

Hah, hah, hah, hah, hah

1, 2 ya'll, Ah-1,2 ya'll, ah-check it, ah-check it, 1,

2 ya'll

It goes microphone check 1, 2 ya'll, it's the
cornerstone, ya'll

It's the cornerstone.

From the gutter to the throne, corner to the stone

Comaradary is earned, cultivated and homegrown

Don't really own a damn thing except for my labor, and
maybe a couple of thousand pages of my rhymes

And your brain's just a cage with a mind locked inside
it unless knowledge itself gives proper perspective

To see how the politicians keep the dollars protected,
my namesake is not confined to scholarly methods

To reach the mass, never preached the way they teach in
class, sleep-walkin' half-dead spirits leaving fast

If you never had your ass beat, brah, you can't speak
about non-violent protests and other such mythology

Watch how the quantity leads into quality deep beyond
the reaches of your Babylon economy

I speak solemnly; I seek equality, my people celebrate
life despite poverty

f**k the false prophecy, promising we'll all be free,
as long as we fall in line with the flawed philosophy

And mystery, God's eternal afterlife in Heaven, while
living in Hell, where the militant dwell

Now the ranks start to swell in the hoods and jail

cells, lock down the campus cause it's right to rebel

No uprising fails, each one's a step forward toward the
victory up at the end of the trail

We crack jokes while singing the blues, and rock like
the stone that the builder refused

To all area crew, who carry the world on their
shoulders, on some atlas shit, this one's for you
206, rock rock on, The proletariat, rock rock on,
Beacon Hill, rock rock on

Now the hustle on the corner set the struggle in stone

My compatriots and comrades engaging in combat, trying
to stay sane up in this land gone mad

Give me two bucks and take a puff and pass my bong
back, nearly 3 years and they're still up in Baghdad?
Battle-raps, 85% talkin' this-and-that, quit that,
insecure petty little man

Get a manicure and tan, B, amateurish candy raps, it's
hilarious, I'm laughing till I can't breath

Can it be that it was never simpler than now, consumers
waitin' for a magazine to set the style

The critical instead begin to organize quietly,
underneath the sugarcoated surface of society

My purpose as of now is serve the people to the
fullest, knowing that my name is somewhere written on a
bullet

The beats that I inherited, and rhymes in my
chromosomes, passed to my seed, I call him my
cornerstone

We crack jokes while singing the blues, and rock like
the stone that the builder refused

To all area crew, who carry the world on their

shoulders, on some atlas shit, this one's for you
New people ya'll, rock rock on, real changed men, rock
rock on, the next generation, rock rock on
Now the hustle on the corner set the struggle in stone

We crack jokes while singing the blues, and rock like
the stone that the builder refused
To all area crew, who carry the world on their
shoulders, on some atlas shit, this one's for you
Central District, rock rock on, Hue District, rock rock
on, International District, rock rock on
Now the hustle on the corner set the struggle in stone