

# Bamboozled, Blak Iz Blak

Peep the math, Mau Mau be about land and freedom  
Reparation and apologies, for Africa to America Odysseys  
Guerrilla type tactics on them socialistic fallacies  
It be about, the devastations of the social doministic thought  
Keep a brown man down sport  
They wantin' to keep eye in vengeance set nigga  
The way Franz Fanon put it, you lucky I ain't wretched yet  
You fucked up in the game now  
It's big black, Mr. Chairman of the Mau Mau  
I hear the world in all black surround sound  
Barricaded so you can't move around now  
Doing this for my clan that ain't around now  
Buried six feet deep beneath the ground now  
My loud sound pound down make the earth crush in and bow down  
There's fault lines in the ground now shake 'em down  
Black Chevy, Mau Maus, get ready  
Blaow blaow, black deadly, femme fatal  
Underground, rats in this rat race  
And black race cats sell out to the black face  
And rag grin, laugh not my light skin  
Be S M O O T H from P H  
Backseat strappin' in  
'Cause I'm the only bitch with big black and them  
Who the crew? M A U, M A U, gun ready  
'Bout to attack the track with black is black  
Well how black? Black heart, black mind, black soul  
Mau Maus we was born to roll  
Who the crew? M A U, M A U, aim fire  
'Bout to attack the track with black is black  
How black? Black womb till we reach the black hearse  
What's black? Shade of the Universe  
Yo, yo yo when mo black start to black out bitches pass out  
Stick my black dick in they mouth and dig they back out  
Black monk like The Salenius  
The government got a black phobia  
That's why they tap my black Nokia  
Black fathers, black mothers, black brothers  
Handcuffed to each other, goin' upstate in black buses  
Black thugs, wrap drugs in backwoods  
Smoke till they got black tongues  
Black lips and black lungs  
Black is black, wack MC's get smacked  
Forced to go home and dial 1 800 I can't rap  
Aiyyo who that? Yo right there blue eyes, and black hair  
Kill 'em with a rhyme, or the bottom of my Nike Air's  
So quick son pick one, you don't want me to finish  
Or I'll quickly take you to 1950 and do you like the British  
Head on a spear, contusions ear to ear  
For Africa maxima, I'm a drive you out of here  
Mr. 1 16th, born to kill your self esteem  
Born from part devil, part cracker from queens  
Knowledge that we drop, you don't even build with  
That's like me winnin' a rap Grammy, givin' it to Little Smith  
Who the crew? M A U, M A U, gun ready  
'Bout to attack the track with black is black  
Well how black? Black heart, black mind, black soul  
Mau Maus we was born to roll  
Who the crew? M A U, M A U, aim fire  
'Bout to attack the track with black is black  
How black? Black womb till we reach the black hearse  
What's black? Shade of the Universe  
Yo everything black is wack and shit  
Blackheads, blackmail, black cats and shit  
Funerals, niggaz gotta wear black and shit

Black cars, black clothes on they backs and shit  
Blackballed, if we don't kiss they ass and shit  
Blacklisted see ya nigga, and you're gone that's it  
White bitches, they wanna be black and shit  
Tan lotion on they white flat ass and shit  
Aiyyo all the Mau Maus gather up and let's attack  
Because they're tryin' to fuck with our images  
And I think that shit is crazy wack  
And as a matter of fact, they want us niggaz  
To smile and laugh I guess they never seen a bloodbath  
Brothers and sisters are dyin', babies are bein taken out  
So what the fuck they want me to rap about?  
About how happy I am, to be livin' in the slum  
Where little shorties walk around totin' big guns  
Who the crew? M A U, M A U, gun ready  
'Bout to attack the track with black is black  
Well how black? Black heart, black mind, black soul  
Mau Maus we was born to roll  
Who the crew? M A U, M A U, aim fire  
'Bout to attack the track with black is black  
How black? Black womb till we retilach the black hearse  
What's black? Shade of the Universe  
Hard black droppin' science, born to roll  
Mau Maus droppin' science, born to roll  
Hard black droppin' science, born to roll  
Mau Maus droppin' science, born to roll  
Nigga, nigga you think these rhymes?  
You think they fuckin' rhymes? this this this this philosophy  
This the end of red neck ass catastrophes  
Puttin' a plunger in the ass of my history  
Forty one shots of reality for the generations to come after me  
As it be, hell hath no fury like a black man scorned  
Nigga black is black, you've officially been warned  
Nigga you've officially been warned  
You hear me? you've you you've officially been warned  
You've been told nigga, you've been fuckin' officially been warned  
This is for your dome, straight up  
Mau Mau style, back from the forest knahmean?  
You've officially been told how it's gon' come down  
End of millennium style  
You've officially been told how it's gon' be, knahmean?  
Hard black, Mau Mau  
Smooth black, Mau Mau  
Big black, Mau Mau  
1 16th black, Mau Mau  
Joe Black, Mo Black, Double Black