

Zion I, Rock Y'all

"Come on!"
Fa ya gon', fa ya gon'
Check it out though
"Come on!"
Yea, yea yea yea yea yo yo
You could never understand
The way that I feel but you swear ya can
Cuz you politics just make me sick
Let the ghetto knock drop 'til the speakers split
[Verse 1]

Yo I never roll dolo, even when I'm solo
Spirits come when the drums throw bolos
Baby rocking Polo, cocoa butter tears
Words to offend you shystie ass queers
You made for the scrillas, welcome to the realest
Styles that we bless, too fresh! You can't feel us
Fronting on the radio cause you can't blend
Hard for original sounds to get spinned (true!)
Always was a weird one, never fitted in
It's such a damn shame in the rap game mayne
Freaking you need to envy to hear the beat
Letterspeak don't mean shit in the street without heat
from a video - action! What's the main attraction?
Gimme ten hoochies look like Toni Braxton
Tell 'em ill, it's the sex that's selling
People get scared when you hollering for rebellion
Let 'em sit in a pool of piss
Taking sips from a stale deck motionless
The American dream, get fat and die
But Zion I never question Allah, hahh!

[Hook]

You could never understand
The way that I feel but you swear ya can
Cuz you politics just make me sick
Let the ghetto knock drop 'til the speakers split
Now rock y'all, rock alla y'all
Punk rock so hard 'til the walls'll fall
Cave in to the basement, keep it raw
You never seen what been to before

[Verse 2]

Yo yo yo yo shit like this make me get pissed
See what's wrong, it's such a long list
Unemployment, inflation, lack of motivation
Make me wanna go on permanent vacation
AIDS, STDs, ecstasies
+Sex in the City+ carry death disease
Don't trip, get ya grip, flip ya script
Worship ya money like a program chip
Hooked up to I.V., read my I.D.
I'll stow away my flow so you can't find me
Is you ready?! In the cut like machetes
Burn Babylon cause she get me with the 'fetti
Eyes getting heavy, rock another medley
Twist it up like Ragu with spaghetti
First in a deadly array of influence
A firm is a faux term, learn how we do this
Few could pursue it, avoid kissing Judas
Aim my brain to maintain with the coolest
Past your position, listen the mission:
Struggle the bubble of the worldwide friction

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

I travel backwards blues, dirty ass shoes
Walking in the mud cause my crew pay dues

Punk ass promoters, posers, freeloaders
Put the scratch down 'fore I bomb with my soldiers
Do it real tough so my veins'll bust
Rush up to the stage feeling dangerous
Get crushed in the stampede, what I need
Fifteen minutes so I'll plant a seed
How deep? So deep you can smell defeat
Of the devil underneath so you can't be weak
Temptation, that's all I know
But I stand in the light, cause Jah him said so yo!
[Hook]
Now rock y'all! (rock y'all!)
Rock y'all! (rock y'all!)
Rock y'all! (rock y'all! rock y'all!)
You never seen what we been to before!
hook fades in
hysterical laughing