

# The Hidden Hand

Fat Joe

Yea, time to educate the youth (Speak on it God)  
Cause if we won't, then who will? (True)  
Terror Squad style, yo  
(Speak on it God)

Yo, I was a wild adolescent, blessed with the foul essence  
Messin around with the wrong crowd, I learned my lesson  
Stressin all the things that I have not  
I pray to God to get my Uncle out the crack spot  
I hear mad shots, homicide come and play Matlock  
but never crack the case cause the defendant's a bad cop  
You feel me fam? The devil's got a plan  
That's why Farrakhan formed a Million Man up in Washington  
The Hidden Hand even planned this man  
Have me goin hand to hand, killin my own clan  
But now I understand and see the big picture  
Fuck cryin about the struggle, I teach you how to get richer

Shit is a hassle in this rotten apple, kids robbin coppin capsules  
Rockin tattoos, boppin with ankles locked in shackles  
Got the cops joggin at you, spittin rounds of clips, they down wit it  
Dem clowns'll make you feel as if the Bill of Rights is counterfeit  
Now it's been written that all men are equal, but then it's legal  
when they beat us and treat us as if we're different people  
We go for delf, fuck the cop's help  
I'd rather drop shells and let off shots until my Glock melts  
Cause God dealt us a helpless hand, they made us sell this land  
so the palest man could build a selfish plan  
You know we can't trust the government, cause Uncle Sam is smugglin  
drugs for us to hustle off the stuff for him  
Even McGruff is in it, gettin a percentage  
Takin advantage, punishin just blacks and hispanics

My heart is cold as ice, so I know I'm sheist, Big Pun was the kid  
that no one liked, my whole life, is one big roll of the dice  
Payin a price twice as expensive as white kids  
Destined for Riker's not knowin my existence was priceless  
IT'S LIKE THIS, my soul was lifeless, I earned stripes  
fightin the nicest in the crisis I slice em in half and make em dash  
like hypkens, invitin any rapper to Clash With the Titan  
Now writing's like fighting cause rappers be biting like Tyson  
I'm hypein the crowd, keepin em Loud like my label  
I'm proud I'm able to lift from the bowels of the ghetto  
I found me a little sanity inside a career and a family  
No more wars and renderin tears to insanity  
So keep the salary and tear the mic, cause I love it  
There's my life, you judge it, fuck it Seis, I don't want it

I'm a Dominican, stranded in New York like Gilligan  
Don't wanna get locked up in the pen again  
But here they come, to bag us in cuffs, searchin for guns  
Turnin they ride on the side of the curb to see who runs  
They authorize the beast to walk the streets holdin heat  
Four deep, we puff production, my cheek, you know my steez  
Fuck the police, usin "probable cause" to break laws  
Behind the badge you try to cover up your racial war  
I got somethin for you boys in blue

The system poisoned you, blew your cover, now what you supposed to do?  
I never let the faggot pull the trig first  
It won't be no American flag over my hearse  
What's worse, you know they disperse for bucks  
So take caution in the streets cause our protection sucks

This dude, he had the darkest pads  
Who dressed up in the heart of brass  
Forever talkin trash  
How he stacked niggaz to almanac  
Gunshots to corner four police informants  
Stood like he modeled the latest fashions, sidewalk sideshow performance  
He raised the pull of grace, a razor blew his face  
False commisary plus a pack of the ?dunga dun? laced with toothpaste  
Life ain't to be gambled son, you could get trampled  
by people that act more like animals and mammals high off enamel  
That's what his poppa said whose locked for droppin Akmed  
in the candy store robbery probably to get his veins fed  
He ain't listen, he became a braindead cocaine head  
Older Mexicans knew, they killed him eatin bagalaitos  
But hey little kids, don't follow these dopes

What? Uh-huh, yea I can dig that  
They call me Prospect, I just came back from New Paltz  
Had this track on pause, now I'm back on course  
It's lost on the Ave, tryin to take my life from the past  
Get this legal cash, look wat I done grabbed without dad  
Kinda sad how he got dragged down to negativity  
Only if he had one love, trust for liberty  
this world would be a better place, give what it takes  
Nd erase the racism, replace the snake in em  
Bad ones, want to spend lives and discriminate  
I'm tryin to keep this positive vibe, and from that  
I generate to the top, like Puffy won't stop  
I'm mature now, with one knot, from tryin to get locked  
And to the shorties on the block, tryin to twist 40 tops  
Get your act together, do some carpentry with a Black n Decker  
And stop speedin like a Kawasaki  
From my life, to your life, I'm touchin everybody Twinz watch me

Everything we speak is the truth  
From Prospect to Monroe, here in a hot second  
The whole world gon' know, everything we speak is the truth  
Terror Squad