

# Hot Damn I'm Great

## Poor Righteous Teachers

[Culture Freedom]

Heavens to Merkatroid!! \*Snagglepuss imitation\*

[Wise Intelligent]

Posse, friends God, tend to the teacher  
Stammered at me concept, teacher mosh it up, right  
PRT p-osse, boy ghetto with philosophers  
All can't get enough of this, drummer common insight, check  
Here comes the teacher with another funky new  
radical, butt-naked booty stinkin form of thinkin  
Off an on step, concept, tell em Culture Freedom  
Shall I sex this? (Well God it's sexy!)  
This this step steppers come and steppers swingin  
Most blacks back back-up what the hell we bringin  
G-fine nearly singin, my rhythm hit the roof!!  
This one's dedicated to the CISI missing youth, cause  
This hit the teacher with another style of mashin up  
a damn dance, jams get, jammed by the PRT p-osse  
(and) Tone can I get a sound check, well can I start this  
(Yo Wise, it's started)  
You know I look into the mirror see myself and then  
I always often say... "Hot damn I'm great"

[Chorus: two lines x3]

Let's be realistic... (you are the best) (ahh yeah) hot damn I'm great

See me forgetting on the top of every set  
Heard about million and one of my songs, my favorite's Holy Intellect  
Check Wise on the rise I emerge from slum  
Come one come all see, the teacher heal the dumb  
Cause, this hit the teacher givin birth to a ghetto style  
display, most poor people of the planet  
can relate to, poverty in a song  
Conquered and divided, tricked and undecided  
Black people in oppresion, so the old ones tell about it  
So when I forget ya what I think ya need to know  
Understanding jamming mind and Culture Freedom tell ya so  
No black no white, cause black be's first  
Son of man, take a stand, for black children of the earth  
Just, just check out teacher and the way that I evolved  
Since last time, I'm truely perfection  
But, don't balance this with the other LP  
For the last rhymes, cause there's no connection  
If I was the DJ Father Sha he'd come and tell em what I'd say...  
"Hot damn I'm great"

[Chorus: two lines x4]

See draw the clear picture of the teacher teachin this  
It's, sort of smooth, roughness  
Plus this flow go more miles back  
God's gotta be that of a leader in this thing called rap  
Cause, this hit the teacher on the roads often travelled  
by the multitude, Culture Freedom knows it best  
Some of them got a problem with the Gods in the house  
Cause we don't sleep, traitor interpretate this

Allah equal God equal He with supreme qualities  
You best believe God's real and  
If it's God Sha, it's gotta be  
("Tribe... called... P... R... T-T...")  
Culture Free, Father Sha, and me, cause  
This hit the teacher on a whole nother level  
with a clear scope, and range on things hang  
out by the speaker if you're weak or come and eat  
From the strong song, that's if you are what you eat  
Never will I teach ya that of poison and disguise it  
with a beat, the tree of life be's me  
Sweet chariot, come fi carry me home, and I pray...  
"Hot damn I'm great"

[interpretations of chorus to end]