**Harlem Renaissance Poetry &**

**African American Music Today**

**50-50**

**Langston Hughes**

I’m all alone in this world, she said,
Ain’t got nobody to share my bed,
Ain’t got nobody to hold my hand—
The truth of the matter’s
I ain’t got no man.

Big Boy opened his mouth and said,
Trouble with you is
You ain’t got no head!
If you had a head and used your mind
You could have me with you
All the time.

She answered, Babe, what must I do?

He said, Share your bed—
And your money, too.

**I, Too**

**Langston Hughes**

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.
They send me to eat in the kitchen
When company comes,
But I laugh,
And eat well,
And grow strong.

Tomorrow,
I'll be at the table
When company comes.
Nobody'll dare
Say to me,
"Eat in the kitchen,"
Then.

Besides,
They'll see how beautiful I am
And be ashamed--

I, too, am America.

**Harlem**

**Langston Hughes**

What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up
like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore—
And then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over—
like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

**The Negro Speaks Of Rivers**

**Langston Hughes**

I've known rivers:
I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.
I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.
I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids above it.
I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln went down to New Orleans, and I've seen its muddy bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers:
Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

**Mother to Son**

**Langston Hughes**

Well, son, I'll tell you:
Life for me ain't been no crystal stair.
It's had tacks in it,
And splinters,
And boards torn up,
And places with no carpet on the floor—
Bare.
But all the time
I'se been a-climbin' on,
And reachin' landin's,
And turnin' corners,
And sometimes goin' in the dark
Where there ain't been no light.
So, boy, don't you turn back.
Don't you set down on the steps.
'Cause you finds it's kinder hard.
Don't you fall now—
For I'se still goin', honey,
I'se still climbin',
And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.

**Incident**

**Countee Cullen**

Once riding in old Baltimore,
Heart-filled, head-filled with glee,
I saw a Baltimorean
Keep looking straight at me.

Now I was eight and very small,
And he was no whit bigger,
And so I smiled, but he poked out
His tongue, and called me, 'Nigger.'

I saw the whole of Baltimore
From May until December;
Of all the things that happened there
That's all that I remember.

**Yet Do I Marvel**

**Countee Cullen**

I doubt not God is good, well-meaning, kind
And did He stoop to quibble could tell why
The little buried mole continues blind,
Why flesh that mirrors Him must some day die,
Make plain the reason tortured Tantalus
Is baited by the fickle fruit, declare
If merely brute caprice dooms Sisyphus
To struggle up a never-ending stair.
Inscrutable His ways are, and immune
To catechism by a mind too strewn
With petty cares to slightly understand
What awful brain compels His awful hand.
Yet do I marvel at this curious thing:
To make a poet black, and bid him sing!

**America**

**Claude McKay**

Although she feeds me bread of bitterness,
And sinks into my throat her tiger's tooth,
Stealing my breath of life, I will confess
I love this cultured hell that tests my youth!
Her vigor flows like tides into my blood,
Giving me strength erect against her hate.
Her bigness sweeps my being like a flood.
Yet as a rebel fronts a king in state,
I stand within her walls with not a shred
Of terror, malice, not a word of jeer.
Darkly I gaze into the days ahead,
And see her might and granite wonders there,
Beneath the touch of Time's unerring hand,
Like priceless treasures sinking in the sand.

**Harlem Shadows**

**Claude McKay**

I hear the halting footsteps of a lass
In Negro Harlem when the night lets fall
Its veil. I see the shapes of girls who pass
To bend and barter at desire's call.
Ah, little dark girls who in slippered feet
Go prowling through the night from street to street!

Through the long night until the silver break
Of day the little gray feet know no rest;
Through the lone night until the last snow-flake
Has dropped from heaven upon the earth's white breast,
The dusky, half-clad girls of tired feet
Are trudging, thinly shod, from street to street.

Ah, stern harsh world, that in the wretched way
Of poverty, dishonor and disgrace,
Has pushed the timid little feet of clay,
The sacred brown feet of my fallen race!
Ah, heart of me, the weary, weary feet
In Harlem wandering from street to street.

**Lift Ev’ry Voice and Sing**

**(Negro National Anthem)**

**James Weldon Johnson**

Lift ev'ry voice and sing,

'Til earth and heaven ring,

Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;

Let our rejoicing rise

High as the list'ning skies,

Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.

Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us,

Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us;

Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,

Let us march on 'til victory is won.

Stony the road we trod,

Bitter the chastening rod,

Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;

Yet with a steady beat,

Have not our weary feet

Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?

We have come over a way that with tears has been watered,

We have come, treading our path through the blood of the slaughtered,

Out from the gloomy past,

'Til now we stand at last

Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years,

God of our silent tears,

Thou who has brought us thus far on the way;

Thou who has by Thy might

Led us into the light,

Keep us forever in the path, we pray.

Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met Thee,

Lest, our hearts drunk with the wine of the world, we forget Thee;

Shadowed beneath Thy hand,

May we forever stand,

True to our God,

True to our native land.

**Strange Fruit**

**Abel Meeropol**

**performed by Billie Holliday**

Southern trees bear a strange fruit

Blood on the leaves and blood at the root

Black body swinging in the Southern breeze

Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees

Pastoral scene of the gallant South,

The bulging eyes and the twisted mouth,

Scent of magnolia sweet and fresh,

And the sudden smell of burning flesh!

Here is a fruit for the crows to pluck,

For the rain to gather, for the wind to suck,

For the sun to rot, for a tree to drop,

Here is a strange and bitter crop.

Contemporary

**“Changes” by Tupac Shakur**

Come on come on

I see no changes

Wake up in the morning and I ask myself

"Is life worth living? Should I blast myself?"

I'm tired of bein' poor and even worse I'm black

My stomach hurts, so I'm lookin' for a purse to snatch

Cops give a damn about a negro?

Pull the trigger, kill a nigga, he's a hero

Give the crack to the kids who the hell cares?

One less hungry mouth on the welfare

First ship 'em dope and let 'em deal the brothers

Give 'em guns, step back, and watch 'em kill each other

"It's time to fight back", that's what Huey said

2 shots in the dark now Huey's dead

I got love for my brother, but we can never go nowhere

Unless we share with each other

We gotta start makin' changes

Learn to see me as a brother 'stead of 2 distant strangers

And that's how it's supposed to be

How can the Devil take a brother if he's close to me?

I'd love to go back to when we played as kids

But things change, and that's the way it is

That's just the way it is

Things'll never be the same

That's just the way it is

Oh yeah

That's just the way it is

Things'll never be the same

That's just the way it is

Oh yeah

I see no changes

All I see is racist faces

Misplaced hate makes disgrace for races we under

I wonder what it takes to make this

One better place let's erase the wasted

Take the evil out the people, they'll be acting right

'Cause mo' black than white is smokin' crack tonight

And only time we chill is when we kill each other

It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other

And although it seems heaven sent

We ain't ready to see a black President, uhh

It ain't a secret don't conceal the fact

The penitentiary's packed, and it's filled with blacks

But some things will never change

Try to show another way, but they stayin' in the dope game

Now tell me what's a mother to do?

Bein' real don't appeal to the brother in you

You gotta operate the easy way

"I made a G today" But you made it in a sleazy way

Sellin' crack to the kids. "I gotta get paid"

Well hey, well that's the way it is

That's just the way it is

Things'll never be the same

That's just the way it is

Oh yeah

That's just the way it is

Things'll never be the same

That's just the way it is

Oh yeah

We gotta make a change

It's time for us as a people to start makin' some changes

Let's change the way we eat

Let's change the way we live

And let's change the way we treat each other

You see the old way wasn't working so it's on us

To do what we gotta do, to survive

And still I see no changes

Can't a brother get a little peace?

There's war on the streets and the war in the Middle East

Instead of war on poverty

They got a war on drugs so the police can bother me

And I ain't never did a crime I ain't have to do

But now I'm back with the facts givin' 'em back to you

Don't let 'em jack you up, back you up

Crack you up and pimp smack you up

You gotta learn to hold ya own

They get jealous when they see ya with ya mobile phone

But tell the cops they can't touch this

I don't trust this, when they try to rush I bust this

That's the sound of my tune

You say it ain't cool, but mama didn't raise no fool

And as long as I stay black

I gotta stay strapped and I never get to lay back

'Cause I always got to worry 'bout the pay backs

Some buck that I roughed up way back

Comin' back after all these years

Rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat. That's the way it is, uhh

That's just the way it is

Things'll never be the same

That's just the way it is

Oh yeah

That's just the way it is

Things'll never be the same

That's just the way it is

Oh yeah

Some things will never change

J. Cole - Rich N\*ggaz lyrics

Ey yo

Ey yo

Ey yo uh

Ey yo

Ey yo

Ey yo uh

Ey yo

Ey yo

Ey yo uh

Yeah

I hate rich niggas goddammit

Cause I ain't never had a lot dammit

Who you had to kill, who you had to rob

Who you had to fuck just to make it to the top dammit.

Or maybe that's daddy money, escalator no ladder money

Escalading new caddy money

Worst fear going broke cause I'm bad with money.

Crookest smile nigga momma never had the money damn

I ain't trippin'

A nigga Jordan I ain't Pippen yeah

Up the steps I ain't slippin'

Tears blood sweat I ain't crippin, Pierce

A song you can sing along with when you down

On some let you know you ain't alone shit

When your momma ain't at home cause she got a second job

Delivering pizzas you think she out there getting robbed

Please God watch her I know how niggas do

Half cracker but a nigga too

Talking all that shit 'bout your step-pops

How he was a dog now look at you

I ain't bad as that nigga plus dawg I'm a grown man now

I ain't mad at that nigga

But if a plane crash and only it killed his lame ass

I'd be glad its that nigga, nigga

Did Kay dirty now it's back to broke

Refund check she used that to float.

Momma gets depressed falls in love with the next maniac

On crack use that to cope

Make a nigga smoke a whole sack of dope

Writing rhymes tryna bring back the hope

Try to ride the storm out and crashed the boat

Could've drowned, but I grabbed the rope

And there go you

And there go you

And there go you

Selling me dreams and telling me things you knew

And there go you

And there go you

And there go you

Sing,

You got what I want

I got what you need

How much for your soul and uh

How much for your soul and uh

You got what I want

I got what you need

How much for your soul and uh

How much for your soul and uh

I hate rich niggas goddammit

Cause I ain't never had a lot dammit

Niggas can't front on the flows you got

But every fucking verse how much dough you got

Homie, don't quit now hear my shit and tried to switch now.

Know you felt the shit just now, know you felt the shit just now

Ain't it more to you? Don't it ever get boring to you?

I realize deep down you a coward getting high off of power

Fuck it more to you, saw through you

And it made me ashamed that I played the game

Not for more money like Damon Wayans

Wanted the respect but it came with fame

I just wanted love but it just ain't the same

I took a train down memory lane

And watching little Jermaine do his thang before he made a name

It's like Sony signed Basquiat

He gave it all he got now the nigga don't paint the same thang.

I guess he can't complain

All the money that be raining in

Spend a hundred thou for the chain again

Thinking old school niggas like Dana and Dane

Probably kill for another claim to fame, my brain the same

Yeah, nigga, at least he ain't insane

At least he ain't insane

You ain't crazy, motherfucker, you're just afraid of change.

That's new, maybe that's true

But listen here I got a bigger fear

Of one day that I become you.

And I become lost and I become heartless

And numb from all the Ménages

Just one bitch don't feel the same no more

And Henny don't really kill the pain no more

Now I'm Cobain with a shotgun aimed at my brain

Cause I can't maintain no more.

Tad bit extreme I know.

Money can't save your soul.

But there go you

And there go you

And there go you

Selling me dreams and telling me things you knew

And there go you

And there go you

And there go you

Selling me dreams and telling me things you knew

Sing,

You got what I want

I got what you need

How much for your soul and uh

How much for your soul and uh

You got what I want

I got what you need

How much for your soul and uh

How much for your soul and uh

**"Alright" (2015)**

Kendrick Lamar

Alls my life I has to fight, nigga

Alls my life I...

Hard times like God

Bad trips like: "God!"

Nazareth, I'm fucked up

Homie you fucked up

But if God got us then we gon' be alright

*[Hook - Pharrell Williams:]*

Nigga, we gon' be alright

Nigga, we gon' be alright

We gon' be alright

Do you hear me, do you feel me? We gon' be alright

Nigga, we gon' be alright

Huh? We gon' be alright

Nigga, we gon' be alright

Do you hear me, do you feel me? We gon' be alright

Uh, and when I wake up

I recognize you're lookin' at me for the pay cut

Behind my side we lookin' at you from the face down

What mac-11 even boom with the bass down

Schemin'! And let me tell you bout my life

Painkillers only put me in the twilight

What pretty pussy and Benjamin is the highlight

Now tell my mama I love her but this what I like

Lord knows, 20 of 'em in my Chevy

Tell 'em all to come and get me, reapin' everything I sow

So my karma come and Heaven no preliminary hearing

So my record and my motherfucking gang can stand in silence for the record

Tell the world I know it's too late

Boys and the girls think I gone cray

Try and fight my vices all day

Won't you please believe when I say

*[Pre-Hook:]*

When you know, we been hurt, been down before, nigga

When my pride was low, lookin' at the world like, "where do we go, nigga?"

And we hate Popo, wanna kill us dead in the street for sure, nigga

I'm at the preacher's door

My knees gettin' weak and my gun might blow but we gon' be alright

*[Hook]*

What you want, a house or a car

40 acres and a mule, a piano a guitar

Anything, see my name is Lucy, I'm a dog

Motherfucker you can live at the mall

I can see the evil, I can tell it I know when it's illegal

I don't think about it, I deposit every other zero

Thinkin' of my partner put the candy, paint it on the regal

Diggin' in my pocket ain't a profit, big enough to feed you

Everyday my logic, get another dollar just to keep you

In the presence of your chico... ah!

I don't talk about it, be about it, everyday I see cool

If I got it then you know you got it, Heaven, I can reach you

Pet dog, pet dog, pet dog, my dog that's all

Pick back and chat I shut the back for y'all

I rap, I'm black, on track and rest assured

My rights, my wrongs I write till I'm right with God

*[Pre-Hook]*

*[Hook]*

I keep my head up high

I cross my heart and hope to die

Lovin' me is complicated

Too afraid, a lot of changes

I'm alright and you're a favorite

Dark nights in my prayers

I remembered you was conflicted

Misusing your influence, sometimes I did the same

Abusing my power full of resentment

Resentment that turned into a deep depression

Found myself screamin' in the hotel room

I didn't wanna self destruct, the evils of Lucy was all around me

So I went runnin' for answers

Submit Corrections

Lupe Fiasco

"Words I Never Said" (2011)

(feat. Skylar Grey)

[Skylar Grey]

It’s so loud Inside my head

With words that I should have said!

As I drown in my regrets

I can’t take back the words I never said

I can’t take back the words I never said

[Lupe Fiasco]

I really think the war on terror is a bunch of bullshit

Just a poor excuse for you to use up all your bullets

How much money does it take to really make a full clip

9/11 building 7 did they really pull it

Uhh, And a bunch of other cover ups

Your childs future was the first to go with budget cuts

If you think that hurts then, wait here comes the uppercut

The school was garbage in the first place, that's on the up and up

Keep you at the bottom but tease you with the uppercrust

You get it then they move it so you never keeping up enough

If you turn on TV all you see’s a bunch of “what the fucks”

Dude is dating so and so blabbering bout such and such

And that ain't Jersey Shore, homie that's the news

And these the same people that supposed to be telling us the truth

Limbaugh is a racist, Glenn Beck is a racist

Gaza strip was getting bombed, Obama didn’t say shit

That's why I ain't vote for him, next one either

I’ma part of the problem, my problem is I’m peaceful

And I believe in the people.

[Skylar Grey]

It’s so loud inside my head

With words that I should have said!

As I drown in my regrets

I can’t take back the words I never said

I can’t take back the words I never said

[Lupe Fiasco - Verse 2]

Now you can say it ain't our fault if we never heard it

But if we know better than we probably deserve it

Jihad is not a holy war, wheres that in the worship?

Murdering is not Islam!

And you are not observant

And you are not a muslim

Israel don’t take my side cause look how far you’ve pushed them

Walk with me into the ghetto, this where all the Kush went

Complain about the liquor store but what you drinking liquor for?

Complain about the gloom but when’d you pick a broom up?

Just listening to Pac ain't gone make it stop

A rebel in your thoughts, ain't gon make it halt

If you don’t become an actor you’ll never be a factor

Pills with million side effects

Take em when the pains felt

Wash them down with Diet soda!

Killin off your brain cells

Crooked banks around the World

Would gladly give a loan today

So if you ever miss a payment

They can take your home away!

[Skylar Grey]

It’s so loud inside my head

With words that I should have said!

As I drown in my regrets

I can’t take back the words I never said, never said

I can’t take back the words I never said

[Lupe Fiasco - Verse 3]

I think that all the silence is worse than all the violence

Fear is such a weak emotion that's why I despise it

We scared of almost everything, afraid to even tell the truth

So scared of what you think of me, I’m scared of even telling you

Sometimes I’m like the only person I feel safe to tell it to

I’m locked inside a cell in me, I know that there’s a jail in you

Consider this your bailing out, so take a breath, inhale a few

My screams is finally getting free, my thoughts is finally yelling through

[Skylar Grey]

It’s so loud Inside my head

With words that I should have said!

As I drown in my regrets

I can’t take back the words I never said

**Common**

"Glory" (2014)

(with John Legend)

[Chorus - John Legend:]

One day when the glory comes

It will be ours, it will be ours

One day when the war is won

We will be sure, we will be sure

Oh glory

[Common:]

Hands to the Heavens, no man, no weapon

Formed against, yes glory is destined

Every day women and men become legends

Sins that go against our skin become blessings

The movement is a rhythm to us

Freedom is like religion to us

Justice is juxtapositionin' us

Justice for all just ain't specific enough

One son died, his spirit is revisitin' us

Truant livin' livin' in us, resistance is us

That's why Rosa sat on the bus

That's why we walk through Ferguson with our hands up

When it go down we woman and man up

They say, "Stay down", and we stand up

Shots, we on the ground, the camera panned up

King pointed to the mountain top and we ran up

[Chorus]

[John Legend:]

Now the war is not over, victory isn't won

And we'll fight on to the finish, then when it's all done

We'll cry glory, oh glory

We'll cry glory, oh glory

[Common:]

Selma is now for every man, woman and child

Even Jesus got his crown in front of a crowd

They marched with the torch, we gon' run with it now

Never look back, we done gone hundreds of miles

From dark roads he rose, to become a hero

Facin' the league of justice, his power was the people

Enemy is lethal, a king became regal

Saw the face of Jim Crow under a bald eagle

The biggest weapon is to stay peaceful

We sing, our music is the cuts that we bleed through

Somewhere in the dream we had an epiphany

Now we right the wrongs in history

No one can win the war individually

It takes the wisdom of the elders and young people's energy

Welcome to the story we call victory

Comin' of the Lord, my eyes have seen the glory

[Chorus]

[John Legend:]

When the war is done, when it's all said and done

We'll cry glory, oh glory

J.Cole

"Be Free"

And I'm in denial

And it don't take no x-ray to see right through my smile

I know, I'd be on the go

And it ain't no drink out there that can numb my soul

No, no

All we want to do is take the chains off

All we want to do is break the chains off

All we want to do is be free

All we want to do is be free

All we want to do is take the chains off

All we want to do is break the chains off

All we want to do is be free

All we want to do is be free

Can you tell me why every time I step outside

I see my niggas die,

Ooh, I'm letting you know

That it ain't no gun they make that can kill my soul

Oh, no

All we want to do is take the chains off

All we want to do is take the chains off

All we want to do is be free

All we want to do is be free

All we want to do is take the chains off

All we want to do is break the chains off

All we want to do is be free

All we want to do is be free

Are we all alone fighting on our own

Please give me a chance

I don't wanna dance

Something's got me down

I will stand my ground,

Don't just stand around

Don't just stand around

All we want to do is take these chains off

All we want to do is break the chains off

All we want to do is be free

All we want to do is be free

All we want to do is take these chains off

All we want to do is break the chains off

All we want to do is be free

All we want to do is be free

**Kanye West**

**“New Slaves”**

**"New Slaves"**

*[Verse 1:]*

My momma was raised in an era when,

Clean water was only served to the fairer skin

Doing clothes you would have thought I had help

But they wasn't satisfied unless I picked the cotton myself.

You see it's broke nigga racism

That's that "Don't touch anything in the store"

And there's rich nigga racism

That's that "Come here, please buy more"

What you want a Bentley, fur coat and diamond chain?

All you blacks want all the same things

Used to only be niggas now everybody play me

Spending everything on Alexander Wang

New Slaves

*[Hook:]*

You see it's leaders and there's followers

But I'd rather be a dick than a swallower

You see it's leaders and there's followers

But I'd rather be a dick than a swallower

*[Verse 2:]*

I throw these Maybach keys

I wear my heart on the sleeve

I know that we the new slaves

I see the blood on the leaves

I see the blood on the leaves

I see the blood on the leaves

I know that we the new slaves

I see the blood on the leaves

They throwing hate at me

Want me to stay at ease

Fuck you and your corporation

Y'all niggas can't control me

I know that we the new slaves

I know that we the new slaves

I'm about to wild the fuck out

I'm going Bobby Boucher

I know that pussy ain't free

You niggas pussy, ain't me

Y'all throwing contracts at me

You know that niggas can't read

Throw on some Maybach keys

Fuck it, c'est la vie

I know that we the new slaves

Y'all niggas can't fuck with me

Y'all niggas can't fuck with Ye

Y'all niggas can't fuck with Ye

I'll move my family out the country

So you can't see where I stay

So go and grab the reporters

So I can smash their recorders

See they'll confuse us with some bullshit like the New World Order

Meanwhile the DEA

Teamed up with the CCA

They tryna lock niggas up

They tryna make new slaves

See that's that private owned prison

Get your piece today

They Probably all in the Hamptons

Braggin' 'bout their maid

Fuck you and your Hampton house

I'll fuck your Hampton spouse

Came on her Hampton blouse

And in her Hampton mouth

Y'all 'bout to turn shit up

I'm 'bout to tear shit down

I'm 'bout to air shit out

Now what the fuck they gon' say now?

**NWA**

**"Fuck The Police"**

*[MC Ren as Court Officer]*

Right about now, N.W.A. court is in full effect

Judge Dre presiding

In the case of N.W.A. vs. the Police Department;

prosecuting attourneys are: MC Ren, Ice Cube,

and Eazy-motherfuckin-E

*[Dr. Dre as The Judge]*

Order, order, order

Ice Cube, take the motherfuckin stand

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth

and nothin but the truth so help your black ass?

*[Ice Cube as Witness]*

You god damn right!

*[Dr. Dre]*

Well won't you tell everybody what the fuck you gotta say?

*[Ice Cube]*

Fuck the police comin straight from the underground

A young nigga got it bad cause I'm brown

And not the other color so police think

they have the authority to kill a minority

Fuck that shit, cause I ain't the one

for a punk motherfucker with a badge and a gun

to be beatin on, and thrown in jail

We can go toe to toe in the middle of a cell

Fuckin with me cause I'm a teenager

with a little bit of gold and a pager

Searchin my car, lookin for the product

Thinkin every nigga is sellin narcotics

You'd rather see, me in the pen

than me and Lorenzo rollin in a Benz-o

Beat a police out of shape

and when I'm finished, bring the yellow tape

To tape off the scene of the slaughter

Still gettin swoll off bread and water

I don't know if they fags or what

Search a nigga down, and grabbin his nuts

And on the other hand, without a gun they can't get none

But don't let it be a black and a white one

Cause they'll slam ya down to the street top

Black police showin out for the white cop

Ice Cube will swarm

on ANY motherfucker in a blue uniform

Just cause I'm from, the CPT

Ounk police are afraid of me!

HUH, a young nigga on the warpath

And when I'm finished, it's gonna be a bloodbath

of cops, dyin in L.A.

Yo Dre, I got somethin to say

*[cut and scratched x4]* "Fuck the police"

Example of scene one

*[Cop]* Pull your god damn ass over right now

*[NWA]* Aww shit, now what the fuck you pullin me over for?

*[Cop]* Cause I feel like it!

Just sit your ass on the curb and shut the fuck up

*[NWA]* Man, fuck this shit

*[Cop]* Aight smartass, I'm takin your black ass to jail!

*[Dr. Dre]*

MC Ren, will you please give your testimony

to the jury about this fucked up incident?

*[MC Ren]*

Fuck the police and Ren said it with authority

because the niggaz on the street is a majority

A gang, is with whoever I'm steppin

and the motherfuckin weapon is kept in

a stash box, for the so-called law

Wishin Ren was a nigga that they never saw

Lights start flashin behind me

But they're scared of a nigga so they mace me to blind me

But that shit don't work, I just laugh

because it gives em a hint, not to step in my path

For police, I'm sayin, "Fuck you punk!"

Readin my rights and shit, it's all junk

Pullin out a silly club, so you stand

with a fake-assed badge and a gun in your hand

But take off the gun so you can see what's up

And we'll go at it punk, and I'ma fuck you up!

Make you think I'ma kick your ass

but drop your gat, and Ren's gonna blast

I'm sneaky as fuck when it comes to crime

But I'ma smoke 'em now and not next time

Smoke any motherfucker that sweats me

or any asshole, that threatens me

I'm a sniper with a hell of a scope

Takin out a cop or two, they can't cope with me

The motherfuckin villian that's mad

With potential, to get bad as fuck

So I'ma turn it around

Put in my clip, yo, and this is the sound

*[BOOM, BOOM]* Yeah, somethin like that

but it all depends on the size of the gat

Takin out a police, would make my day

But a nigga like Ren don't give a fuck to say

*[cut and scratched x4]* "Fuck the police"

*[Cop]* *[knocking on the door]*

*[NWA]* Yeah man, what you need?

*[Cop]* Police, open now

*[NWA]* Aww shit

*[Cop]* We have a warrant for Eazy-E's arrest

*[Cop]* Get down and put your hands up where I can see 'em

(Move motherfucker, move now!)

*[NWA]* What the fuck did I do, man what did I do?

*[Cop]* Just shut the fuck up

and get your motherfuckin ass on the floor

(You heard the man, shut the fuck up!)

*[NWA]* But I didn't do shit

*[Cop]* Man just shut the fuck up!

*[Dr. Dre]*

Eazy-E, won't you step up to the stand

and tell the jury how you feel about this bullshit?

*[Eazy-E]*

I'm tired of the motherfuckin jackin

Sweatin my gang, while I'm chillin in the shack, and

shinin the light in my face, and for what?

Maybe it's because I kick so much butt

I kick ass - or maybe cause I blast

on a stupid-assed nigga when I'm playin with the trigger

of any Uzi or an AK

Cause the police always got somethin stupid to say

They put out my picture with silence

Cause my identity by itself causes violence

The E with the criminal behavior

Yeah, I'm a gangsta, but still I got flavor

Without a gun and a badge, what do ya got?

A sucker in a uniform waitin to get shot

by me, or another nigga

And with a gat it don't matter if he's smaller or bigger

(MC Ren: Size ain't shit, he's from the old school fool)

And as you all know, E's here to rule

Whenever I'm rollin, keep lookin in the mirror

And ears on cue, yo, so I can hear a

dumb motherfucker with a gun

And if I'm rollin off the 8, he'll be the one

that I take out, and then get away

While I'm drivin off laughin this is what I'll say

*[cut and scratched x4]* "Fuck the police"

The verdict

*[Dre]* The jury has found you guilty of bein a redneck,

white bread, chickenshit motherfucker

*[Cop]* But wait, that's a lie! That's a god damn lie!

*[Dre]* Get him out of here!

*[Cop]* I want justice!

*[Dre]* Get him the fuck out my face!

*[Cop]* I want justice!

*[Dre]* Out, RIGHT NOW!

*[Cop]* FUCK YOU, YOU BLACK MOTHER-FUCKERRRRRRRRRRRRS!

Fuck the police! *[x3]*