

Mobb Deep, Bulworth

(prodigy)

Aiyyo, wordup dunn
Man you know how I feel
Gotta be more to it than this, word up

doing an impression of scarface
This what it's all about dunn? uh?
Eating, drinking, f**king, sucking (can't understand)

Whattup, I don't know baby
Nah man, it's not, it's not yo word up
I'm tellin you right now
I know this shit though, aiyyo

Disagreeable, foul energy, tryin to
Absorb my energy, knowin it's the strength of me
Take a few to give me a edge
My green light shine bright, kryptonite type
Fully operational, my physical cream
Put the bottles of smoke down, pick up a magazine
Popped it inside the ar-15
Put it aside, round up the regime
While you rely on religion, I hold a nine
On the mission, to pull fire on your opposition
Revelation was the vision of this
Crack the heavens, it's time to bring the business, shit
My story goes back to them lost pyramids
I'm seeing things that you won't believe exists
He use a lunar-tick, suspended in time dunn
The secondary light got your mind
You rock the fatigues, to squab until ? popular? guns
But are you really prepared, for the things to come?

(krs-one)

Check it out
True underground sound from the boogie down
Uptown downtown gather round for the showdown, in they faces
Calling out these racists, at rolling stone
Spin details and other places, krs is the source
F**k these magazine leadin hip-hop off course
You'll print about black mayors, black senators
Why you ain't got no black editors?
Everytime I do an interview in rolling stone
They sendin me a writer that look like he's home alone
Ignorant, to the culture and the microphone
This has got to stop -- your whole spot
Is blown sky high, battle why try?
My view is bird's eye, scopin with my third eye
You don't understand, why you're publically banned

Until you recognize the writing skills of a black man
Black editor, all of us ain't thuggin
Gossiping over who's homosexual
Some of us are black intellectuals, up in harlem world
You can't get with me, so now in midtown
You wanna stop and talk to me?
Bitch ass journalist, is this your fake hip-hop publication?
Look I'm burnin this

(method man)

How many didn't want to see it happen
Street moves, live from staten, if life is a joke, nobody laughin
Hate to see a brother do good through legal action

So you sabotage and throw a def in the squad
Fo'-fo's blastin, keep the po-po flashin
These dark soul assassins, jake's hate the gods with a passion
So I keep it movin in an orderly, fashion
Pedal to the floor -- peep the jim crow law, mind control theory
Y'all niggaz don't hear me, generation next
Droppin fast who's next, next to get wet
By the reign of the tech-knowledge, follow me
Open up wide now, swallow me, every calorie
Is reality the truth, the whole truth and
Nothin but the truth, taste is the proof
These niggaz want the juice, and in the crossfire
Be the youth, who didn't learn to duck when they shoot

(kam)

What kind of party is this, it's that political kind
Where america's best, most hypocritical minds
Try they hands at keepin y'all deaf dumb and blind
And for the right dollar sign, do white collar crime
Behind suits, and clean shaves
I confuse em and use em as tools and slaves
Because my schools is graves and jobs is plantations --
I robs the damn nation
So I can live in luxury, you f**ks with me
You marryin the dirt and i'ma throw in the tux for free
I tell the people what they wanna hear
I make em laugh and cheer, and then they re-elect me every year
So when the coast is clear, I stop duckin
And start back doin dope, cussin and f**kin
I kiss the babies, shake hands, wave and smile for flicks
That's my style, my pol-i-tricks
Triple-six convicts, lyin is automatic
In the government, republican or democratic
F**k freedom, justice and equality
Nigga just accept my apology and suck this trick-knowledge