

# Grippo

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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