

# Zion I, Rock Y'all

&quot;Come on!&quot;  
Fa ya gon', fa ya gon'  
Check it out though  
&quot;Come on!&quot;  
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\*