Pharoahe Monch, God Send

(feat. Prince Poetry)

[Pharoahe Monch]
My mom is in the bedroom, cryin again
Sister's on the street corner, lyin again
Just heard about another one of my niggaz dyin again
I'm tryin again to make moves..
I'll be damned if we go hungry
Ever since my pops passed the responsibilities belonged to me
This song you see is like an ode to God
that he blessed my last breath to be Allah U Akbar
And this city is hard, tenement buildings are barred
incarcerated and scarred, no sentiment for when it becomes
time for war I'm tryin to score like Bernard King
My vocal box sling verbal cocaine like the GOVERNMENT
I told you I'd hurt the music
Travellin back, bustin shots at {blank} before Christ was persecuted
Mathematically we live at right angles
Fuck the star spangled, the makers of fallen angels
danglin from moon crescents, I persevere, breathe the air
inhale the effervesence of life
This street game is stiflin I'm triflin upholdin a rifle
Peerin from behind the eyes of God, we at odds with ourselves
What is it worth when this - barren metropolis prevail
Scale the walls of hell - trail of a octopus..

I seen it all through the eyes of a needle
Depletion of the planet, brainwash of the people
Niggaz'll never learn (shit) we just concern about
who's fuckin who, when time is of significance
Ghost, we disregard the most magnificent
Eat of the fruit that is poisonous and lethal
Stuck in the crux of the spell with the evil
Credits about to roll and hell is the sequel

[Prince Poetry]
Incarcerated Scarfaces in all places
Crack sales rise, failed lives, cops and robber car chases
Y-2-K fuck up, you're left faceless
Hustlers bury money in Garcia Vega cigar cases
Give the drummer some, pianos, guitar basses
Trumpet in tune, Pharoahe and Prince legitimate reasons
for why they thumpin - hi I'm the most endangered species
By all means, survival is what I teach these
first time offenders catchin seven to fifteen
Now my vision of life, is hell and heaven on split screen
Bust your shit like Mitch Greene (snitch) I switch scenes
Bring drama to that ass, that's how we on it in Queens
What? Stray bullets continue shatterin dreams, batterin spleens
I'm gatherin schemes, had only cream just as bad as a fiend
Take food from a table and get drunk to your death
Now feel it in your heart from the love in my breath

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