

KRS-One, Higher Level

Verse One:

After seven years of rockin'
How do you rate me?
Poorly or greatly?
Everybody seems to be goin' for their's lately
Yo mad heads be needin' money
So listen very close as I conduct this little study
See it's, funny to me, you can watch TV
And give up your life trying to be all you can be
In the Army
Not knowin' your history
You either fight and die or come back home in misery
Yo get with me, I deal with reality
Loosen your mind to the truth, and don't get mad at me
No politican can give you peace
If you trust Jesus, why do you vote for a beast?
Emancipation is long over due
So overcome procrastination
Because freedom is within you
For some reason we think we're free
So we'll never be
Because we haven't recognized slavery
You're still a slave, look at how you behave
Debatin' on where and when and how and what Massa gave
You wanna know how we screwed up from the beginning?
We accepted our opressor's religion
So in the case of slavery it ain't hard
Because it's right in the eyes of THEIR God
Where is our God, the God that represents us?
The God that looks like me, the God that I can trust?
A God of peace and love, not mass hysteria
I don't want a God that blesses America
I could never really vote for the devil
Let me take you to a higher level...

Verse Two:

Title, take the title from the Bible we can get there
Rip the title from off the front of the Bible, God don't live there
Too many inconsistencies, too many mysteries
Picture the Pope and the Vatican, laughing and drinking and singing and
Kissing me
I stand with God whether I'm paid or whether I'm cryin' broke
I like to ask these politicians would Jesus vote?
The way we view God is a freakin' shame
Church is to blame
We trust God, but bomb Hussein
We simply lovin' the scripture
Same scripture that whipped 'cha
Sooner it'll hit 'cha
Religion's gettin' richer
With that European version of Christ made into a picture
Our society's gettin' sicker, and sicker, and sicker...
Like liquor, we are God-Intoxicated
Not to the true God, but the one the government created
The same governments tellin' people to vote
I pray to God because the people have lost hope
You either vote for the mumps or the measels
Whether you vote for the lesser of two evils, you vote for evil
Politics and God are not equal
But the education if you don't guard, is really lethal
People have more respect for a holy book

Than they do for a cow on a meat hook
Belivers of Jesus be denouncing Satan on every level
But every Halloween they're dressin' like devils
I pray to you for the light you might give them
Mother make them know that you're livin' with them
You begin them and end them in silence
Frankly, if they knew you, they would understand violence
I pray to you for the Pope and the Vatican
Have mercy Mother, cause I know that you're mad at them
The White Jesus deceived us awhile ago
And Pope Julius the Second paid Michaelangelo
I know this happened in 1519 yet
This is the image we can't seem to forget
Vote for God, don't vote for the Devil
Let me take you to a higher level...