

My World Is Empty Without You

Prodigy

My mind and soul
Haven't like this
This love between us no more exists

This my song to the most high, who created all life on earth
Like the birds that fly, the sweet the air we breathe
All plants and trees, the sun, and every planet in the galaxy
Yo, they feeding us bullshit with all these books
We didn't ask to be here we got took
Enslaved, and killed, we was raped and hung
We was lied to, and forced to build America
We was robbed of our technology, and knowledge of self
The Black man, is the original man of this earth
We can live under the sun, it give us strength
The White man gets sun burn, and cancer of the skin
I got a lot of white friends, I'm not a racist
I acknowledge the most high, I'm not an atheist
I just tell see trough the bullshit, and speak my mind
They terrified of my words, so they censor my rhymes
Good lord I'm crying out to you, have mercy
On the slave masters souls, they did us dirty
They don't give a fuck, about they own poor white trash
Just imagine how they feel about my black ass
Fuck Christopher Columbus, the Indians was here first
And fuck the Vatican, the pyramids is older
Shot off the nose and lips of our statues
Mad it was black faces, that was staring 'Back at you'
We even built pyramids on Mars, they won't tell us about that
'Cause then we'd realize who we are
When I wrote 'Pearly Gates' they said I hated God
So I wrote this song the creator the all

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This my song for the Almighty the first and the last
Your bloodline is alive and healthy
These people don't scare us
They call us niggas so much we wear it
It's like a reminder don't forget it
It's no forgiving, the evils that got the whole world possessed
Under the spell, of the mightily green dollar bill
Got us running 'round shooting people up, beating people up
Sticking people up, selling people drugs
Genocide, suicide, homicide, murder
These are the things that we see being brought up
In cartoons, movies, and history books
We go outside, and it's the real gun smoke
Lil' niggas in the hood got car bomb burners, fifty-two shot banana clips
Lil' devil kids getting locked up for life, and do it on purpose
We fearless, and numb to the pain and the hurting... Lord!

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