Fugitive (Acappella)

K-Solo

I was a fugitive
To the coppers of the county I was known as a fugitiveI ran like a rebel, in '85
Cops tried to catch me, cause all of 'em said I
Beat up these other men who were bigger than me
Was it cause I'm black and they were W-H-I-T-E
Here I was walking down the block
I seen these two big bikers standing by the biker's shop
They seen it was me so to make theyself feel bigger
One got bad bold, pointed and called me a "nigger"
I xxxx my finger up, I said "His mother" and kept stepping
His friend told his other friend "Hey, Cauky, let's get him"
I looked to my back, to my suprise, one had a chain
In his hand and the devil in his eye
I said "I'm in trouble, let me think real quick"
I looked down at the ground and got this big fat brick
With no time to waste I put the brick in my hand
And then the biker took the chain fell out of his hand
Then his friend Crotty said "Cauky are you alright?"
But what he didn't know was he was in for a fight
The right his his jaw, he fell on the floor
The kid I hit with the brick before said "Don't hit him anymore"
I put my brick down, left him on the ground
Everything was cool til the cops came around
They said "You're under arrest for assault 2 and 3"
I laughed at the copper and said "Explain this to me"
He said "You hit the man with a brick and punched another in the jaw
And left the scene like nothing happened and then they called the law"
I laughed in his face, I said "This don't make sense
It was two against my black ass, this makes this an offense?"
He tried to grab me, so I pushed him on the floor
And ran my black ass home and locked the living room door
I did what any black kid would have did
But to the coppers of the county, I'm known as a fugitive
As a fugitive
To the coppers of the county I'm known as a fugitiveI had to go to school, I couldn't be late
If I miss another day Mrs. Cann said I wouldn't graduate
I didn't go a lot, that didn't mean I didn't care
I had to come to school more often to try again next year
Fuck that, I went to school and I tried
You know to hide from the cops to June of '85
I get my diploma and things would be straight
But at my graduation cops came and tried to put me on the gate

I ran though, with the diploma that I owned
With cops chasing me all the way til I got home
I got away gain, why, you know what I did?
I ran my black ass home and to them I'm still a fugitiveI'm still a fugitive
To the coppers of the county I'm still a fugitive
Two years went by, me running from the cops
My mom looked at my dad, my dad said "Son, this has gotta stop"
Dad gave me money, he said, "Son, this is for ya"
I went to Garden City to go get me a lawyer
I went to jail, Monday I was in jail through Friday
When you're black and you're in trouble man does your lawyer get paid
Then my moms told the judge "My son's a good child"
Then he laughed at my mother and said "Then take us to trial"
I told my mom and dad I felt within
If we took Suffux County to court or trial, I know I wouldn't win
So without a doubt, like any black kid in Suffux county
K-S-O-L-O had to cop out
To sixteen months in Riverhead
Instead of fighting and wilding, I wrote my records instead
Comisarry was?, inmates owed me
CO's would beat me up on shakedowns, but now those suckers know me
And I laugh at those cops who arrest me for what I did
Cause I'm hooked and no longer am I a fugitiveI was a fugitive
To the coppers of the county I was known as a fugitiveI was a fugitive
To the coppers of the county I was known as a fugitive

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