

# Gift Of Gab, Up

(Gift of Gab)

Check it out... Gift of Gab... Fourth Dimensional Rocketships, Goin' Up

To the ink on the paper from the top of the brain  
Ghetto youth zone rythms that are louder than pain  
From Suedo to Cali it's all the same, people in chains  
Where H2O Children cock it back and take aim  
See, just the other day I was catchin' a cab  
The driver came from his country to America to grab  
A slice of the pie, he said my people haven't seen  
The extremeness of hard times, I said "what you mean?"  
He said it's people in his country that would love to live  
Inside these ghetto's, they live inside of shacks, and the kids  
Don't see any kinds of education, boys and girls  
Starve and die, and no money when your country is third world  
I said "I yearn for change all over the map  
From a system deeply rooted in hate, it sets traps  
Crack, liquor stores, guns, plus our culture was robbed  
And we was sought, self-hated, major belief that God  
Was outside, denied free thought, feelin' the pressure  
Of the hellish eternity visions of, the oppressor  
With the long white beard, lookin' down I keep, hopin' it  
'll change 'til then, please don't expect me to get over it"  
Before I bounced out, I said "Peace, love  
Ain't no reason why nobody need to suffer in pov-  
erty, while others gettin' richer it's the same old song"  
Before I closed the door and bounced I told him "change gon' come"  
See I know they don't tell us that we really of Gods  
Dwellin' in infinity, through the power of now  
I spread the good Karma out, grab a pen a sheet  
And empty out my mind, so the ancestors can speak through me  
I tweak the beats, rock, eat the beats up  
Dwellin' in the Fourth Dimension of spirit I'm Goin' Up  
And it can't stop, don't stop, won't stop, ain't gon' stop  
Aim for the top, straight blowin' up

It's like that (That's whassup)