

The Bottom

Shyheim

Yeah, yeah-yeah-yeah, yeah
It's Young God, Shyheim
Yeah, Bottom Up Records, I'm CEO, nigga
But it's still Wu-Tang, you heard?
This goes out to all the political prisoners
DLA, stay g'd up, what
Stay on top comrade, cuz the bottom is crowded
The bottom is bout it, on the bottom it pops everybody wildin'
On a mission wantin' the riches and the baddest bitches
Ghetto chemists, gloves and masks in the kitchen
Dope and cut mixing, the bottom, somebody's mother's addicted
The bottom's black and hispanics in prison, the bottom's the unprivileged
The top is the drop, the top is the yacht
The top is this fly here, Cardier watch
Another coffin with the body of my friend in it
An untimely death, and I can't quite, comprehend it
Whoever told you, being a thug is fun, lie
Many nights in my cell, late at night I cried
So ashamed of myself, from myself I tried to hide
Thought the high would ease the pain, but it didn't
I smelt the death in the airs, walkin' through the halls of Clinton
God borns build to destroy, build to destroy borns God
I wrote it for a pound in my palms
Borns a bullet in your heart, motherf**ker
Shit, just listen, nigga
I ain't askin' y'all niggaz to dance
I ain't askin' y'all niggaz to sing along or nothing homey
Listen to your boy, fool
f**k the messenger, pay attention to the message
About this oppression, after descretion, of the department of corrections
I'm a felon in they crooked institutions, so I'm considered a slave
According to the constitution, thirteenth amendment
Officers try to discover your loved ones, when they come and visit
And phone calls be ridiculous, three ninety nine for the first
And nineteen cents, these additional minutes
Behind these cold walls, these d'evils, be killin' people
Like it's legal, tax payers, this is what your money goes to
State prisons got bigger budgets than schools
Keep 'em dumb and lock 'em up, warehouse, double bunk and stack 'em up
White cracker, on the top of the roof, shot me dead for spreadin' the truth
Will I go down in history like Malcolm, get me my own boulevard

That my own black peoples, will go and sell crack on
Other Shyheim songs