

I treat this like my thesis
Well written topic
Broken down into pieces
I introduce then produce
Words so profuse
It's abuse how I juice up this beat
Like I'm deuce
Two people both equal
Like I'm Gemini
Rather simeon
If I Jimmy on this lock I could pop it
You can't stop it
Drop it
Your whole crew's microscopic
Like particles while I make international articles
And on the cover
Don't discuss the baby mother business
I been in this third LP you can't tell me, I witness
First handed I'm candid
You can't stand it
Respect demanded
And get flown around the planet
Rock Hard like granite or steel
People feel Lauryn Hill from New-Ark to Israel
And this is real
So I keep makin' the street's ballads
While you lookin' for dressin' to go with your tossed salad

You could get the money
You could get the power
But keep your eyes on the final hour (x2)

I'm about to change the focus
From the richest to the brokest
I wrote this opus
To reverse the hypnosis
Whoever's closest
To the line's gonna win it
You gonna fall tryin to ball
While my team win the pennant
I'm about to be in it
For a minute
Then run for senate
Make a slum lord be the tenant
Give his money to kids to spend it
And then amend it
Every law that ever prevented
Our survival since our arrival
Documented in the bible
Like Moses and Aaron
Things gon change, it's apparent
And all the transparent gonna
Be seen through
Let God redeem you
Keep your deen true
You can get the green too
Watch out what you cling to
Observe how a queen do
And I remain calm readin' the 73 Psalm
Cause wit all this on I got the world in palm

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Now I be breakin' bread sippin Manichevitz wine
Pay no mind party like it's 1999
But when it comes down to ground beef like Palestine
Say your rhymes, let's see if that get you out your bind
Now I'm a get the mozzarella like a Rockerfeller
Still be in the church of Lalibela
Singing hymns a cappella
Whether posed in Maribella in Couture
Or collectin' residuals from off the Score
I'm makin' sure
I'm with the 144
I've been here before this ain't a battle this is war
Word to Boonie
I make salaat like a Sunni
Get diplomatic immunity in every ghetto community
Had opportunity went from
Hoodshock to Hood-chic
But it ain't what you cop
It's about what you keep

And even if there are leaks
you can't capsize this ship
Cause I baptize my lips every time I take a sip

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