

## Oz Theme 2000

Kool G Rap

For all my people who got someone locked down right now  
f\*\*k it, this for everyone locked down right now, f\*\*k it  
Help me out, Lord Jamar, Talib Kweli, Kool G Rap  
From the street blocks, to c-blocks, sleep in a box  
Creep with an ox, got beef in the shop, got beef with the cops  
Sharp blade keep in the crotch, prison guards deep on the watch  
Fifth stare people'll drop, if it ease not then we peeping it pops  
Even though they not speaking a lot,  
the plot ease drop, greasing a cop  
Come to shove meat in your chops, flee the spot, sheets in a knot  
Get tied from your feet to the top, you caught in the hall,  
make blood skeet with a mop  
If you doing shift in the kitchen blood'll leak in the pot,  
Just a long game of sheep and the fox  
Phone time, beef for your slot, the shit'll make you weep in your coot  
Mayors get messy y'all, nigga get shanked up in the chest he fall  
Pressed against the wall, got the best of y'all,  
stitch from neck to balls  
Skin cut flesh and all, stretched out unless you balled,  
nothing sexy at all  
The life destiny wall, hope the Lord bless when he call,  
Stand like a man or be a Debbie in core, heavier  
they come heavier from nigga to whore  
Be a predator, dead in the morgue, a spread in the log  
In the prison, industrial complex  
You got taxes, politics, jobs death  
Gross stun it, cold blooded, dark and heartless  
From the pyramids down to the projects  
What do it take, vandal try to escape

I got a homemade shank, wrap the handle with tape  
Better move quick fast, I got a trick for your ass  
Niggas in my clique stick dick to your ass  
So we don't give a f\*\*k trying to make time past  
Here eat it up feed a nigga fine glass  
Got jail house wine in the stash,  
Every time the café serve swine yo I tell I pass  
Do like Beecher did to Shillinger and shit on your ass  
You the feature when I'm killing ya, hit on your ass  
Supreme Allah said we got time to kill  
So when it's time to kill, we got time to kill  
In the yard with the guards when its time to build  
And time is hard got to use my wills  
See shit has changed every since they killed Adebisi  
You never know niggas might try to grease me  
The image that we pro-ject is still God  
Time to reflect but the reflection is hard  
Like sticking mirrors out between the bars, seeing the guards  
Seem like everybody innocent regardless of the charge  
You face death, rape threats, and place bets,  
on who getting laced next  
Forever faceless never waste breathe  
Blowing out the candles that the wind already snuffed out  
They locked up your body your mind could bust out  
Police don't sweep to get the dust out  
They want your name in the system,  
My need to mention the death penalty as legal lynching  
People listen, they got teenagers up in the line up  
To fill the new facility they built they need the crime up  
Please, the war on drugs is really war on the youth  
War on the people, war on the truth

The violent crimes rise,

the silent dies as sirens cry through the night

People fight for what's left and not what's right

Word is bond

[Goes into a Augustus Hill on Oz skit]