

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, h
e'll forget his evil ways and learn to love us. All who oppose them are indi
cted as warmongers. They say we offer simple answers to complex problems. We
ll, 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

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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