

## Blown Away Pt. 2

Saigon

Saigon, stic.man, dead prezidents  
Blown away, could be any one of us

I pour some water on the ground for the soldiers that's fallen  
Those who paid the ultimate price when they answer they callin  
To all the martyrs that we lost as a people in common  
You got blown away but you didn't go in vain  
True examples of change on the frontline of the battle  
Brothers like Bunchy Carter, suit up and rolled when it mattered  
Wasn't a hidden agenda, wasn't Maulana Karenga  
He got blown away, still unknown today  
John Lennon and Gandhi, both were proponents of peace  
Spiritual message they taught, millions of people they reached  
Suited devils amongst plotted the dark and the light  
Both got blown away so bearin this Glock is my right  
Is there a message encoded deep in the violent display?  
Renderin people afraid, keepin the movement at bay  
Go intel pro is a lie still to discourage the rise  
Leaders get blown away, the media covers our eyes  
Modern-day genocide, what hope is there for tomorrow?  
Whether it's vertical or the violence is horizontal  
I lost too many cousins but was it the bullets that took you?  
Or was it the, situations society put you?  
Though I rally for peace, still I carry my piece  
I keep it free of debris, I keep it oiled and greased  
They say it's freedom of speech but just watch what you say  
Before your face on a shirt, like "He got blown away" (uh)

I knew a rapper that just rhymed of his dope and his grind  
But heard a dead prez record that opened his mind  
You know what happened the second he pressed play? (what?)  
He got blown awayyyyyyy (yeah)  
This other kid had never listened to S to the A (nah)  
So yesterday I gave him a couple records to play (yeah)  
He heard "Clap" and the shit that I did with Trey  
He got blown awayyyyyyy

(Go 'head) I pour some Henny on the floor for every young boy  
murdered in Baltimore, Watts to Little Rock, Arkansas  
Philadelphia, D.C. to Chi-Town (Chi-Town)  
And every other ghetto where niggaz get shot down  
The drama's pitiful, little niggaz is homicidical  
We ignore the fact that all the crime is political  
When somebody's blown away, somebody's gone away  
Prison population inflatin, the shit grow e'ry day  
It's usually us, that's occupyin the Riker's bus  
It's more than us fightin just, this shit is a crisis cuz  
350 million guns in United States  
Y'all callin my music conscious, I'm callin it wide awake  
The ghettos that I escape, a lot of others succumb  
It's hard when your pops a crackhead, and your mother's a bum  
And you discovered the slums is not a place you should stay  
But the only way to leave there is for you to get blown away