

# The birth

RZA

Yeah, you knowwhatimean?  
Cuz yo, this right here  
Is called Knowledge of Self  
When you apply that to yourself, you know yourself  
You understand, yo, it's gonna get your third eye opened  
You can see things for what they are, and not what they appear to be  
Wanna kick the knowledge and pass this information to you?  
Yo, there go the God right there, yo Peace, Born Knowledge  
Peace God (Peace what up Bobby?)  
Yo, yo... don't even call me Bobby no more, man (What I call you?)  
My name is Prince Rakeem (Today's Mathematics?)  
I see Today's Mathematics is being wisdom  
Let me explain to you this way, God, the way I see it

Ever since my Birth (no one there!)  
I've had no one to care (worried all I know... yeah!)

They say wisdom, is the wise words spoken  
By a brother attemptin' to open  
The graves, of these mentally dead slaves  
Who've been lost on a cross, for decades  
And centuries, lookin' for the liberty  
But receive nothin', but misery  
And hard times, and things of that nature  
By the devil in a genocide caper  
Little Boy Peep, has lost his sheep  
But I found 'em, in a deep long sleep  
Nine thousand miles away from home  
Livin' the life of a modern-day Flintstone  
We the people, supposed to be equal  
But the men who wrote that, they was evil  
Slave owners, who did not include us  
They just used us, and abused us  
First they trick you, then mentally kill you  
And use technologies, to rebuild you  
This whole plan was a perfect scam  
See that's why they called it, the Six Million Dollar Man  
Six is the limitation of the Devil  
In the Million square miles of land that he settles  
Put you in a three piece suit, give you loot  
Chemicals in your head to make you look cute  
They use you as a fool to deceive your own people  
And fillin' my children head with pins and needles  
But I'll take out the pins you inserted  
And I'll avenge all my mothers that you murdered  
And brutalized, by this modern form of slavery  
To speak the truth it takes bravery  
And no man could stop my flow  
Because I know what I speak and I speak what I know

What, becomes of a broken family?  
Dreams are crushed and there's no more family

Yo, as a life can be slowed down 20 frames per second  
Seen through Panavision  
The inner light inside my mind's shines expands the prism  
A man of wisdom, victorious and the glorious

Sight beyond sight we stand up as Divine Warriors  
Who smite with the mighty right hand of God  
Yield the holy sword, swings the holy rod  
Then bathe in the pond of Nirvana, escape the realm of Karma  
Allow the true grace of God to shine through my persona  
And build the reconstructional terms that's constructive  
As we destroy the negative germs that's destructive  
Productively, sincerely, we uphold the righteous banner  
With the gold touch of Midas, mold the righteous hammer  
And anvil, to the sound of Man-drill  
Ignite to the speed of light cause time to stand still  
Rewrite the script of Egypt, who made the Holy Bible  
Or Koran, how long ago, who made the Holy Title?  
Of I Self Lord And Master, who control the vital  
Parts of your heart, who wrote the wise recitals?  
Ruler Zig-Zag-Zig Allah, Arm-Leg-Leg-Arm-Head  
Still puzzled like the jigsaw