

# Lord Jamar, Greatest Story Never Told

(sample)

"In 1963, a young minister at Malcolm X's mosque in New York City  
A man named Clarence X, broke with the Nation of Islam  
He changed his name to Allah, and took his less astere vision  
Of Islam, directly to young people in Harlem  
He called his new movement: The Five Percent Nation"

(Lord Jamar)

Greatest story never told, Clarence Smith  
Clarence 13X, to the Father Allah, let's go  
Aiyo, February 22nd, 1928  
Danville, Virginia, it was still the winter  
Clarence Smith, he was born a friday  
The fifth son, of Louis and Mary  
After him, came Dennis and Harry  
Now that's seven, six boys, one girl  
Who ever thought he would change the world  
His mother nicknamed him Put, and simply put  
This was the time during Jim Crow  
Where laws dictated where a nigga could go  
But the fam didn't care, I don't wanna be rude whitey  
I don't wanna go where I know they don't like me  
In '46, Allah came to Harlem  
To join his mother, and his older brothers  
Once in New York, Put became pudding  
Yeah, the God was smooth  
He performed odd jobs, he was an honest dude  
Amongst them, fruit stand that he ran  
In a little hole in the wall, this was Harlem, ya'll  
Developed a love for gambling  
Played a lotta pool, took fools for they jewels  
Then he met Eline, wanted to marry, but she was only seventeen  
Needed her mother's permission, they still had 2 sons, even though she was bitching  
Allah said "I got something for you"  
You don't have don't have the only daughter, then he married Dora  
He had two seeds with her  
Clarence and Christine, they were hers  
And that's just the way it was, back in the day  
When Allah came up, just the greatest story never told  
Greatest story never told

(Chorus 2X: sample)

"Hey, hey, now what I say"

(Lord Jamar)

In 1950, Clarence joined the army  
And went to fight in the Korean war  
Seeing war, it had to effect him  
Supporting two families, you had to respect him  
While he away, Dora became Muslim  
N.O.I., Honorable Elijah Muhammed  
When Clarence returned, he too accepted  
By the teacher of Islam, he was truly effected  
Temple Number 7, Mr. Malcolm X  
This was the time that Allah met Justice  
Clarence became Student Minister over time  
He said some things that put him over the line  
He said the Black Man's God, not just Farrad  
Please, let's go yell it in the yard  
But the Nation said no, you gots to go  
He took Justice, and some brothers and he left the temple  
Back to the streets of Harlem  
This time to teach black youth not reached by Muslims  
Birth of a Nation, with far reach and implications

1963 is the shit to me, cuz that's the year that the God made history  
Looked himself and said it ain't no mystery  
This the greatest story never told

(Chorus 2X)

(Lord Jamar)

Allah made, Supreme Mathematics, Supreme Alphabets  
A profound way to break it down  
He took it to the poor and the hardcore  
Young thugs and niggaz on drugs  
First born student by the name of Kareem  
Had the power to attract black knowledge seed  
Kareem became Black Messiah  
And then he run the first borns by it  
It was Kareem, Naheem, Uhu, Kaheem  
Al Jabar, or Prince Allah, Al Jamel, Bilal or Jihad, Akbar, and Al Salam  
They called Allah the father, they were from broken home  
And this man was the only father they had known  
Allah's Nation of the Five Percenters  
Will soon influence the epicenter  
Allah got shot, and soon after arrested  
Before the judge, Allah contested  
You got it wrong, I'm Allah, I tell you  
The judge said you crazy, and shipped him to Bellevue  
This is the greatest story never told  
The greatest story never told

(Chorus 2X)

(Lord Jamar)

Allah got, sent to Matter One, first borns carried on  
We could live to wait it, and got situated  
In '67, Allah came home, we had our first problem and see how we had grown  
They were thousands of Five Percenters, Allah had to borrow some muslims  
They said "I surrender", 21-22, Seventh Avenue  
It was a gift from the mayor, and we still right there  
Sham God designed the flag, we put it on the window of the street acad'  
In '68, Dr. King was assassinated, many cities got decimated  
That night in Harlem, the Gods were out  
Helping to keep the peace, 85's wanna wild out  
The same year, Allah prepared, his Five Percent for the day he wouldn't be here  
If I die, I don't want you cry, if I could, I'll reach up and slap you in the eye  
Besides, if you keep on teaching, I'll live forever  
But physically, no man lives forever  
June 12th, 1969, indelible in the God's minds  
Allah Just took us through the science, of male and female  
But we didn't notice the details  
Cuz when he left, he got in the cab  
But it wasn't in Allah's cab, didn't observe that  
Shortly after, the word came back  
That Allah got gunned down, Five Percenters rushed down  
To Amlocate Towers, hundred 12th street  
In the elevators where the God fell, G  
Many Gods were crying, at least one remembered  
What Allah said, didn't let a tear shed  
We said fareful at community chapel  
As to who killed Allah to this day, we're baffeled  
These funeral possess the firm, clear for his cremation  
This is the Nation of his creation  
This is the greatest story never told  
Greatest story never told

(Chorus)

(sample)

“Allah was assassinated in 1969, that case was never solved  
His movement survived him, today it's known as the Nation of Gods & Earths  
Or the Five Percenters, tens of thousands of young black men & women  
Follow his teachings, among them, several top performers  
Including Busta Rhymes and members of Wu-Tang Clan”