

Black History

Royce da 5'9"

DatPiff dot com, world premiere
Trust the fucking shooter

Soon as I was born I knew I was due to do some damage
Came out the womb, doctors passed me around the room and panicked
Four pounds, dark purple, couldn't even breathe on my own
Shakin' baby in an incubator
Breathing machine for my lungs
Doctor told my mom and pops they gon' have to keep me for a couple months
Papa regretting doing coke, mama probably those couple blunts
Little did they know there was nothing to be ashamed of
As long as we keep the unconditional love between us
I feel like the Mona Lisa
Hospital found out my pops had a lapse in his insurance
I learned just how people are quick to turn
The doctor came back and said "we gon' release him"
That's the same thing in my first deal the label head said
Same as the judge after 365 days in jail cells
You probably think my moms and pops ain't raise me well
Wait, please, I was hard-headed
The only person who could get through to me was maybe Jay-Z
They tried to give my autistic son medicine for ADHD
Same kid who could look at a piano and memorize all 88 keys
I learned everything I need to know at day one in the hospital
They gonna doubt you, nigga
And you can't even pay no one to care about you, nigga

As we proceed to give you what you need
My name is DJ Premier
I'd like to introduce to you Ant Man Wonder
On behalf of Bad-Half Entertainment and Works of Mart
PRhyme 2 is coming

1966, March 21st
In July 17th, '61 marks the birth
The birth of two phenoms
I'm talking about Chris Edward Martin and Keith Edward Elam
This is for the real Gang Starr fans
Not the ones who call us P-Rhyme
One come from Massachusetts, the other from Texas
Had a dream to become the next shit
Filled up his whole truck trunk with records
And moved to New York
That's where Premier the god linked with Guru the lord
If ever duplicated, hell froze
And there was a blue moon before it
And that shit birthed Group Home
Freddie Foxxx, inspired shit like Jay Z, Nas, B.I.G
I'm just comin' clean like the Jeru song
Yo! MTV raps, Rakim in the back
Fab 5 Freddy in the hat interviewing Chubb Rock
Pac in cut with his boots and juice on
Pac still killin' to this day, still the one they tryna be
Y'all know I'm from Detroit
I'm digging in the crates, now I'm from the diamond D
I ain't wit show biz
I'm just AG tryna sign me a Fat Joe deal and go and ball

And every bitch I got OG is on call, that's O.C
Bitch, I confess that I finesse
I smile at death like Malcolm X
I'm solid, yes, in '99 I told myself
If I could figure out how to bottle it I'd be out of debt
Y'all niggas just novices
Y'all can just move inside
I got that car pedestrian confidence, yes sir
I got that Uber Drive
Y'all wanna know who the best is
Look around at who alive and who done died (Then what?)
Then look at me, Kendrick Lamar and Pusha T
Em and the Slaughters
Y'all don't have to look any further for the rhymers
Y'all are the past, at the present time I'm the future
Cause all my competition tryin' be designers
I'm just tired of being underrated by these lazy bloggers
They just tired of re-rewinding
Y'all tired of me saying I'm the greatest? (Y'all tired yet?)
Fuck y'all, I'm tired of re-reminding
I survived Vietnam and my city laid me a grave
Prem laced me boom-boom-God-damn with Lady of Rage
Since then I've been on my Jaimie and Rae
Nobody seeing me
She douche, I give her dick she never forget, that's D and D
Prem cut
Come on back with me, this black history