

Yeah, for the world!
Keep going so you can(yo you can rock on)
We keep going so you can (yo you can rock on)
We keep going so you can (yo you can rock on)
We keep going

Nigga breath can tell by how you rap you don't believe
Ain't hungry no mo' so off me you feed
I hustle at a speed between greed and need
On the streets where intuition and weed are breed
Shoot the gift and viff, at the myths uplift
My rhyme the clip its like the boom bip to tip(q)
In gangways where cats that rhyme the same way
Spending nites over Egypt to learn a brave day
Paint a picture of the ghetto like JJ
You the Ray J Of this rap world
I travel the globe with a black girl name Becky
Grand like Auto Theft 3
Style so developed the law cant arrest me
You walk with blood on your shirt
Like Jesse Jackson trying to test the reaction of the people
See thru trying to out act Don Cheadle
I speak to original Hebrew s you know how we do
And bleed thru the needle with truth
That needs no preview to proof its in the people
And how they react still in the business of smacking
Rappers is wack you had a dope track I guess opposites
attract my mind state is black
Black like bernie mack no cowards soul power in the words we rap

Picks with fist, thick grease, dark nipples
My guy buy ice I search for the dark crystal
Racing for paper these broads is starter pistols
I spit thru gang wars and strange doors
Out the sky flames pour the beats claims war
I see niggaz with flags who they waving them for?
I'm the nigga that you put the chain on the door for
The nigga that you started changing the laws for
Orator of hard-core and more
My raps the portal for the blue collar
Than made a hit and came up on a few dollars
I'd rather listen to silence then you holla
Borrowed your persona from the late that made dear mama
My realness is my armor that I wear up in this boy
For truth your a decoy
Common Sense is like the future of the Bee-boy
I fall down and get up like Don McClerken
Hit puss and listen to it whistle while I'm treerkin
Break it down like herb
The nympho of info I'm fucking what you heard
You ain't ready for war your stuck in the reserves
I mastered my high so I'm bucking at the birds
I been wanted to fly so now I do it with the words
For those in the fast-lane I show you how to merge
Get your own you see its like home grown herb black economics
The people we serve with Soul Power