## **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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