

# Raise Your Weapons

Stalley

They say Im the last of a dying breed  
And this generation is in a dying need  
Of a voice like me, someone to embody the glory, I guess thats me  
Someone to tell the story of the people like me  
Those who came from nothin' and fought like me  
They said I be nothin' I'd be dead by 23  
The Pastor said because Im Muslim I burn eternally  
My chick said because of my tattoos heaven Ill never see  
So im out in the open all alone searching for some peace  
Mentally I feel enslaved by this weak economy  
So Im thinkin' bout buying a piece and robbin' everyone in front of me  
But the funny things is we all feel it  
Im just speakin of pain that we all live God civilians of the ghetto  
But crash so loud I'd be damn they know this echo  
They tellin' me to let go, they askin' me why am I upset for?  
Yeah I'mma upset yo, cause you wont except the people that I rep for  
This kids with broken hearts and tore in soles that find it hard to let go  
Confusing them with your religions  
Lying politicians, throwing us in you prisons  
Making us welfare recipients with no hope so I hope  
You bastard listens before the nation millions I provoke  
And we show up at your front door  
Weapons raised no questions made  
You knowing what we come for  
Respect of the upmost!

Rippin' my heart was so easy, so easy  
Launch your assault now, take it easy  
Raise your weapon, raise your weapon  
One word and it's over

Raise your weapons

Naw, naw, naw that aint what they tellin' me  
But the killers is what closin' me, no mercy for they punk ass  
They threw too many shots, not to bust back  
I came too far to go back  
All these words I'd done stack  
The coallition so you been warned that its combat  
So black gloves, black mack, I'm strapped up like co-jack  
Niggas better run like Bo Jack  
I'm blitzin' with these raisins all these haters better code red  
You punks run inside cause these dogs that ridin'  
... and they so fast, with all this co fake  
They want real and they so trill  
And they dont steal and they dont feel  
Sympathy toward your judgement  
You could call the law call the law  
But they still not budgin', so we thugin tell they brought in  
Standin' here til the sun dim, and its back up  
Lexus, got em raised up  
No power .. , we was raised tough  
We all together so get raised up or get rolled on  
Got crips, bloods, and them stones on  
This revolution is so strong, and this war  
We didnt start alone