

Can't Truss It

–Ridenhour–Robertz–Gary G–Wiz–Depper–

Bass in your face
Not an eight track
Gettin' it good to the wood
So the people
Give you some a dat
Reactin' to the fax
That I kick and it stick
And it stay around
Pointin' to the joint, put the Buddha down
Goin', goin', gettin' to the roots
Ain't givin' it up
So turn me loose
But then again I got a story
That's harder than the hardcore
Cost of the holocaust
I'm talin' 'bout the one still goin' on
I know
Where I'm from, not dum diddie dum
From the base motherland
The place of the drum
Invaded by the wack diddie wack
Fooled the black, left us faded
King and chief probably had a big beef
Because of dat now I grit my teeth
So here's a song to the strong
'Bout a shake of a snake
And the smile went along wit dat
Can't truss it
Kickin' wicked rhymes
Like a fortune teller
'Cause the wickedness done by Jack
Where everybody at
Divided and sold
For liquor and the gold
Smacked in the back
For the other man to mack
Now the story that I'm kickin' is gory
Little Rock where they be
Dockin' this boat
No hope I'm shackled
Plus gang tackled
By the other hand swingin' the rope
Wearin' red, white and blue Jack and his crew
The guy's authorized to beat down for the brown
Man to the man, each one so it teach one
Born to terrorize sisters and every brother
One love who said it
I know Whodini sang it
But the hater taught hate
That's why we gang bang it
Beware of the hand
When it's comin' from the left

I ain't trippin' just watch ya step
Can't truss it
An I judge everyone, one by the one
Look here come the judge
Watch it here he come no
I can only guess what's happ' nin'
Years ago he woulda been
The ships captain
Gettin' me bruised on a cruise
What I got to lose, lost all contact
Got me layin' on my back
Rollin' in my own leftover
When I roll over, I roll over in somebody else's
90 F--kin' days on a slave ship
Count 'em fallin' off 2, 3, 4 hun'ed at a time
Blood in the wood and it's mine
I'm chokin' on spit feelin' pain
Like my brain bein' chained
Still gotta give it what I got
But it's hot in the day, cold in the night
But I thrive to survive, I pray to God to stay alive
Attitude boils up inside
And that ain't it (think I'll ever quit)
Still I pray to get my hands 'round
The neck of the man wit' the whip
3 months pass, they brand a label on my ass
To signify
Owned
I'm on the microphone
Sayin' 1555
How I'm livin'
We been livin' here
Livin' ain't the word
I been givin'
Haven't got
Classify us in the have-nots
Fightin' haves
'Cause it's all about money
When it comes Armageddon
Mean I'm gettin' mine
Here I turn it over Sam
427 to the year
Do you understand
That's why it's hard
For the black to love the land
Once again
Bass in your face

