

Food Clothes And Shelter

dead prez

Yeah...for all my peoples that's hungry

A nigga need food, ya got to have food for ya health
And clothes, gear to keep a steam for yaself
Son, shelter, a place to lay for rest when ya stressed
Over life, 'cause it's trife and aint no god gon help ya

I feel the winter heart creepin...vicious as the wind, which is life,
When it's deep without a meanin...a trife scene it screams
Niggas fiendin...the pipe dream and some be seemin
Like the only way to keep breathin in the slums...but nothing comes
And keeping funds is like dreamin...
My situation no solution...even the young become demons
Where I'm from shit is unyielding...Something like three-hundred million
Gun wielding black rats trapped in one building
With low ceilings...and no feelings...
Cutthroat villains... Dope dealings...and glossy eyed pavilions
Sunken faces...and powder traces...
My people slave for the basics...the powerless devoured in the matrix
Of politics, pimps and glass pipes...
From gun blast and flickin off blunt ash...the cash heist
The fast life... where the have-nots rule
Stick and grab plots...toting tools, victim last by some jewels
Round the world, we stay stuck in capsules...shackled
And crackas got homes like castles
I figure the only way this nigga got to go is wild
Plottin licks for liberation...stockin cap style

I was born in the storm hearin gun clap from thunder
See my childhood peers...catchin years by the number
I wake up from hunger...try to lift my stress that I'm under
How I made it this far makes me wonder
You in a fight for ya life, for basic human rights
Can't afford the boomin prices...it's economic crisis
Life is a sacrifice, I'm down to my last bag of rice
They forcin us to live like laboratory mice
Like fuckin laboratory mice that's right
You wear the camaflouge...but do u choose to live the soldiers life
I told u before this is a war not a play fight
Taught to be a slave from the womb to the gravesite
Some of us even share the views of the Kaina Knights
Tryna be white...but they gon lose in this game of life
So dead that! I tie my dread back and scheme...
Put a star on my red black and green...

What do power mean, our team
Seem to think it means sour cream
'cause our dreams got us fiendin for the power son
And huey p said political power come from the barrel of the gun
What do power mean, I believe in thieving
And smoking weed, 'cause everything happens for a reason
I hope my seed grow up and get even, it's open season
And if you poor and black, you know the reason...yeah