

Bismillah Ar-Rahman Ar-Raheem

I said the good Lord made me what I am and I play this game for
keeps
Got to use what I have to get what I want, all the dreamer got
is his dream
And the good Lord made me what I am and I play the hand I'm dea
lt
Said sometimes the hardest thing to be in this world is just yo
urself

Best believe the Qur'an influenced all of my songs
My fans run and tattoo 'em all on they arms
Wanna travel, be there every time I perform
Now look me in my eye and tell me, how am I wrong?
And who would of thought
Just givin 'em the truth from my heart, both the ugly and the b
eautiful part
Would give 'em food from thought, let 'em chew it apart
And they'd all crowd around me and my movement would start
And how you gonna hate me for being what God made me?
It's not a game, I ain't sayin it playfully
They relate to the joy and the pain in me
And seein me make it be watchin a slave get free
Holler like Bilal in the tower
Hiya ala al fallah, Allah is the power
Givin voice to the dream and let it be seen
I admit it's obscene but deen recognize deen
So it isn't pristine when I spit a sixteen
Clean words don't describe the (shit) that I've seen
But layin in the alley, I whispered to Shahada
Bullets fly by from the drive by
So Imam Mohammed might pound on the podium
Popmaster Fabel work it out on the linoleum
Chappelle bust funnies, Mos Def bust rhymes
Muhammad Ali is the greatest of all time