

Well, I'm doing this from that place where the young bodies
stck to bluest of blue skies. A child grown quick kicking it
with an ice-pick, age of 8 babyface straight-up scared to die.
Seen 1 little, 2 little, 3 little homocides. Kids don't rank
so they shank in front of baby eyes. Bullet-scarred! Prison-
barred! The one times got my face to the ground - they want me
down. Downset at the bottom. On the come up to say some! Down
Downset at the bottom! Coming up from the slum! Down! Down!
Down! Down! Bonze complexion! Converse and khakis enoughfor
the fuss of a C.R.A.S.H. to straight jack me. Brotha, brotha,
brotha, how you make 'em get down? Systematic static can't
stifle the set's sound. Jack for the mic and I'll still get it
going on, making my statement with a fatcap and Krylon. Pee-
ping my voice from the L.A. underground, the plan from the man
is to demand they keep me down! Downset at the bottom! Got ya!
Got ya! Yeah you know I straight ya! Reveal to heal in our
sectarian obstacles. Wipe the dirt off the eyes of the hate
child, damn with the programm imposed since the juvenile. Shit
is so thick, you don't want to deal with it. Set's got heart
to consist like an activist. Ain't going to live in comfort
while shit gets worde. I got the voice of the voiceless and
life comes first. So what are you going to do? What are you
going to do? What you gonna do when the shit comes down on
you? The set's gonna be down, yeah you know, like we've always
been, the ghetto survivors got no soldier extinction. The man
ain't down with multiethic ethics; division is wicked and
Downset ain't with it. My word is my fire for life and love is
the sound. You got to kill me to silence me, fool. You can't
keep me down. Downset at the bottom! Freedom in a cage!