

Scared To Die

dead prez

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools
I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here, no, I ain't happy of your family

I ain't scared to die, even though I wanna live
Deep down inside I'm a cross between homicidal, suicidal
'Coz I was born to give my life like the Messiah
Smokin' weed till I can't get no high, tryin' to ease the tension

Heavenly Father, did I mentioned in my confession
The world got me stressin', maybe death will be a blessin'?
grew up learnin' lessons in the street
From seminary to 72nd in Lacey in the east

Side of Oakland, California I was on my own at a early age
That's why I'm filled with rage
I know the system is responsible
For the conditions of my black folks in the ghetto

All across America, their funk is deeper
I put the message in the music to wake you up out your sleep but
How could I keep my head above the water
When the force of the current is pullin' me harder than I can swim?
Sometimes I feel like I oughta die the death of a martyr
Before they kill me, I'ma slaughter
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I ain't scared to die, I ain't scared to kill
I'm a righteous black gorilla from the hill of 72nd in Lacey St

To all my comrades in the pen, wait for me
I swear to God, I'ma set you free
Even if I gotta lay it down in the dirt and if I'm lyin' I'm dyin'
If I'm dyin' atleast I died puttin' in work
And if there's Hell below, we all gon' go
Death can't hurt unless we die slow

Sometimes I look up in the mirror starin' deep into my own eye
Searchin' for the strength to carry on
Wonderin' if I died a physical death
Will my people remember me when I'm gone?

The ghetto is a warzone, 7200 is my head code
'Coz when the funk is on I pop the clip up in my chrome millimeter
The Grim Reaper, keep my heater in my shoulder
soldiers at the hideout

Righteous black gorillaz 'bout to ride out, to put the smash down
Run up in the bank, yellin', 'We want the cash now?
To finance a revolutionary struggles all around
Lay it down on the ground

And if I hear the sound of a siren
I won't hesitate to get the firin' on everybody in the buildin'
Killin', I'm a villain because I'm black
Put your hands up to the ceilin', keep on fillin' up the sack

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