

## 9th vs. Thought

## Black Thought

215

21-pound

Uh...

I'm not a typical arrogant American on prescribed medicine  
I'm sick as I ever been  
Rollin' out of the dealership and the McLaren  
These rappers is Peter Pan, I'm Pan-African  
Space invader black and nem  
Mixin' Alexander McQueen with Haider Ackermann  
Real rapture in the form of a living man  
I don't give a damn, not a mortal could test me  
See, I don't get examed  
I'm a high priest and a wild beast  
Once warrior, now chief-the mouthpiece of the foul East  
And I'm a rock 'em, sock 'em robot, hops, I drop bombs  
Any flow I got come at you like "dot coms"  
You should know I'm not, for the run of the mill drill  
I'm still trill, the flame thrower, the real deal  
I don't coincide aside with the oddness  
Your highness is where the pantheon of the gods is, I promise  
I'm known for being brutally honest  
If lyricism is spiritual to you then rewind this  
I'ma kill 'em but it ain't about to be with kindness  
I believe the industry about to see a conquest  
Changin' of the mindset  
Money just a concept, never been a object  
Even when my mother was livin' up in the projects  
Now my waitin' is higher than young Richard Pryor get  
Still speakin' my mind, just in a different dialect

It takes two to make anthropology  
The student and the study  
That being the case  
It is time for the study to examine the student  
And to evaluate its own self

I said, I seen it all, I had it all and I ain't mad at all  
This rapper toss gravitas like a cannonball  
Stayin' up all night, throwin' my sleep pattern off  
I need a doctor on call to keep Adderall  
Position of my commission is trilateral  
You fuckin' with me, you trippin' for tryin' that at all  
I mess around, make the call, get the gat involved  
I know people, it's a small world after all  
My credit card say it's onward at the mall  
My broad lookin' like she Cinderella at the ball  
Reborn every January like a Capricorn  
From downtown, no Ryan Lewis and Macklemore  
It's yours truly, I'm Paul Mooney, I'm George Clooney  
I'm fully immersed in the craft, bringin' awards to me  
The bass player said he gon' sue me  
I gave the finger to him, the Lord gave a round of applause to me  
My soul winnin', I've been goaltendin'  
Cold sentence, chrome pen, a nigga gone 'til it's no limit  
The vision came to me so vivid  
My observation was if money for the takin', I'ma go and get it

Y'all know my everyday lay, no costume  
I murk rappers and they can't play no possum  
Another studio but it's the same old outcome  
I told my nigga Small Vicious, "Baby, we got one"  
Listen

Accurate scholarship and fee dedicated artists would reveal a singularly imp  
ortant thing  
Racism was and is not only a mark of ignorance  
It was and is a monumental fraud