

These Are The Times

dead prez

The televisions have eyes
Your modern religion is live
Plotting a collision world wide
Watch the hour glass, the power class
Showing currency for world supremacy
Burroughs is burned down deliberately, son
We ain't about what's devil level
Smell the gun metal
King to mo' man
I read Mao Tse-Tung
Feel the foul taste that run on my tongue
Burn a L for everyone of my sons
There so much more than just herb in my lungs
Similar to spilt Mercury,
With enough force
They could've killed Hercules
This whole nation was built
Virtually, from capital to captivity
The earth could be the modest You not listening
It's cold outside
They got the whole South side
Using bar codes,
Military blocks on all the state roads
And worse, somebody's chold got hung
They took his pants off,
Covered his whole body with ants, and cut his hands off
The type of shit that have your brain bleedin'
They about to start scanning the back of niggas hands
And get your vein readin'
They call it New World Order
But, son, this game is in the fourth quarter
World War 3, don't drink the water
Because...

These are the times that try a nigga soul
Population control, we wasting time chasing gold
They after more than your mind
They want your nation as a whole
It's time to take off the blindfold (I know)

(A thousand men, a thousand sorrows)

These are the times that try my thug sole
White collar crime
Deaf tones, gold, and drug sold
The truth is never told
I call it black Holocaust
Some say all is lost
But in the end
Your life is all it costs
Pronounce counter Global 2000 [?], what they plan to do
In case of emergency
They building mad prisons with urgency
Son, I solemnly swear
They keep them slugs in the air
Until they murder me
Shut down the government

Revelutionaries be lovin' it
Clinton flee the country in a bubblejet
Trouble is yet to come,
For each crime, they tryin' niggas three times
Then probably prosecute me for this rhyme
International nickel and dime hustlers
Move weight and muscle us around
But my army bustin' rounds
Shells covered the ground for miles
Street from here to Capitol Hill
And you can read it on a dollar bill

I know (I know)
The time (the time)
They trying to take this world (world)
Of mine (Yeah)

They breakin' windows out with canisters of tear gas
Put out the cannabis
We fighting canibals with silver badges
I feel the madness in the wind
Like a premonition
Dee got the ammunition
Puffin' reefer while we cleaning pieces
None of my niggas don't believe in Jesus
We fight a war against the Chevrolet Caprices
Whatever way we find feasible
Sometime shit be unbelievable
I'm seeing skeletons in parked vehicles
Put all the terrible types behind sandbags
My philosophy is much more than snatch your handbag
I'm talkin' shit like hand-to-hand,
Man-to-man, clan-for-clan
What side you stand?
Some of us will breakdown mentally
Some of us will pass away
Overwhelmed by injuries
But our victory is meant to be
I studied the signs for twenty-two years
And this is what it meant to me