

# God Send

Pharoahe Monch

My mom is in the bedroom, cryin again  
Sister's on the street corner, lyin again  
Just heard about another one of my niggaz dyin again  
I'm tryin again to make moves  
I'll be damned if we go hungry  
Ever since my pops passed the responsibilities belonged to me  
This song you see is like an ode to god  
That he blessed my last breath to be allah you akbar  
And this city is hard, tenement buildings are barred  
Incarcerated and scarred, no sentiment for when it becomes  
Time for war I'm tryin to score like bernard king  
My vocal box sling verbal cocaine like the government  
I told you I'd hurt the music  
Travellin back, bustin shots at {blank} before christ was persecuted  
Mathematically we live at right angles  
Fuck the star spangled, the makers of fallen angels  
Danglin from moon crescents, I persevere, breathe the air  
Inhale the effervesence of life  
This street game is stiflin I'm triflin upholdin a rifle  
Peerin from behind the eyes of god, we at odds with ourselves  
What is it worth when this barren metropolis prevail  
Scale the walls of hell trail of a octopus

I seen it all through the eyes of a needle  
Depletion of the planet, brainwash of the people  
Niggaz'll never learn (shit) we just concern about  
Who's fuckin who, when time is of significance  
Ghost, we disregard the most magnificent  
Eat of the fruit that is poisonous and lethal  
Stuck in the crux of the spell with the evil  
Credits about to roll and hell is the sequel

Incarcerated scarfaces in all places  
Crack sales rise, failed lives, cops and robber car chases  
Why-2-k fuck up, you're left faceless  
Hustlers bury money in garcia vega cigar cases  
Give the drummer some, pianos, guitar basses  
Trumpet in tune, pharoahe and prince legitimate reasons  
For why they thumpin - hi I'm the most endangered species  
By all means, survival is what I teach these  
First time offenders catchin seven to fifteen  
Now my vision of life, is hell and heaven on split screen  
Bust your shit like mitch greene (snitch) I switch scenes  
Bring drama to that ass, that's how we on it in queens  
What? stray bullets continue shatterin dreams, batterin spleens  
I'm gatherin schemes, had only cream just as bad as a fiend  
Take food from a table and get drunk to your death  
Now feel it in your heart from the love in my breath

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