

## Mr. Grace

Royce da 5'9"

What is America built off of? (Violence and entrepreneurship)  
So if you had to tell another six year old like yourself what to look out for, what would you tell 'em? (They would kill you for the right price)  
Are you a buyer or a seller? (A seller)  
If I gave you a million dollars right now, would you buy candy or a candy store? (A candy store)  
What is the goal to be? (Independent)  
If you lost everything tonight, what you got tomorrow (Intellectual property)  
And what is intellectual property? (They can take your possessions, but they can't take your mind)  
How do you say group economics in Spanish? (Economía de grupo)  
How do you say barter system? (Sistema de cambio)  
If I gave you something for 500, and you flip it to the next man for 2000, what is that called? (Upselling)  
Alright now, me, as your leader, as your father, the person who's supposed your best interest, if I celebrate holidays and Christmas, your entire life, and you gotta go beg somebody for a job at 18, what did I do?  
(You failed me financially)  
And I want you to tell me, how fast can somebody be a victim of gun violence in America?  
(This fast) [\*gunshot\*]

Was told to hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil  
In a place that hears no evil, sees no evil  
Where the oppressor sees no color  
The investor sees no others  
The erection seems so seasonal, plus illegal  
Man, that's just the mode, that's just the evil  
We just adjust to that, that's just machismo  
I was destined to be mo' than a apple laying next to a tree, bro  
Clandestine, colorful G stuck in a G code thrust into street mode  
Searchin' for soul with a stolen identity  
Surface low, economically  
In need of capital, in search of a loan and it's a few bankin' institutions who got the remedy  
But this is America, where credit is for the privileged and profit is not my amenity  
I'm just here to get popped by the cops, get popular so I can discredited in a documentary by the enemy  
While in a homicidal, fratricidal cycle of wild, constant hostile energy  
Lookin' down the barrel of a rifle while tryna find some inner peace  
As God as my witness, through teary-eyed tyranny  
Knowledge itself is the caveat and the dollar itself is the demigod  
Listen, nigga, this is The Iliad  
Flip the dollars for wealth until our figures resemble the myriad  
We are the inventors, we are the lenders, we are the matriarchs  
Only thing we didn't make was slavery laws  
And on this specific day, it's the end of the prison sentence, this is the period  
A rich man wrote this with a poor man's focus  
A sick man quotes this, but the dope man sold this  
Lookin' for a soulmate and the bitch playin' Go Fish  
Provin' you got heart doin' dirt for The Tin Man in a quicksand culture  
Standin' on anything I said like the kickstand open  
Feelin' like Rembrandt sculpted some shit that just van Gogh get  
I am the descendant of the original, physical melanin skin man

The highly-intelligent pride of the ghetto, the Zinjanthropus  
The Phantom's so clean you can't see the lord sit down, she is gorgeous  
All you see is a steerin' wheel floatin', led by a herd of stampedin' horses  
Checks and balances by the curb  
Steps to amateurs flyin' birds  
Connected annual to a buyin' surge  
Expectin' the amateurs to try and merge  
To try and lessen the blesses, but you can never lessen the connection of th  
e indefinite pentameter Ryan serves tryin' words  
This is Category A  
Definition, battered slave of yesterday  
Recognition by cattle  
Present picture, a guy battles sexuality in tight apparel, eyeshadow  
That's not deep, I'm shallow  
As time travels, rapper-boys get to doin' acid on stage  
Wearin' satchels, catchin' cases like statutory rape  
Online actin' like natural-born slaves, really  
I guess it's from the back of the back to back to sittin' with my back to th  
e shadows  
With actors standin' behind me with puppets controlling nothing but shapes  
But that shapes our fate  
This is the Allegory of the cave theory by Plato, and this is the first chap  
ter  
The first forty-eight, "Death Of the Dope Man"