

## Dem Crazy

dead prez

The police is the enemy  
Everywhere the white man go he bring misery  
All throughout history, look it up  
Everything them bald heads touch they fuck it up  
Every government he set up, it be corrupt  
Revolution

Dead Prez, people Army, Steve Marley, Ghetto Youth Crew  
What you know is who you are, who are you?  
Do you know who you are in the world? What is your world view?  
What do you go through?, what has your life showed you?  
What are you learnin in this so called life?  
Do you have principle or do you blow with the wind  
Do you wanna be free but don't know where to begin  
Do you know your enemy from your friend, even you can  
It's deep in this scannin the system that keepin us here  
Will we survive, do you believe, are we afraid  
Would you rather have control of your life, or be a slave  
Show me a sign, a pig ain't no homey of mine  
They own me what's mine, I show you if you loan me your nine  
I'm only concerned for tables to turn  
When the people learn the truth about the system, the cities will burn  
And I stand firm, like Chaka Zulu, these crackers can't stop you  
Who you?

I'm Crazy, Dem Crazy  
Just those crazy boys, right and tough

This is what we be waitin for? 21st century we still poor  
World war, they want me to kill four  
What happened to the future they always predicted  
With new science fictional things and space visits  
I've seen two sides, us against them  
Police troops ride with four to five men  
Prison business is boomin, senators grin  
People searchin for answers, where to begin  
Capitilism born from the backs of blacks  
White folks relax, live off the kick backs  
Gettin work to the bone jo, build this country  
Further exploited by class to make money  
Filthy rich capilist with blood loot  
Use main frames systems to bank and compute  
With the next technology, credit to the wires  
Internet growth the man more suppliers  
Welfare, ederly checks and wage workers  
All us, elephants trapped in they circus  
Ain't fightin over man made chips no more  
When the lights go out, it's gonna belong to the poor

Dem crazy, dem crazy  
Just those crazy boys, right and tough

Everything you got, is what you took from me  
Conditions on my block, just like me and slavery

I'm feelin, oh what I feel

Where the soldiers at?  
Where the warriors at?  
Where the riders at?  
Where them fighters at?

True soldiers don't die, long live all legends  
Nocturnal