

This is the gallant crew that rolled the big super fort
Which carried the first atomic bomb to Japan
Piloted by Colonel Paul Tibbets Jr. of Miami
Carrying Navy Captain William Parsons of Chicago
Who helped design the bomb, as observer
And Major Thomas Ferebee of Mocksville, North Carolina
Who pulled the plug on Hiroshima
The B-29 dropped its load of atomic death
Which exploded with a force equal to 20,000 tons of TNT

Bismillah (Bismillah)
Bismillah (Bismillah)
(A'oodhu Billaahi) A'oodhu Billaahi min al-Shaytaan ir-rajeem
Bismillah (Bismillah)
Ashadu an lâ ilâha illa-llâhWa
Ashadu anna Muhammad rasûl allâh

The son of slaves, true, I started out as a peasant (Uh-uh)
That's why I build my temple like Solomon in the desert (Uh-uh)
The Lord is my rock, I speed dial through salat
My trials in the fiery crucible made me hot
I glow like embers of coal, born with a touch of gold
My mathematical theology of rhymin' a touch the soul
I spent many nights bent off Woodford
Clutchin' the bowl, stuffin' my nose
Some of the cons, I suffered for prose
My poetry's livin' like the God that I fall back on
And all praises due to Allah for such a illustrious platform
The teachings of the Honorable Elijah Muhammad's my backbone
When I spit, the children on the mothership bow on a platform
The true history of Jesus comin' to age
I wore a ski mask and glove to the masquerade
Uh, I got the Roc on my shoulder (It's the Roc)
Somebody should've told you, I'm a motherfuckin' universal soldier

Back when Emory Jones was catchin' the fed' charge
I knew less about Chessimar
All about Pablo Escobar
Thinkin' I was the last one Allah would lay his blessings on
I was trying not to end up like Tony in the restaurant
Now I'm the general of the geechie army
What don't kill us make us stronger, that's Nietzsche on me
Hot boy like I'm B.G., that Fiji on me
We done ducked them fed' charges, now we eatin' confit
Le fric, c'est chic
That guilt trip ain't gon' work, don't put your luggage on we
You ain't keep the same energy for the du Pont's and Carnegie's
We was in your cotton fields, now we sittin' on Bs, on me

Save my soul
Save me from myself
Save my soul