

AUDUBON BALLROOM

Dave East

Thank you. Thank you, all

I appreciate it. Thank you, thank you (You know what I mean?)

Spit venomous scriptures behind these podiums

Nobody's cold as him, he sings the coldest hymns, let go your sins

The devil has no limits, his business got all my soldiers slim
Behold the Grim

Reaper who sinks his teeth into souls of men

Y'all niggas out of pocket like Malcolm X at the Audubon

(Get your hand out of my pocket)

They take a pound of flesh when the slaughter's on

Meetings at the mosque, be prepared to die when the war is on

Trust me, you are blessed if you hear the cry when your daughter's born

Shotguns and shell casings, blood soaks in the wood of the floor

Would you do more if you finally knew that your hell's waitin'?

Or in front of Heaven's gates with a juicy steak, tail-gatin'?

Your sanity is fantasy

I'm in tune with the anarchy

The chaos got 'em panicky

I'm best friends with calamity

The prison's in your mind and they locked you in with no amnesty

Why look to a celebrity to lift you up with integrity?

Puppets without sincerity

You could never fathom the levity

There's no way you can measure me

My energy

Blood of kings, my ancestry

I give you these jewels and pray that you treasure me

Verses by Frankie Beverly

These melodies

Got me thinkin' my people happy with crumbs, but it's worthless
to thank your enemies

They use pawns to pander, puppet masters who lust disaster

Movie star tell you vote for him. Tell me: why would you trust
an actor?

Rap stars and ball players, pop singers and famous folks

Sellin' you pain and hope

They ain't drop the noose, they just changed the rope

Different time, same approach

Don't look down at me for sellin' cocaine and dope

The blood's on the wall, just look for the stains to soak

I've given y'all enough of me

(Get your hand out of my pocket)

My brother, please, brother, please, no, no