

Lord Jamar, Original Man

(Intro: sample (Lord Jamar))

All the brothers from Brooklyn, will you raise your hand, thank you...
All the brothers from Manhattan, will you raise your hand (uh, uh)
All the brothers from the Bronx, will you raise your hand (yeah, a Universal fam)
All the brothers from Queens, will you raise your hand (oh.. NGE)
All the brothers from Staten Island, will you raise your hand (uh, ok)
All the brothers from Westchester, will you raise your hand

(Lord Jamar)

Yo, check me out, General Monk-Monk style
Run devils across the desert, two thousand, 200 miles
And make 'em walk every step of the way
Strip 'em down, take everything away
Send 'em to the mountaneous caves
Two thousand years of lonely stage
Musa slept in the ring of fire
Bringing knowledge of how to steal & be a liar
He tried to be a civilizer, thirty three & one third degrees
Wiser, we taught him how to build a home
And how to live a respectable life
And how to master the original man
Which was the plan of the father as a boy
Now six years old, playing with steel
He saw opposites attract and that everything's real
And if you put your mind to it, by the force of your will
The thoughts manifest to be able to kill
I'm just glad we to the point, that we able to build
If we could only stay able, maybe we will

(Chorus 2X: Lord Jamar)

Original man is first
I wanna say peace to the Gods & the Earths
My universal fam, living out the universal plan
Aiyo, tell 'em who I am (G-O-D)

(Raekwon)

We at the minds prayin', nickel bags of black
Foto stacks, it's ganja season
Yeah, now, what up, my dude 'lax
Yo, blowin' coffins, keep bagging
We gon' show the government it ain't about blacks
It's only bout stacks
Furnish labs, ballin' crabs, Houston Oiler mask
Reeboks, tennis yellow, fellow goin' mad
The game is stupid, these teams, they keep sneechin' yo
What's the reason? Too much pussy, to get records to rag, yo
I'm one of the rap's boldest, fold-smith
Paper cut in my hand, I got eleven fingerprints, hold that
Back to the filthy ugly, Buggy, rugby thugs
With no love, slugs, silver ones throw these
Split niggaz temples, forget, the shit's freshly squeezed
Roll that Nestle, the vet's seen in rentals
Fly language, lick the sawed-off and spray you
Aiyo, Allah is one, I'm done, no playin', nigga

(Chorus 2X)

(Lord Jamar)

Yes, last Sunday of the month, so to Harlem we went
No clubbin', for parliments and Harriett Tubman
Peace to the Gods, peace to the Earths
Peace to the Seeds, peace to the Birth
Of the Nation of the Five Percent, rap sent
Intelligent brothers, to represent

Allah Justice made the knowledge born
You find the Gods from the jails to the college dorms
You got to 'know the ledge' to 'wise the dom'
And understand your culture of freedom
Power Equally with the Gods
So you can build and born your cipher, uh
All your life, you must teach truth
Of the true and living God not a mystery spook
And when you do that, pursue that goal
Which made the student enroll
And only then you'll prosper

(Chorus 2X)

(Kasim Allah)

I am he who, wrote the Bible and Koran
Who is, walked on this planet, from knowledge to born
Lead in the right direction, easily I
Offered jewels to those in need of protection
Use mathematics to gain answers to questions
Came Kasim God Allah, true forth
And proved sun, moon & stars
Raised from the dead by science
To the knowledge of God now I knew what civilization means
And I strive to teach that to these cats
For that teams that, think I got a pin stuck in they head or something
Walking around, but they mentally dead
They ask for jewels and I give 'em bread
Some digest that food for thought, that they was fed my
Wisdom bears fruit, Arm Leg Leg Arm Head
Supreme being black man, in dred, I, share equality
With Jamal I spread, put fire in your bald head
With ghetto messiah, truth bringer in emense of these
Snakes I, make knowledge born, going through whatever it takes
Whether I build or destroy, I can cause earthquakes
Adding on to the positive shining light
As this Earth rotates.. it rotates, it rotates, it rotates...