

The Good Fight

Prodigy

Grandmama taught me how to run my own business
Granddad taught me how to write my own lyrics
My pops taught me violence, my moms taught me peace and love
That made a great balance, my positive and negative charge
Will blow the gauge
I'm off the meter, I'm a creature unlike anything you've seen
Stop lyin', you ain't ever heard of nothin' like P
Been jockin' my style since I was 15
I'm groundbreakin', I should have my own genre
You sound like every other rapper, you washed up
The streets taught me how to spot fraudulence
Like as soon as I see it I already peeped it
You ain't low, mothafucka, roaches I put the lights on
You should be yourself more, get you more far
The pragmatic life, get a grip on it
Yeah Fatima gave birth to a warrior

And I'm fightin' the good fight
Rather die swingin', everybody dies
Man life too quick
I need more time to live 'cause I ain't done yet
I'm fightin' the good fight
Rather die swingin', everybody dies
Man life too quick
We got a lot of things to do, we ain't done yet, no

Grandmama taught me how to lead
Granddad taught me to produce my own beats
Pops taught me to smile, my moms show me how to roll a joint
Then she gave me Malcolm X to anoint me with Black pride
That Black power of our ancestors
Strike a nerve when I speak those words
I've got Irish blood
Put these bare knuckles on you, welcome to the Fight Club
Shoot your gun 'cause you scared of me
I'm not afraid of that
Time to go, time to go and embrace the next
Plane of existence, but I ain't finished
I serve a higher purpose, don't become nervous
Writers listen to my music and criticize me
But they ain't have to survive the shit that I've been
Subjected to, they on the outside
Where it's safe to watch and look alive

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