

# Fugitive (Acappella)

## K-Solo

I was a fugitive  
To the coppers of the county I was known as a fugitive I 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 fugitive I 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 fugitive I'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 shakedown, 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 fugitive I was a fugitive  
To the coppers of the county I was known as a fugitive I was a fugitive  
To the coppers of the county I was known as a fugitive  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>