

I was born in a small village  
I was still a child when we were raided by soldiers  
Foreign soldiers  
Torn from my elders, I was made to speak their language  
With each new post, my masters changed  
Along with the words they made me speak  
With each change, I changed too  
My thoughts, personality, how I saw right and wrong  
Words can kill  
Time and again, the country was ruled by a foreign tongue  
When he was young boy, he lost his native language  
The bedrock for any developing child  
His country, his family, his face, his identity  
Everything was stolen from him

Meet me on the corner, I be waiting on you  
Thousand years of better right into forever  
Fire on my feathers, far from out of heaven  
Fight without a weapon, life without a lesson  
Lost, I'm my own boss, pay my own cost  
Fill my own goals, see my own hopes  
Tired of all of this, wish I had a switch  
One kiss then you cut me off  
Knowledge is the power, college is for cowards  
Hollering for hours, swallowing the sour  
Skin stuck around the rims, peeking in on a life so sweet  
The other side made it, why don't we?

From ancient times, every civilization's ruler has had the same idea.  
When people unite under one will, they become stronger than the sum of their  
parts and what do rulers use to bring people together?  
Language. "This world will become one, I have found the way.  
Race, tribal affiliations, national borders - even our faces will be irrelevant.  
The world that the boss envisioned will finally become a reality and it will  
make mankind whole again

Found a friend in the words and my words and it works  
Take away the pain, take away the hurt  
Make a way to make a change, make it sane  
Specially if you plan on staying on this Earth  
Low to the lows, high to the highs  
Eyes to the sky, strive to revive, dying to survive  
Pool full of cries but it's cool, I'm still alive  
And every breath is every left soul  
And the family never kept whole  
In the slum, want to quest to be the best of being less  
Never let go, the best road to the next level  
And the scenes where it's mean to do the right thing  
Not to be a good king but the best devil  
So it's horns for the crown, torn from the ground  
Roses by the roots stolen from the roofs on parade days  
Look at them rain down  
I was brought here a slave  
But I leave here a pharaoh

America is a country of liberty, a meeting of immigrants

Instead of simply assimilating, its citizens live alongside others  
So the major sought a system that used information  
Words to control the subconscious  
In his eyes, the greatest symbiotic parasite the world's ever known isn't microbial - it's linguistic  
Words is what keep civilization, our world, alive

If you are what you say you are, the coolest  
Won't you just shine down?  
You are what you say you are, the coolest  
Won't you just shine down?