

We got a black president, the aliens will be here soon
Open up your eyes and your ears, here's the truth
Beyond blind faith we don't really know what to believe
The meaning behind these old books could be anything
Who the fuck translated these words from Aramaic
To the language spoken in the empire of the hated?
We the children of a lesser God
Make me want to pull an Escobar
And I ain't fuckin talking 'bout Nas
I'm serious like a swastika
Or playing Russian roulette, over hard liquor
Or Hamas after bombing a Bar Mitzvah
Or Israel after bombing the Gaza Strip up
It's constant, it's tit for tat
Raising our little kids with gats
Throwing gang signs like Bloods and Crips with bandanas on they faces
Sometimes the bandana's on their brains
This prison planet tries to shackle me in chains every day

Illuminati triple-six, just study Koresh
Mullets and bullet belts encourage the best
Entourage of Gods, from Mossads to Qurans
Church Ave. to the Taj Mahal we ride hard

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Homie you dealing with professionals that make murder look like suicide
With silencers the size of an ordinary Jewish child
Bazookas made from linoleum tubing
And you stupid to think that 'Lord of War' was only a movie
Depraved enterprise, brain energized seven times
Genocide high-level lies, truth serum identified
Organic mushrooms given to prisoners who don't trust you
Meanwhile the mass population consumes
I'm in a Catch-22, too smart for my own good
Intergalactical, too smart for my own hood
My X-ray vision see through this tinted image
Wipe the dust off reality's lens to spit vicious
Molotov monologues at y'all, let's brawl
Storming through the Valley of the Dolls carrying kronze
Attack like angry extraterrestrials challenging God
Arrive in chariots armed with various cannons and bombs