

# Road To Perdition

Jay Electronica

I got these niggas, Breezy!  
Don't worry about it

"And they say if we'll only avoid any direct confrontation with the enemy, he'll forget his evil ways and learn to love us. All who oppose them are indicted as warmongers. They say we offer simple answers to complex problems. Well, perhaps there is a simple answer - not an easy answer - but simple"

I got that black on black skin tone, actual-fact syndrome  
That's why I dropped the jewel on every verse you heard me shit on  
Okay, it's a Slumdog opera  
The tale of a king whose name wasn't on the roster  
My road to glory was Road To Perdition  
And Act II: The Turn is just the memoirs with no omissions  
We came a mighty long way from standing near the stove  
In the cold, the greatest story ever told  
The realest niggas see the pain in my story boards  
The true believers say, "Wallahi, I support the boy"  
My life feel like a highlight reel  
This is lightning striking, feel how the Zeitgeist feel  
Get a slight chill

I got these niggas, Breezy!  
Don't worry about it

My swag is on 1.21 gigawatts, 10 trillion kilowatts  
Hardcore Thriller pop, Michael Jackson, nigga rock  
Google me, baby, understand where I'm coming from  
My destiny's to hit a grand slam when my number come  
All hail the lyrical, Grand Wizard Imperial  
Nigga signed the dotted line with Hov, that's a miracle  
And I ain't leave the thugs alone  
The humble and the meek will surely inherit the mud we on  
And shoot up every club we clone  
The flow is too atomic  
The poetry's too Qu'ran-ic, the young prophet Muhammad  
And I could drop a verse to change the whole vibration  
The whole Roc Nation, the whole Live Nation  
So pour libation  
Beware, but prepare for the polarization, it's the globalization  
Warn all the clergymen and notify Satan  
I been waiting, this the notarization, I been patient

A thousand kisses to the haters cause they made me greater  
A thousand wishes from a million slaves could raise a savoir  
A thousand visits to these dickheads at these major labels  
From Big Daddy Kane to Big Daddy Cain and Abel  
You pay a cost to be a boss, nigga, I paid the wager  
Mastered both sides of the force and plus I made my sabre  
Yes sir, I'm a soldier of love  
Drowning all my sorrows and woes in the club  
My white boys say, "That shit you spit last year, bro  
Was like a real fine Merlot and a cashmere throw"  
Some black chicks say he ugly, white women they love me  
My Asians and my mamis don't put nothing above me  
I call it as it happen, the art of quality rapping  
One autobiographical chapter could start up the rapture

And even though I walk in the narrow valley of death  
All I see is green pastures, bitches screaming from the rafters