

Hussein

Blue Scholars

Yo

This ain't the hope or the change you imagined
They turned 20 to 30 because the 40's a rabbit
All the 50 60 70's and 80's are laughing
All the way to the bank man and back to the mansion
But we assassins on stage, post modern day Hamlets
Watching y'all rest way more than the Sabbath
Got the fire in my chest like I'm Iron Man
Mashing through the I-5 traffic, a glorious bastard
Laborious tasks, we gettin buried with taxes
But we'd gladly pay more if they covered our backs huh
We never thought we'd outlive Michael Jackson
Let's go back to sinning, later for forgiveness
In a space, no (datas) can fit in
It's simple man, I black out, you backed out in a second
Cuz see I'm done making, all the raps you would have takin'
I'm done takin' the one I was given, I'm making a

[Hook]

New lane, true king, run things like I do, brand new
Middle name's Hussein, who's game, who you?!
Nah, it's too little, too late
What happens when you think patience always means wait

But may you never feel things like
Desperation in your life like fiends right
Scrapin resin out a pipe dream
Cleaner than Mike's Nikes in 93, don't mind me
When the people get up and blow out the candle
I been dope since you had to get up to change the channel
(I'm main handle) the frame
All your pictures are claimed
The only thing I'm afraid of is staying the same
And I heard that from denizen kane
I spit flames now my names get embedded in chains. Now
Record labels no better than chains
I playin' chess, stayin' 4 steps ahead of the game
Pay respects to the vets, except those who don't know better than to give us
our space
Cause you see I'm done making, all the raps you have takin'
I'm done taking the one I was given, I'm making a

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Who ever say 'the economy is great'
Ain't never seen the places where they neighbors had a say
There's nothing left here, we gotta go there
We gotta go where ever there be dough
And even with no mirror, they closer than they appear
And the good shit we do guarantee you never hear
You got money, the recession ain't a thing cause
Many people loss few people's gain, brah

You ask me, that's a effed up arrangement
The question is are you fed up enough to change it
And if you can't, we can still relate
But when the new people come, better get out the way

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