

The Solution

Jackie Hill Perry

How you feel about seeing babies on the street with the heat
Who eats when it's beef and it's cold out
North Poles, no clothes when it goes down in the city
Inner city ain't a bit a pretty
Coppers missin' robbers just to get a penny
Justice system sicker than the intervention given to individuals with limited images
With intimate visuals of the Most High
Most die in this jungle, watch the crows fly
I grow tired in the summer when the bones rise
The chrome cried in his stomach when his soul died
How many murders in a hour? Prolly 4-5
Only time they got power when they hold 9s
It only took 3 days for The One to rise
I know they tired of walking crooked cause they lookin' blind
They want power they will find it when they put it down
It's up in heaven name 'em 7 in a daze cause they weaker than they realize
Tell 'em life ain't ours don't waste time
Tryna find life in everything that's finna die
Don't let 'em lie to 'em
Give 'em evidence of heaven when you ride through 'em
We gotta tell 'em it's something better in heaven
Embedded in everything ever seen ever been evident excellent
And it's God

I overcame that novacane
I was numb to the shots from that gun
I was livin' so insane, oh I'm so ashamed
But I'm done livin' life on the run forever
The moment you realize that this is realer than it seems
Wish you could open your eyes and realize it's all a dream
I wanna wake up, I wanna wake up
From this nightmare, I wanna wake up
But I'm right here when I wake up, when I wake up

In the city of death
Looking for the tree of life in a pair of 23 Nike's
Blessed that I'm looking for it in the first place
Could be a different scenario, the worst case
Take an aerial shot of my block, see the Glock of an officer pop a kid
That's how it is in the ghetto metropolis
Way before the introduction of stop and frisk, it was killer
Hopeless, a dream deferred
Fiend drop a dope dish and a needle by the curb
Heroin is a heroine, a deliverer, a savior, a medicine for some
Cold night, cold pipe full of hot fire
Prayin' to the dope God they don't even know God
How many killings in a night Jackie 4-5?
I took 3 shots that was back in 95'
Nowadays they'll kill for a G-Shock
Trigga, click, boom-bang, soundin' like a beat-box
Thank God for God though
Take a hoodlum and turn him to an apostle
Turn a simple brush stroke into a Picasso
Turn the death of His only Son into the Gospel, that's deep!
That should let you know that true love is not cheap
I oppose what false prophets preach in the street

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I hear the blood of Abel screamin' from the streets
When it speaks we don't hear it but we fear it from his own mouth
Bullets ripplin' through a whip just for listenin' to hits
The heart with tints was darker than the car parked with kids
I wonder if the heart was skin
Bullets looking for darkest sin
Who's the target then? It's all of us
We Paul bearers, we all lovers
We all jealous when Paul tell us we all zealous for death, Russian roulette
Click click who's next, is it you?
Did a witch put a hex on the youth?
Kaleidoscope triggers seeing colors when they shoot
Put the text in they chest, red letters in they roof, look up
Sign language to the deaf
And it's proof that the hands take command when the dark ain't rebuked
Feet of the beast in the belly of the streets tryna eat
But the Priest shed His blood for the food

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Look up in the sky, I spy a timeline of blind vultures
Blind rhymes style the fabric of the timed culture
Soaked in Satan's lies, find another kinda lotion
Cloaked in a disguise, signed the dotted line, it's over
I told 'em find another ride cause this roller coaster's stolen
Goin' to a fate you won't believe, hocus pocus
Throwin' dreams in the face of Zzz 'till he woken
Growin' MCs that sow the seeds of heaven's roses
Rosen, risen, He did it, death is slaughtered
Our daughters barterin' souls for attention
Oughta be heard if the only audible row would listen, itchin' for words
Lotta research goin' towards a hole and they dig it
Gotta be words flowin' for heavens sake of the mission
Owin' nobody nothin', them bluffin' bustas are finished
This pen ain't pension the mentions what sinners don't wanna deal with
Filled with the vision of slaves, lynch 'em for tinted pigment
See that bus? Get in the back and act like its proven
That academics do actually lack in the black communion
Schools are lackin' the facts, lackin' the staff, they foolish
They plastic wrappin' the masses
The masters grabbin' they nooses
Bastard habits from lackin' the happy daddy influence
They ratta-ta -tat-tat, and they clap at the back of children
They action backwards, they blacker than the backward task of Judas

Laughter is the reaction when I ask if they master Jewish
Laughter is the reaction, ask if they master Jewish
Go backwards a little faster past the actions of Judas
Go forward a little more and last 'till the masters through
And they graspin' the massive truth that surpasses the attitude
That Adam's passive pursuit when he was passed the actual fruit
It ain't over 'till the fat lady sings, go grab a flute
Sax playing the soundtrack of demons singing the blues
Holiday with molly the same as caine with a different hue
A dope-a-rope generation, an Ali kinda rebuke
The violent is silent, the pilot tried to remind you you
Only one thing is true, honey what you gon' do?
Money is at the root when they come lookin' for you