

Right before the Miracle

Busdriver

I am calling out your name
In the dark as the wind swept
I think that we could inherit carats of gold
That have not been found yet
'Cause you're a testament to God
Shaking the skies until there's no thunder left
Peep game though
Keep all them griots outside of the poorhouse
The lifeblood is flowing in lanes of the tour route
I am calling out your name
Know that I mean it
I am calling to tell that this all is ours
And if we make a plan, we can take
All the lands and the dreams that they ever have stolen from us
Then remake
A new world in a self image that is true and robust
I am calling out your name so just answer me
I want your mind to be free

Yeah, use what you thought was useless
To try to make units
Love a machine that will take you, take you, take you
To the next place, the next stage
I am in a phase in my life where I can teach and extend
And try to reach to you and a bend a reason
Turn all the emcees into
Lottery doctors, proctors, philosophers
Everybody over there trying to rock with me
But you can't really rock with the hip hoppers
No can you
No, you don't really know the content of Plymouth Rock
You can't really understand hip hop
Even if you really wanted to
You can't really squander what's due
When it comes from the old depot [?]
You can't really be sold, you can't really be sold
You are an essence that is infinite, infinite

These dark weather, baby
From Sudan
Came in a sedan, can you understand
There is no rubber band that will take you back to the point of origin
Like this
A motive is at the helm, when I'm at the helm
Can you understand what happens
When I start rapping, tapping into unbelievable black skin
Motherfuckin' griots into Manhattan
When I start chanting, you know exactly when
My black skin cracks you see
[?] underneath that isn't breathing the whole time
You understand that I'm a chief

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