

Black man is a colloquial term  
I'm in that voting booth soaked in the Oreo germ, I'm  
Called to renounce my poetry publically  
From the stapled stomach of an unfaithful lummoX  
Now I rap for bankers, that's why I'm exacting bangers  
My new flaccid wang is always casting flavor  
Is always dipped in frosting  
I died prematurely before I got to equip my offspring  
Beware of the swamp thing  
Look at my eyes and really know that there are no answers  
So go ahead and mix that coca with the Arm & Hammer  
The knowledge of self was all it took to arm the Panthers  
They gave the same thing to me and I got a charming stammer  
That's them dark thoughts shooting through the enamel  
Tuning the piano, looking at you like "What meds?"  
When parts of who you are often butt heads  
You can't build a cut thread without bloodshed  
You can't relate to your child cause your mind is adrift  
How many times could you hide your lies in a gift?  
You know cowardice, you feel the power shift  
As your mind shatters your ego to a thousand bits

Ah  
Yeah  
Ah  
Yeah  
Hear me out  
One time  
It's like this  
Ah

The old saying goes, "an eye for an eye"  
But it plays out like "the lead for the feed"  
The cookie face king chief's 'nna bleed  
In the stadium and it's me vs. me  
The old saying goes, "an eye for an eye"  
But it plays out like "the lead for the feed"  
The weapons system's always eager to please  
Get me

Americanism as a serial murder  
No empirical data just a theoretical merger  
Between the giants of science and financial mechanisms  
Admit guilt to get milked with all the sentenced women  
Outside the fire-breathing Orwellian dynamo  
And spitting out designer clothes for quaint truisms and hind rhyming flows  
I don't have or wear a dress on, vagina role  
But I can spit a verse for the Bible tho like "hi, bye bye bo"  
It's me vs. me  
That's right, it's all me  
Ch'eah!

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Your personality is torn from your face  
For a power-hungry junky who was born on the base  
Getting sworn into office to stand up to the scorn of our caucus  
And distort the importance of a race  
Plead on my knees to the Julius Caesar  
For the begging for reprieve from my Sudanese kibutz  
It's the water got lead in it, the children they be breathing soot  
The Founding Fathers, they're the esteemed thieves and crooks