

Mos Def, Zimzallabim

Yeah
Give it to 'em
yes,yes,yes,yes,aha ah!
Ghetto people..this one's for you
And you and you and you
And you and you in the front
yo!
Jack Johnson (aha) live and stompin
Undisputed heavy weights champ (aha) of the world

Yo I'm live with it, low, middle, the high with it
And that's how I'ma live and die with it
Hold up and down your spine with it
Like Zimzallabim, Jack Johnson, yes my dog, right with them!
The most special, most ghetto, most method, most valuable
Rep my avenue like is the damn state capital
Coming shadows to mind, a better mark of rapeness
On slaves who high jacked the slave ships
The hackers who remapped the matrix
And built the road back to basics
And getcha all off that strain shit
You know this other cats run game with, it's tainted
Consider this the moment that changed it: NOW!
Jack john's stand strong never bow down
Back off or get clapped dog right about POW
For east to the west,up north to down south
We show you how to REALLY make moshpit bounce
Show you how the gritty make the ghetto wild out
First letters that I wrote when I sketch the script down
I'M LIVE WITH IT
low, middle, the high with it
And that's how I'ma live and die with it
I shine with it, rhyme with it, reveal and recognise with it
The ghetto know what time is it, when I spit it
Me 9-semi, an iron lion strike with it
See Dr. Know string a knot and make 'em ride with it

And look alive
Ghetto rock with me
Look alive
Ghetto rock with me
Aha yeah
Throw it up
Ghetto rock with me
Show it up
Ghetto rock with me

Born to rock, serve my portion hot
Rock the booze water on any bully on your block
My flow tighter than a big titties halter top
Doper than a floyd flake that they bought they pops
Since I bright a con duke of course I'm not
My sharp mind join the dots and blow they plots
A lot of cats talk noise a lot, but then the noise is stopped
When the heavy sound voice in charge
And this is no limp bizkit this is jack's fat cock
loaded up slightly back, ghetto black rock
Brooklyn got bomb-rush that you can't stop
These the hungry hands that gon snatch your cash box
I never gave a second what on "the fuck is with y'all?"
Cuz my first thought covered it all
YOU WHACK!!!
And I don't care what you sound since not mumblin y'all
Cause you can't do me nothing at all

Which means, you can't shine my shoes watch my drawers
Clean my cloth walk my dog moan my loan
On other words dude I don't need SHIT from them
All I got is hard rhymes and hot spit for them
And yeah, I got the country new (raaattttt) for them
See how dark it can get for them?
Tell their mommas THAT'S IT for them
Get the flowers, they'll sing for them
A sad story how it'll end for them
That's what you get for not listenin' FIRE!!
And a long rest in kumbayah
You stand strong you can't move higher
You move in "how we all can move higher?"
Ready to roll like new tire
Well I can show you who the true lion
True power move quiet thru the understandin of the science

We live with it, no middle, the high with it
And that's how we gon live and die with it
Now ride with it

Yeah, ghetto rock with me
Ghetto rock with me
Ghetto rock with me
Ghetto rock!! Ghetto... MOTHERFUCKERS!

Freaky radio!