

Suicide Bomb

Non Phixion

Suicide bomb, from Al'Qaeda to the Qu'ran
Represent your clique and our Jihad, bangin from God to Enron
Bin Laden is still C.I.A.
John Walker captured in Kandahar, Afghanistan with shit stains on his face
I seen the planes hit the world trade then I seen the world change
Ideological earthquake, people explodin
Explodin on the same streets where the prophets increase
Walking on water, now I be throwin rocks at police
I'm a ride til the sun and the earth collide
You'll be the first to hide
My words hurt and they burn inside
I'm the terror yo gimme my space
Got the matches and the spray can up in your face
Like AAAAHHHHHH!!!
Third degree, word to me
Gun under my shirts so you birds can't see
Man swerving, Camoflauged, kid with the turban
Jihad all-star, nice off the bourbon
If I got to go to war, then I'm gonna for delf
Get my joint from the top of the shelf and get prepared
a niggaz only got one life but I ain't scared
praying to the lord of the sky to take me there
I see a lot of bullshit, a lot of fucking drama
Chop a niggaz head off, don't let me get Osama
Suicide bomber, I'll go with those
fucked up clothes, the motherfuckin life I chose
aye yo niggaz say I'm crazy cause I travel by airplanes
ever since 9/11 shit fucking changed
nothing's the same
the sky is red
my eyes is red
but I'm still here
First we lost Pun, then we lost Aaliyah
then the terror came, made the twin towers disappear
Flip to CNN, sit down and analyze it
it's like I look at the city and I don't recognize it
Keep your head up (keep your head up) if you lost a loved one
Big psyche, from the streets I spit for my thug one
Moo, what?
Now look up at the problems we facing
starvation, paying for your edu-ma-cation
Now I gotta worry about
Dying on a plane
Things change for the seasons for too many reasons
A million and one for thieving, breathing and dying to breath
All the greed they supplying
Yeah I see it, but I see it for real
Niggaz that squeal, niggaz that won't
niggaz that deal, niggaz that fuck
Kids from that other shit, sitting on 20's, my shit's heavy
Suicide bomb, go off in the bathroom at Denny's
Drug connects, above specs I'll flex at the Emmy's
Stop repping your set, knowing you getting stressed for pennies
doing a buck twenty, cracking open a barrel of coke
A billionaire with oil and guns, checked to provoke
I'm on the edge, and these new pills are made by the feds
Another setup, one to your face, wires taped to your head

From the alcholics, drug addicts and heroin fiends
since the twins came down I don't remember my dreams
A terrible means, I'm on the darkness, we pump the hardest
Wars in other lands over who and what your god is
Regardless of the facts you spit out the tube
Like the only anthrax we ever knew was the group
Proof is proof bitch I ain't afraid to fly
Streets are war, peace or war I ain't afraid to die
It's my honor dog
One time, gotta defend it
Whether your malcom or martin gotta do something to win it
Must do something to win it
So this empire strikes back
Pack that chrome because they send fire right back
Back at home, know where you live and you play at
North south east west, they know where your kids and your lady at
Rephrase that, how you live in the days
When your sins are displayed and your spirit flys away, black?