

Fighting For Equality

RZA

The serendipity, I had the epiphany
That the wicked enemy who tried to come and get rid of me
Because [?] failed to cease the victory
Because I knew from my history that God is no mystery
They tried to forge my imagery and my identity
Been facin' with the misery of brothers hangin' from a tree
But nothin' ain't pretty in this cutthroat city
We fightin' for equality, we not fightin' for your pity
We fightin' for your right to life, the right to liberty
The right to make it on our own, you can't take it, no, give it to me
The empty greed, jealousy and lust
Of other races that dream melanated crust
They whipped then they shackled us up
Put us back in the back of the bus
Stomp us out and treat us unjust
I'm in the fight for my life, money, stars and these stripes
I'm ready to go to war with a crowbar and a pipe
A shovel with a sickle, blood drizzle cause a ripple
In this ultra-political climate change, a man-made miracle
For a third year he tried to instill the fear
Now he won't run the scope, he's provoked the idea that
By any means necessary, use anything necessary
To get to the promise land, send enemies to the cemeteries
We can't take it no more, time for the lions to roar
From Mount Zion, we bustin' through the door
Bustin' through the floor, tusslin' with our swords
Raised high like the Ottomans fightin' in holy war

See, nothin' ain't pretty in this cutthroat city
We fightin' for equality, we not fightin' for your pity
We fightin' for the right to life, the right to liberty
The right to make it on our own, you can't take it, no, give it to me
Nothin' ain't pretty in this cutthroat city
We fightin' for equality, not fightin' for your pity
We fightin' for the right to life, the right for liberty (Right for liberty)

And that's it
Yo, that shit fire, bruh, haha, yo
Like you ain't [?], man, (Yeah, yo)

Yo, I'm fightin' to fuck your bitch
Washin' money through Bitcoin, dodgin' the glitch
Two maids, Cassandra, Castilla, they half my age
The older one play the front door holdin' the gauge
I get money, I play with stoves like Chef Ramsey
Halloween, powder for snorters is nose candy
I had spots on the line like ten Grammys
Got arms that hit the floor like chimpanzees
The curators of profit lyin', they can't stop it
Parkinson gun, cop shakin' before he pop it
Cutthroat City (City)
I'm out here coolin' with the code to the safe like I see Da Vinci
German killers in kill mode
I fly where the cream is foreign, Switzerland [?]
Real gold (Gold), Teflon, steel coats (Coats)
Liam Neeson swan divin' off of big boats (Big boats), uh-huh
Big boats

And that's it
Yo, that shit fire, bruh, haha, yo
Like you ain't [?], man