

Hot Damn I'm Great

Poor Righteous Teachers

[Culture Freedom]

Heavens to Merkatroid!! *Snagglepuss imitation*

[Wise Intelligent]

Posse, friends God, tend to the teacher
Stammered at me concept, teacher mosh it up, right
PRT p-osse, boy ghetto with philosophers
All can't get enough of this, drummer common insight, check
Here comes the teacher with another funky new
radical, butt-naked booty stinkin form of thinkin
Off an on step, concept, tell em Culture Freedom
Shall I sex this? (Well God it's sexy!)
This this step steppers come and steppers swingin
Most blacks back back-up what the hell we bringin
G-fine nearly singin, my rhythm hit the roof!!
This one's dedicated to the CISI missing youth, cause
This hit the teacher with another style of mashin up
a damn dance, jams get, jammed by the PRT p-osse
(and) Tone can I get a sound check, well can I start this
(Yo Wise, it's started)
You know I look into the mirror see myself and then
I always often say... "Hot damn I'm great"

[Chorus: two lines x3]

Let's be realistic... (you are the best) (ahh yeah) hot damn I'm great

See me forgetting on the top of every set
Heard about million and one of my songs, my favorite's Holy Intellect
Check Wise on the rise I emerge from slum
Come one come all see, the teacher heal the dumb
Cause, this hit the teacher givin birth to a ghetto style
display, most poor people of the planet
can relate to, poverty in a song
Conquered and divided, tricked and undecided
Black people in oppresion, so the old ones tell about it
So when I forget ya what I think ya need to know
Understanding jamming mind and Culture Freedom tell ya so
No black no white, cause black be's first
Son of man, take a stand, for black children of the earth
Just, just check out teacher and the way that I evolved
Since last time, I'm truely perfection
But, don't balance this with the other LP
For the last rhymes, cause there's no connection
If I was the DJ Father Sha he'd come and tell em what I'd say...
"Hot damn I'm great"

[Chorus: two lines x4]

See draw the clear picture of the teacher teachin this
It's, sort of smooth, roughness
Plus this flow go more miles back
God's gotta be that of a leader in this thing called rap
Cause, this hit the teacher on the roads often travelled
by the multitude, Culture Freedom knows it best
Some of them got a problem with the Gods in the house
Cause we don't sleep, traitor interpretate this

Allah equal God equal He with supreme qualities
You best believe God's real and
If it's God Sha, it's gotta be
("Tribe... called... P... R... T-T...")
Culture Free, Father Sha, and me, cause
This hit the teacher on a whole nother level
with a clear scope, and range on things hang
out by the speaker if you're weak or come and eat
From the strong song, that's if you are what you eat
Never will I teach ya that of poison and disguise it
with a beat, the tree of life be's me
Sweet chariot, come fi carry me home, and I pray...
"Hot damn I'm great"

[interpretations of chorus to end]