in a pretty car will fit the description  
You gettin informed quick  
You racist f\*\*k, I was born in it

{mr. khaliyl}

I seen it happen before, and it could happen again  
You on a block mine on your own and then you let by your friends  
'cause they ain't down to scrap, just wanna ride in your benz  
But when the cops is on the beat, that's when the party begins  
Like a karate picture, the way the mop the floor with ya  
All caught up in the heat, not a doctor can stitch you  
Nobody movin with you, 'cause you really ain't bout it  
Now there's fear in your heart, and there's blood in your mouth  
It's like something we never seen before  
It's almost like we dreamed it all  
Live or die, either or, my blood is what they fiending for  
My people's screamin for the justice we deserve  
Set 41 back, we leaving 22 in the curb

\*more scratching\*