

# Bitches And Drugs

Jay Electronica

Centuries ago words were written to be a call and a spur to the faithful servants of Truth and Justice. Arm yourselves, and be ye men of valor, and be in readiness for the conflict; for it is better for us to perish in battle than to look upon the outrage of our nation and our altar. As the Will of God is in Heaven, even so let it be

You know the story  
When real see real, we recognize  
When you see the steel flash, you petrified  
Steve Jobs seen death after just retiring  
Takes vision to build, God bless the dead  
That's Mac, that's 'Pac, that's Pun, that's Big  
Shit, niggas know the sunshine eternal  
I burn slow like Disco Inferno  
Burn slow like blunts with yayo  
I went from Myspace to the top of the food chain  
The sperm hit the egg like a missile  
Then 9 months later the celebratory news came  
Exhibit C gave the whole world a mood change  
Electronic, niggas call my album detox  
Cause they know I'm finna bring the next chronic  
Roc Nation, Cole World, it's a wrap nigga  
Put yo diamonds in the sky take that nigga

Yeah, put your diamonds in the sky  
Wave 'em side to side, get juxed when you shine  
As time go by, we live by an eye for an eye  
I'll die for you, your drama is mine  
Put your diamonds in the sky  
Wave 'em side to side, get robbed 'fore you shine  
As time go by, we live by an eye for an  
I'll die for you, your beef is mine

Uh-huh, to whom it may concern  
If it's hate, wait your turn, dig a crate, make a urn  
Please God, tell Flex drop a bomb on me  
Tell the Minister to tattoo the Qur'an on me  
Before the men in black try to pin a crime on me  
And Rupert Murdoch and his goons get to lyin' on me  
The Lord is my shepherd  
So tell the royal family to order my records  
And spread 'em cross Europe in a organized method  
We could heal the planet with a organized effort  
The Jews and the Christians and the Muslims and the Buddhists  
And the Sikhs and Scientologists is all of my brethren  
Play this on the radio  
You never heard another nigga say this on the radio  
We made it out the ghetti-o  
Brunch with the Rothschilds, dinner with the Carters  
Jay Elect stop the press, criticalect artist

I done sat around for years daydreamin' of this  
Me and Jay biz, green gettin' twist  
Kids goin' to school, we still on the bench  
Early mornin' yawning, no sleep, just this  
Hardcore, rhyming like a diamond when I spit  
Come hell or high water, we gon' make it out the bricks

I done graduated gladiator school, what's next?  
From the bottom, only one way to go to the tip  
Of the top, with these nonstop flows I invent  
Bars so hard, shit hurt when it hit  
My bars like prison bars, I'm trapped in the pens  
Of this wildstyle hip-hop, the fuckin' strongest  
Rappers on the earth, it's a curse and a gift  
Black cloud follow my life, how worse could it get?  
Respect, power, and money, in that exact order  
I got it all, nigga, I'll break ya lil' neck