

## In the Vip

iMayday!

There's a war going on outside no-one is safe from  
Didn't notice 'til they took it out my paystub  
Proletariat until you find me face up  
Five fingers make a fist, better raise one  
Now you're holding up a deadly combination  
Raise the other for the brother tryin' to change some  
'Til you got a set to even the equation  
Stick and move until the opportune occasion  
Innovation will set me free eventually  
Microchips, gigabytes, technology  
I see it comin' quicker, they think it's just speculatin'  
Something's in the air, something's in this newfound data  
Buried inside the crossfader: Alpha, Omega  
Analog hop; digital operator  
See, they're running out of bait to lower the fuel base  
Because their oil and gold don't hold the same weight  
My clique's awake from 1-8-48  
For better raise hell when the time coordinates  
It ain't a question of if, but of when  
I'm preparing my mind and my body until then

(What kind of life am I standing for?)

Yo, a party ain't a party if you can't get in  
You best to open up the floor or we gon' bust right in  
The velvet ropes will choke your flashin'  
When the crowd get hype and the beats get violent

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There's five stars hidden under these bars  
Underneath the concrete streets and boulevards  
Been workin' hard for change, but change comin' hard  
Been playin' the odds so long my change almost gone  
Raise it up - the roof is on fire but I don't give a fuck  
I'm gettin at god we trust because we must  
We vibe, we lust, we bang, we bust, dance  
'Til your downfall, 'til it's obvious - relax  
You'll know it when the timing is right man  
And feel it everywhere; it'll be fight or flight man  
So bystand if it suffice man  
My people got it bad for a brand new fad  
And that's fact - they don't like how we act  
When we practice black magic rap and hollabacks  
Speaking slang and code for those who know  
For the pros and for the cons

So let these words live on  
'Cause it's the first day of May; we rendezvous dog  
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