

Grippe

Saul Williams

I gave hip hop to white boys
When nobody was looking
They found it locked in a basement
When they gentrified Brooklyn

I left a list of instructions
An MPC and a mic
My sci-fi library
And utensils to write

Right or wrong
I think hip hop is where it belongs
Where it comes from is one
But, son, we wrote them songs

It was a ploy
Got fools tied up with mechanized toys
We are beings of breath
Beyond the beings of boys

Now, you can break all you wanna
Scratch all you wanna
Graff all you wanna
Laugh all you wanna
But I wanna show you what the stars are made of
I wanna show you the stars

So substitute the anger and oppression
With guilt and depression and it's yours
It's yours
Substitute the anger and oppression
With guilt and depression and it's yours
It's yours

White boys listen to white boys
Black boys listen to black boys
No one listens to no one
No one listens to no one

Alone on a mountain top
Uprooted from the earth
Drifting beyond normalcy
A gold piece in God's purse

Is worthless here
We're Earthless here
God versus fear
Man versus fear

Fear not
I purse my lips and kiss like a glock
Violence is a metaphor for victory's plot
Change is inevitable, but our death is not

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