

Verse 1:

This my first verse!

Call this shit the hearse verse,\

Dead and resurrected; mad impressive with obscure words...

I drift Right then I hit the fuckin' curb n' swerve over to the Left,\

Over the chest and neck of a racist farmer from Georgia who\

Wouldn't give me respect; that I couldn't accept.

Part of isn't sorry for crushin' this fucker's head\

'Cause honestly if I didn't beat him into submission I'd feel like something' was missin'!

I'm picturin' many lynchin's, wonderin' why them cowards in sheets are hidin' they faces.

Since when is the klan ashamed of the actions it's mobs are takin'?

Suddenly I am runnin' and motherfuckers are chasin', carryin' many weapons\

Under the sun that's settin', wantin' to teach a brotha from California some lessons!

Out of my bounds I'm steppin'! I wonder if they know that my spirit has been protected\

By Ahkmen Ra and Anubis...what the fuck am I doin'\

Runnin' from those who scared of my mind cause they couldn't rule it,\

Frighted of my accomplishments and the mountains I'm movin'?

The Constitution is proven unequal and convoluted!

My solution is violence. At many spectres I'm shootin'\

Witch lyricisms as sharp as the spears the Zulus is wieldin'!

I'm Mansa Musa with troopers, destroyin' ya institutions!

Yo, the Willie Lynch Theory can't never get near me

Long as y'all out in this audience can hear me, fear me!

Verse 2:

Dancin' with demons!

My mental is bleedin'!

As sick politicians\

Is givin' they speeches...

I'm bringin' high treason

Like Stokely and Marcus\

Robert F. Williams, young Eldridge and Baldwin...

Martin was peaceful but Malcolm was honest,

Killin' the system Elijah Muhammad,

Was puppeted, by yes I'm fuckin' it up,

I'm up in the sky and I'm droppin' that stuff,

Yes that Napalm, y'all had used in vietnam,

Crazy-ass verse, makes it hard for y'all to sing along,

Or read along. I done singin' all them freedom songs,

I'm burnin' down all the neo-fascist movements we be speakin' on,

Creepin' long nights like it's Harriet,

Movin' through to Maryland,
Cantine, and firearm carryin'
The verse Charriot,
Fuckin' Sweet when it swing low,
Esteemed flow breakin' in the Marriott
Hotel,
Cause cats flow sell,
But listen the catch is soul sellin'
And some of these rappin' bastards is Dolezel.
Oh hell! Fuck all ya classes:
They'll teach you the shit that's written by history's masters!
There's plenty of slaves who got a history masters!
I'm mastered this poem shit, you're progress is horse-shit,
My culture been thrown into the depths of the ocean:
This middle verse the fuckin' Middle Passage, the whole Atlantic is stormin'

Verse 3:

Mothers cryin' while the rats are runnin' round the table,
Mothers cryin' while the rats are runnin' round the table
Brothas hangin' by they necks from bloody metal cables
Sistas hangin' by they necks from bloody metal cables

None of y'all is faithful, pointin' out the villages\
Scrimmages happen then the Dutch man pillages\
Makin' top billin' is irrelevant to healin this,
Wound that's skin deep... company that you work for,
And company that you keep are at odds,
Like believers of Farrakhan, and brotha Shebazz,
Pseudo Liberal parrot songs, played on repeat...
Don't keep peace they brought about a earthly prophet's demise,
Thanks to Angie and Maya I know sistas could rise,
Do you believe in my rhymes? Y'all look me straight in the eyes,
Y'all tell me "sit yo ass down!" you tell me racism died,
And went to heaven, what about private prisons,
What about all the black and brown kids who gettin' arrested,
Broken windows policin', people receivin' beatins'...
black business forgotten,
While wall streeters are cheatin'
One evenin' I was speakin'
With death,
He told me "listen son I see your distressed
lay yo head down, "you're needin' some rest..."
With all respect, I refused,

Closed my eyes quick, and saw what I knew would
Escaped the news... I'm so confused,
some coppers went back in time
and they murdered sojourner truth...
Captured harriet tubman; strung her up with a noose,
Rounded up every slave; exterminated em too,
Comittin' a genocide providin' the inspiration,
For all the annihilation the German nation would do

And so I never existed...just ask yourself y'all did you?
Does your existence depend on the Red, the white, and the blue?
Are you a product of slavery, dark hatred, and sick abuse
Which targeted individuals based on their facial hues...
when race could determine whether American dreams were shamed and erased,
Or simply deferred, and reserved for the privileged few.
Are you alive in this country; and willin' to take the shoes
Of another, then put em on and then journey to find your roots?

Journey to find your roots,
And reduce all the distance,
Between your brothas and you!