

Mosh through the orchestra pit, the ripped CD-R skip  
You hope the CDS don't stick, bent over dope-sick  
Too scared to write the book, took it, put it in the hook  
Of a song, no one listened to it, looks like I wasn't wrong  
Hid it where they wouldn't look, lookin' like Zedong  
Lookin' at Taiwan like, "Look, they shook, let's get it on"  
Shots whizzed, his depression was all gone  
Emotional liftin', please use the proper form  
Bend at the knee, rolled up half of Guam  
Lost no sleep over the fate of your white farm  
What goes come back around  
So when they came for me, I wasn't alarmed  
Get fished out the hole like Saddam  
Tough guys, won't go alive, get found unarmed  
An object in motion stays in motion, I wait 'til the sea calm  
Slaves like hammered bronze, ships was yea-long  
It's too late for qualms with the hammer in the palm  
You a slave to the hammer, you do what it wants  
Take the good with the bad, fly trees in a cheap blunt  
Niggas put up a good front, but you can see the zipper  
Before he took a hit, I watched the nigga shiver  
That that Bill Withers  
Nigga had the nerve to say, "You can't take it with you"  
Fuck would I want with any of this shit? Dummy

SpongeBob, the whole operation underwater  
"It's only one God," what we said in Tora Bora  
The bombs was on us, the bombs was on us  
Came back to God like, "Muhfucka, you promised, you promised"  
SpongeBob, the whole operation underwater  
"It's only one God," what we yelled in Tora Bora  
The bombs was on us, the bombs was on us  
Came back to God like, "Mothafucka, you promised, you promised"

I get five dollar phone cards from the corner store  
It's hot, gang-gang crowded in the door, slid past  
Don't you bump nobody, the body control was godly  
It's just a hobby picked up in the lobby, it's that nigga karate  
Summer, dirt bikes and Kawasakis, numbers Fibonacci  
Overseas connection choppy, she's gettin' worse  
Your sister talked to the nurse, everybody at church  
Everybody wants to know if you comin', but they won't say the words  
Your days feel rehearsed, nights come back in short bursts  
In the bodega, basehead lurks  
Hoppin' foot to foot, young'uns slow with that work  
Got my AFRICALL card, but Akhi did lotto first  
I don't wanna see 'em put her in the dirt  
I can't go there with nothin' but my shirt  
Explosions outside, bombs burstin' in the sky  
Streets, sidewalks, it's the third of July

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You have 10 dollars, 22 cents remaining in your account  
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Or press star-zero to recharge and hear the main menu options