

# The Dusty Foot Philosopher

K'naan

Yo, just imagine, like whistling down a desert or some shit  
Don't this make you wanna swing like monkeys outta trees?

I don't got no parameters,  
This amateur's famous,  
All you fame getters,  
Hate caterers,  
Our main names are date of births,  
On a later verse,  
Make a nigger play reverse (move backwards),  
Marching with some soldiers here,  
We coming over there,  
The kind of niggers soldiers fear,  
You just gotta stare,  
You ain't got no option (no),  
Please relax son,  
I'm taking over like drug dealer cars to auctions,  
Oh these are hungry men,  
These are angry men,  
Heard you got a lot of guts,  
They'll call your bluff,  
Your shit is laughable,  
Why you rapping oh,  
Why don't you just wrap sandwiches to earn a capital?  
And have the shit that you spit,  
And even have sick,  
If you was doing my physical you couldn't have my shit,  
Back to my verse flow,  
I don't get shit yo,  
My skills so bright when I spit my lips glow,

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And I've seen war and some,  
Survived the slaughter son,  
Kids play cops and robbers and not with the water guns,  
So yeah yeah picture me,  
And big brotherly,  
Walking through the fire,  
We came to claim our victory,  
And I roll with a harder pen,  
I might start a trend,  
Beat down a wack MC cause you know there's a lot of them,  
Wait till my shit crashes,  
Rip asses,  
Women who give me neck suffer from whiplashes,  
I frighten the masses,  
Cause I'm that nasty,  
I heard to get a deal you had to give lap dances,  
This shit is serious,  
Sincere it is,  
The people wanted something real,

Well yo here it is,  
My rhymes push records back like a belly button dirty rutting,  
I got stiff neck steady nothing it ain't nothing,  
I got the track laid like I'm fucking,  
The only balls you got is made outta cotton,

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This is what you waited for,  
Glad you stayed the chorus,  
Cause a lot of rappers is getting treated like lady whores,  
And I don't like Babylon,  
I don't like your song,  
I don't like hearing that fake accent from Dylan,  
The industry commentator,  
Fuck it I'm a hater,  
My mind is like your life straight up cause it's made up,  
I'm strolling like babies with big gas ladies (yeah),  
That rock more fellahs than ten thousand daisies,  
Harder than harbour and Bin Laden inside the bottom compound with Donald Rumsfeld and Bush blood,  
Moving along like people who don't want it,  
Even if I had jewels I'd be the type who don't run it,  
They call me dusty cause my feet have been through a lot,  
The wisdom of my survival that's just due to a lot,  
So I'm not gonna sit here and whine like crushed grapes,  
My mind leaves you speechless like duct tape,

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