

Yeah, that shit hard

I said my cranium is vibranium
My brain is uranium and titanium
Forty fives, who aimin' 'em?
Organize the stadium, tell 'em, "Take cover"
I warned you not to play wit' 'em
Them borderline war crimes, you got away wit' 'em
Who came to save the day and brought the K wit' 'em?
Tariq the people's champ from the equal team
Tryna keep it clean 'long as all my people solid deen
I've been in the music scene long as Allen Leeds make they salaries
Still accumulatin' calories
Demonstratin' how to breathe, Senegalese, Genovese
I been a reason to freeze
Reek G's in the league, on my own, gettin' cheese
I will hurt Hercules, I will merc most MCs
I'm the last one to show up, the first one to leave the crime scene
The obscene, Salam theme, the ridiculous rhyme scheme
The stick to the grind gene, the hell with the hygiene
It's a dirty bomb, word to seven thirty time
Disaster level nine eleven meets the eleven nine
Catastrophe beyond incredible, I redefine
The seventh sign, faster, scarier, mass hysteria from Damascus, Syria to middle America school cafeterias and cul-de-sacs
I told you that the boss is back, know what I'm sayin'?

In these streets that I call home
Unless you're blind, you'll see it all
In these streets it's cold at night
Sirens screamin' by, gunshots all the time

Yo, omertà code meets the Hippocratic oath
Observin' his whole circus from a diplomatic post
My word and his whole purpose, a cinematic scope
The Earth and its whole surface, I consider that his toast
Same as me, Sammy Davis, Bellafonte, Quincy Jones
Mahatma Gandhi, James Baldwin, Jesse Owens
Runnin' from a cop car, me and Akbar
I changed from a rock boy to a rock star
Hijack the elevator to the top floor
I'm takin' everything that's left like a southpaw
Crash and burn and learn through osmosis
And watch the word spread like Tuberculosis
I took a snapshot but it hurt to post it
I had a Black Thought and they called it wokeness
Overdoses, water bugs and roaches
Forty cal's and holsters, all halal and kosher
Twenty thousand jokers, one ain't playin'
I'm all brown, Manchild in the Promised Land

In these streets that I call home
Unless you're blind, you'll see it all
In these streets it's cold at night
Sirens screamin' by, gunshots all the time