

# No Master Plan No Master Race

3rd Bass

Set to decide, who's on the inside track  
but you slack and so another dive  
and you lounge - but who's shoes would you be in?  
Wake up, it's time to respect the Nubian  
flag of a people, fightin every day  
for their own say, so children can go out to play  
And stray from the tyranny, while blood is drippin B  
I ain't no flapjack, don't bother flippin me  
I stick to this, so say this while you're grazin  
Original man's a black man, said by a caucasian  
Watchin a culture be stolen from Asia  
Whether minor or major, science I swayed y'all  
with lingo, some people don't think so  
When do you stop sayin - that's the way things go?  
Time to manifest the quest that's hard to digest  
The companies are frontin Pete, why don't they divest  
and invest in freedom, but they scheme on a brother  
Stealin trunk jewelry that's MILES undercover  
So discover as a people, we have to take our place  
There is no master plan because there is no master race

"No ghetto, no master race.." (3X)

"Let both sides, unite, in peace.."

Science for seasons, years and days  
A preacher follows his prejudice, the drummer plays  
off the evils of men, love bones and flesh  
A brother's keeper keeps puttin peace to rest  
Question props and the prophets agreed, ya heed  
Dust to dust, herbs yieldin seeds of  
creation of cultures to street sound  
You get run around but I run the booty down  
No master plan, the masses all struggle  
Slug movements bungle, our serpent is subtle  
Hatred born in diversity of culture spoke  
Ignorance got the last straw, the camel's broke  
Change up wisdom wise and stick to tools  
One called slavemaster's son by a poor fool  
I ain't the hypocrite fit with the two-face  
There's no master plan, there's no master race

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The creators creations are put to side  
You see one wants greed and then slide  
into that all-about-me frame of mind  
And keep the truth away from the blind  
You gotta find out who is who and who built this place  
I play spy and try to destroy the race  
We go the wrong way, the wrong play master  
The same people that got the +Gas Face+ last year  
Tears shed as another head gets put to bed  
Paradise is a paradox, the devil's ridin sleds  
over skulls, that dulls all the truth  
It's the reason why we need to raise the roof  
to look to the heavens as the master's one plan

We stand to help the birth, of just one man  
The master's plan, the master's race shackled to a shelf  
in a book that you need to find for yourself  
I stand accused, but never abuse the Sunday  
cause when I'm gone I'll only go one way

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I ain't a master, no I'm not superior  
So why you tryin to play one as inferior  
Fears in hearts of the ignorant belligerents  
Ever since those convinced of lost innocence  
Got off the tip slippin sticks and stones  
Homes are broken or fractured like bones  
Who holds your soul as the master your dollar spent  
Evidence of dictators gone hellbent  
In times of old the races vicked power many places  
Seperate races in segregated spaces  
Back in the day you turned your backs on  
Deals in doom, so now the deally lays the cracks on  
Sold more then sold forth from South to North  
Swingin low on supremacy's corpse  
Of course not steppin out of place is in place  
Question those on the question of race

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"Both sides begin anew the quest for peace.."

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