

Freedom

*Solo, I'm a soloist on a solo list
All live, never on a floppy disk
Inka, inka, bottle of ink
Paintings of rebellion
Drawn up by the thoughts I think*

*It's set up like a deck of cards
They're sending us to early graves
For all the diamonds
They'll use a pair of clubs to beat the spades
With poetry I paint the pictures that hit
More like the murals that fit
Don't turn away
Get in front of it
Chorus:
Brotha, did ya forget ya name?
Did ya lose it on the wall
Playin' tic-tac-toe?*

*Yo, check the diagonal
Three brothers gone
Come on
Doesn't that make it three in a row?*

Chorus

*Yo, check the diagonal
Three million gone
Come on
'Cause they're counting backwards to zero*

*Environment
The environment exceeding on the level
Of our unconciousness
For example
What does the billboard say
Come and play, come and play
Forget about the movement
Anger is a gift
Freedom, freedom, yea right*