

Black Dawn

Wu-Tang Clan

For many though, this birth place
Of the automobile and organized labor
Was seen as a promised land
For 25 years, sudden black migrated north
Seeking middle class prosperity
But by summer of 1967
Much of that hope, had turned to hopelessness

Yo, you that wrong, I crack a sky, a black dawn
Put your wallabies back on, it's time for a swarm
You that wrong, you get your Timberlands blacked on
Jungle fatigues, bulletproof vests back on

I blow dimes all up in your way, spit a dart in your face
You don't know me in the first place
My birthday equivalent to forty earthquakes
I smirk gray, polly on streets where the motors leaks
Kids hold heat cause they plates is gold
My weight's in goal, turn about face behold
The street scroll, never once flow, said wise old
Elder, I hear beats like Helen Keller
Feel 'em straight out the speaker, to my animated blood flow
Pass records around like contaminated needle, heave hoe
My sound heavy like tree fall, I flee halls, bleed through gauds
Carry grym reaper in millimeter form, you spill a liter for him
Born to take any soul, relentless henny flow, chops heads like guillotines
Smoke Philly's with my queen, I'm still in the machine
DT's at my day job, talking bout the date room
They may drown me, my shadow too vicious
Can't keep them around me, hide 'em under the hoody
He live like Whitney, intelligent like Eli
We ride like the genie, pass time
Like a clock used for a Frisbee, George Roll
Wallstreet, that's the shoes that fit me

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Burn a building, Wu-Tang bats all in the sky
Causing a black day, I see through the eye
Of a tornado, false feed with greater labels
Tower of babel labels, follow room when I call the chrome
Tell home lord, I slice you, I engineer
Trains of thought, diabolical molecules
Light skin marksmen, part taming your follicles
Twelve men equipped, seven rappers can vouch too
About you, fuckin' with me, my Clan emblem
Remember where it came from, four eye, cock and name one
Dart at the cranium, fuck up your suit coat
Each rhymes I wrote, aimed at the ivory coast
Piano keys I tap, like a nervous child's knee
I served in the streets for the army of God
Bring your bomb squad, national guard, I'm passin' through bars
Escapin' prison, armed with great vision
God given heredity, better be

The armed bank robber with pedigree

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"Think Differently!"