

# Mr. Lif, Take, Hold, Fire!

(Mr. Lif)

Take my check  
Take my intellect  
Take my self-respect  
Ban my dialect  
Hang me from a tree  
Slice my neck  
Take my head as a monument of the hatred of opposites  
Take the time to sell my culture  
Count how you profited  
Take a break  
Take two  
What's it gonna take to make you  
Understand the man I equate to  
I create crews  
One thousand, two thousand  
Fuck it, bring the whole central housing  
Take a trip to free brothers from penitentiaries  
Judges steady handing out centuries  
That nigga got life for growing weed  
Ah! See the plan?  
He could never be a man  
Never get to help his fam  
Just like Apartheid that didn't die back in '91  
Parents were subject to interference  
If they caught you late trying to raise a son or daughter  
They'd use a gun or a knife as they summoned slaughter  
And I wish I could ring the blood out of your clothes  
Give you back your afros and your strong black nose  
But what's done is done  
Who's gone is gone  
Once again, the sun illuminates bodies at dawn  
And I yawn and grow weary  
Succumbed to old theory  
That strips my wits of thoughts I used to hold dearly  
So clearly the gold nearly ended existence  
A young brother who hungers, lying there shiftless  
A rich brother who hovers, hoarding his riches  
A fatal divide  
Acts of the colonized  
It's a worldwide unwise data that leaks when we speak  
Repeats 'till decency depletes  
Then leaks through our moral fabric forming havoc  
We're left reminiscing what was written on a tablet  
It's a path we've forgotten - lost in our heads  
And I know they're listening - so P.S. fuck the feds!

(Aesop Rock)

And I know they're listening - so P.S. fuck the feds!  
Hold weight, hold water, hold your head above the latter  
While I'm at it, hope your story holds a little when it matters  
The mold inside his holding cell became proof of the leak  
Now he holds his tongue behind his teeth in a room with police  
One call allotted, tried to holler at his cousin  
Who couldn't hold his liquor, let alone hold the discussion  
20 seconds in he pass out on the hold button  
'Till his quarter ran out with the dreams of ever holding something  
No, it isn't folklore - Yes, it's morbid  
If he hold heat, he'd probably hold grudges, not horses  
We grew up in the hold it now hit it  
When hold it down meant it was better to hold the crown, not the image  
You bow to a gimmick, you bound to hold back the incentive  
Which your friends will hold against you  
When you haul back to the village

Fall back, crawl back to the killers  
Who couldn't hold a candle to the actual definition of &quot;illest&quot;

(EI-P)

Little man said I was fired  
Under artificial fire up in the sky  
Florescent tungsten hovered over cubicle design  
Interrupted just before final synaptic nerve could fire  
And I lost count right as I got up to the last digit in Pi  
What a fiery piece of trash (bastard)  
Why, I ought to fire the boomstick in your face and tell the tribe that it was (magic)  
You tried to take my soul but now it's (fire in the hole)  
And I'm fired up  
Walking through the office firing automatics  
You didn't start the fire - you simply sparked it  
Next time you light a fire under my ass better hope that you're flame retardant  
Arson is in my bent heart - you're begging to see the (billow)  
Of the smokes of the fires of Odin - enter the fire starter  
See, every little monotonous moment that I punched the clock was equivalent to furnace fuel  
In the form of a (fiery rock)  
Welcome to trial by fire measured in Celsius  
You can fire me from the job but I promise I'm walking out the office healthiest