

# X-Clan, Fire

Cave men! [You better hush!] Cave women! [Hush!] And the... [Hush!]

Troglodytes! [Gun shot.]

[Somebody's calling my name....]

[Brother J]

Ah, yeah! Ah, come on, come on, come on!

[Professor X] To the East, my brother, to the East!

[Brother J] Uh, to the East, my brother, to the East! Come on!

[X] To the East, my brother, to the East!

[J] To the East, my brother, to the East, yeah!

[X] To the East, my brother, to the East!

[J] To the East, my brother, to the East, my brother, to the East, my brother, to the East, my brother, to the East, my brother, to the East!

[Professor X]

Yes! I'm that kind of nigga

The one you fear, be scared you can't figger

The one that has the finger on the trigger, boom!

In the cut of zoom

In the darkness, the halo, the moon!

Stepping ta' ya' real soon

Ah! Check the blackness!

Me before those enter the lightness!

Masturbating!

Masquerading!

And you call your self righteous?

Follow me!

A peripheral, missionary, and ark commit-ness

Having intercourse with the nation of darkness!

Books with worms!

Jherri suited with last names like perms!

niggas, get your hands of your cracks, come to terms with yourself

If you don't get any bigger

Pink Caddy driving, black boot stomping

Yes! I'm that kind of nigga

Brother J, whatcha' say?

Brother J, Brother J, whatcha' say?

Brother J, whatcha' say? Brother J, whatcha' say?

[Brother J]

Yeah!

I'm just a pro-Black nigga, and I'm doing this

And yet you watch me, clock me, to see if I continue this

In the ways of the Caddy I survive like a pimp

No jherri curls, waves, perms, or crimps

The ever-nappy crew setting the mood

I raise my fuel for my firm attitude

Walking through the streets with my war cry spear

Certain folks know it means doom when they hear

My firm, black boots with no spurs attached

Now let me take a second, cause I might detach

My black boots if you confuse

I lose my peoples in the words you choose

For writer was wrong, or, man, what you think?

Accept my Black, so how the hell you diss Pink?

And yet you wanna' be down, clown

So many wanna' be down, with the illogical ark

Steppin' through your cave-boy crew

Your nest of war, with your bald hair-do!

Media weapons!

News at 11!

Paper at 6 or systematic tricks

And that's why I do what I do

Say how I feel so you get it on the real

True, true, any rapper will subdue

Try to test some buddy business

And submit my whole crew

The front page, says outrage  
There's no gauge, cause it's time for the MAC!  
Tune in your radio, video, stereo and all that  
To the vibes of the pro-Black  
It's like that as I wind up my wrist  
Check out the smack of the scientific fist  
But on a level to the East I go  
Cause with Freedom or Death, there's no choice, you know?  
Still on the topic of the P-R-O  
When I pass my verbs, stick to brother P-X-O  
[Professor X]  
Over and under as I progress to this  
Got no time to be hanging out with humanists  
Raise a flag, fly the, tag the hand, clutch the fist  
Serve we nationally comes the diss  
Humanity keep it with us we break edicts  
Milwaukee, the brutality, how can you dismiss?  
So, off to the road we go you know  
Follow the pro-nigga flow  
Off to the road you know we go  
Follow the pro-nigga flow  
For you and yours, legislation  
Past-purpose agitation  
By way of the old ??? emancipation  
Zoom, zoom, zoom revelation  
Cometh pro-Black dedication  
The solution: revolution  
Evolution  
The conclusion: the trigger!  
Please, a let me take a swigger  
And if you don't get any bigger  
Yes, I'm that kind of nigga!  
[J] Yeah! To the East, my brother, to the East!  
[X] To the East, my brother, to the East!  
[J] Come on! To the East, my brother, to the East! Yeah!  
[X] To the East, my brother, to the East!  
[J] To the East, my brother, to the East! Yeah!  
[X] To the East, my brother, to the East, my brother,  
to the East, my brother, to the East!  
[Brother J]  
Yeah!  
Revolution, evolution, the solution  
No amendments, and burn the Constitution  
You take the authors, a bunch of old wig-ers  
Who ratified extinction of the poor, Black niggas  
Know why? Cause I'm that nigga that they can't stand  
That teach an African how to say, "Black man!"  
And I'm that nigga they can plainly see  
With the nationalist colors of the red, black, green  
Yeah! I'm the one who cut Tarzan's vine  
Ran his ass out the jungle with his homeboy swine  
One of those brothers that they just can't find  
That makes 'em shake and make 'em shiver when it comes nighttime  
Yeah! A boom-bap with a pro-Black slap  
The old systematic dues  
All Irish do Japs. Yeah!  
You hear me? Boy, you'd better make way!  
Enough action and totally nothing to say  
And here's a message to the Rainbow crew  
And their fearless leader, Captain Human:  
Revolution is not humanism!  
Individualism and not separatism!  
Hey! Point blank, living-ism is a tank  
Cause there's just some things that I never forget:  
I remember green suits on a Black mayor;

I remember nine-millimeter child slayers;  
I remember all the times that you called me an animal  
But in Milwaukee there's a cannibal  
Check it! Some of the things that you just don't figure  
Cause it gets a lot Blacker and a whole lot bigger  
No matter, nightstick or bring your big trigger  
Our nation is protected by some pro-Black niggas!  
[Professor X]  
Making note of some minors. I'm not talking baseball, cause if I was  
Brother J, we'd be playing professional. There nine innings to a  
baseball game. By the way: Is it humanity? Or is it vanity?  
Vainglorious! This is protected, by the red, the black, and the  
green, with the key! On the road again. Sissy! And ya' don't stop!