

# Psychology

## Dead Prez

Intro: "I was born, in a dump  
My mama died and my father got drunk  
They left me, to die or grow  
In the middle of Tobacco Road  
I grew up in a rusty shack  
All i owned was hangin on my back  
And Lord knows, how I learnt  
This place called Tobacco Road  
Tobacco Road, you're dirty and you're filthy  
Tobacco Road, gonna get me some dynamite and a crane  
I'm gonna blow it up, Lord knows gonna start all over again"  
"My mind is the place where I make my plans  
The world is the place where I take my stand  
The beauty of life is mine today  
They cannot take my mind away"(M1)  
Fuck what you heard, I'm from Africa  
This ain't no act it's mathematical  
Past the black radical  
I choose the M1, because it's practical  
Nothin was changed, we ain't protected  
No names, it's all factual  
They push the wrong buttons, count down to detonate  
Brooklyn blown away and the world will have to speculate  
This is what we learn in the streets, fuck a degree  
Believe in none of what you hear and half of what you see  
(Stic)  
It's like watching your own father smoke crack  
I have nightmares on shit like that  
No way in hell I'll ever get like that  
I seen a lot of shit in twenty-two years  
It's like a tour of duty  
My life is booby-trapped, it's hard to see the beauty  
When your heart is turning ice cold  
Cold like your hands exposed to blistering winds  
My mother keep her eyes closed, she say she prayin  
I listen close to what she sayin  
When she speak of Jesus I ignore it  
But when it's practical I'm all for it  
You got to think like a soldier  
I'm training myself to snatch pistols out of holsters  
Discipline keep the mind focused  
This whole world is a corn field son

Look out for flying locusts  
Chorus (x2) Don't let 'em get in your head, they try to probe you  
Figure your thoughts so they can try and control you  
And through you, control your whole crew  
It's psychology boy, now what the fuck that make you wanna do?(M1)  
You can't walk the streets with no state of mind  
Blind to the ways of mankind  
And if you know the time, give me a sign  
Tell me where we draw the line  
I got your back if you got mine  
My enemy's enemy is my man  
One dreadlock is stronger than one strand while the crackers got the upper hand  
My comrades stand on lands stolen  
Every tooth a golden opportunity  
Who holdin my community hostage?  
10% ransom, costing us time we lost and some  
This is how the plan runs  
Thinkin with a fugitive brain  
What we do to live is insane  
Holdin the weed, healing my membranes  
Just like crack, you know it all boils down  
to the dollars-and-cents of it  
Niggaz commence to get [rents?] to sentenced to serve terms  
Jumping the fence, the black germ is loose  
When will they learn?  
Psychology(Stic)  
We piss on walls and smoke reefa in the halls  
No respect for their laws  
I cut your face with a kitchen knife  
In gladiator times, man against machinery  
The tree bark fatigues help me blend in with the scenery boy  
Life is a series of serious choices  
Theories is formed from experience, never mysterious forces  
Various courses of life can lead to failure  
Too much of anything is a trap, my mind snap  
Guerrilla warfare for two grand  
They say karate means 'empty hands'  
So then it's perfect for the poor man...  
They say karate means 'empty hands'  
So then it's perfect for the poor man  
Chorus (x2) Bridge(M1)  
When you think of us think of pyramids and pistols  
And glimmering gold teeth that shine like crystals  
The mind is like a jewel son  
Only a fool wouldn't grasp it  
Wisdom is a tool, you get blasted  
When you think of us think of pyramids and pistols  
And glimmering gold teeth that shine like crystals  
The mind is like a jewel son  
Only a fool wouldn't grasp it  
Wisdom is a tool, you get blasted"Free your mind, and the rest will follow

Seize the time, no one is promised tomorrow"Repeat until fade

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>