

## D.O.P.E. (Drugs Oppress People Everyday)

dead prez

Drugs oppress the people every day  
sellin dope, servin weed we had to hustle to hustle just to eat

aint no hope in the streets, you broke you sell dope  
all my young niggaz outside hustlin coke  
know the drama, if you aint sellin crack then its ganja  
I been through it dun, hittin niggaz two for one  
pullin guns out and bustin my shits too  
what? I aint give a fuck  
I used to get a rush when i bust mine  
backin up my nickle and dimes  
goin thru difficult time  
writin my life story in rhyme  
but when I look at all the niggas  
they hit with mad time  
in proportion with the big king pins it dont fit  
you could get caught with barely a half a slab  
and the judge sentence you like you ran the ave  
I aint plan to get rich fom sellin that shit  
it was survival  
my game plan was not to get knocked by 5-0  
but who am I  
just a young nigga caught in the mix  
and if this weed dont sell I'ma cop me a brick

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its been a minute snce I been in the game  
some years back I held crack  
I couldn't say the same thing  
ask my niggas bang double and rowley  
we was trouble got the fiends spot bubbling hot  
we wouldnt never make a lot  
I mean not like scarface or nino brown  
or george bush no matter what you push  
it was politics and camera tricks  
very deceptive  
criminal lies  
us in fooled with the collective  
for the most part we don't own no boats and planes  
we just cop it from poppi  
bag it in the cellophane  
its a family thing  
you got to hustle all night  
yo I seen fiends losing they brains for hard white  
ask my aunt and my brother and my stressed out mother  
how realistic it gets its sadistic  
statistics show its sick how we livin  
the one thing bigger than dope games is prisons  
one million niggas inside  
over three million is tied and plus the president lied  
because the white house is the rock house  
uncle sam the pusha man  
this is for my people on the island

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but what we gon do when we caught up  
and have to face responsibility?  
(this that ghetto shit, this that ghetto shit)

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out on the block, white tee shirt, army fatigues  
niggas hold crack in they mouth watchin for D  
sellin dope, you know how it beez  
tryin to get that government cheese  
and the D's yell freeze

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tallahasee up in this bitch  
my nigga maintain, nimrod  
my nigga percent, abu  
my brother troy locked up  
huey newton rest in peace  
south rowley, california  
brooklyn, dean street  
dead prez 98  
get it straight  
and all my family and my whole army  
get it straight