

What ya gunna do

What ya gunna do when I wheel up on you tired of non threaten'n ta get me through frustration in my heart when I look at you
“That I can't share eating me up inside like warfare beware”.
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Feeling like I'm wearing a vale slogan reading what Du-Bois calls, the non-threatening male – allowing folks to exhale – what Goffman calls a display of self in the most constant of plays – Stuart hall speaks of the gaze through a social haze and describes a mille in a labyrinth and maze.

So much has changed, I still feel estranged, goal post moving to somewhere else outta range.

Like beat up Billie Jean – who's table turned and then it leaned, like salmon swim'n against a current against a stream, think'n bout speeches made of...
“I have a dream”

– So I ask you –

can it be said that when you are dead greatness gets cast into lead.

Heroes born who have worn the scorn of flesh torn from when one ' is born.

– A struggle lives on; in different gizes and forms

– Stop and search harolds in a New Dawn

– Anti-terrorist law a new type of claw hiding nothing but old-school law

– So I ask you –

What ya gunna do when I wheel up on you tired a dance'n when you ask me to.

Cause everybody knows what I'm talk'n about

without a doubt we've all had to tap hands folded in your lap -

red coat, lantern and a cap.

– So I ask you –

What ya gunna do when I wheel up on you

tired of non threaten'n ta get me through

frustration in my heart when I look at you

x6)“That I can't share eating me up inside like warfare beware”.