

Yea, man, this that old Electric Company, man
Ay, Attack the Block, count it down
Talib Kweli, Z-Trip
This a prelude to P.O.C
Attack the Block, Attack the Block
Attack the Block, Attack the Block

Better strap your boots up, time is running low low
Clock's running down, gotta run, gotta go go
Bet it ain't safe here, only getting worse now
Fighting for survival, only way we know how
Backs to the wall, so we looking to the sky
{But the sky saying nothing, we failed but tried}
We stand and we breathe and we push and we go
And we run, run, run 'til we can't no more

Yea, the final countdown
The countdown to Armageddon
Chuck got it right
He got it right, y'all

Eleven pipers piping, they lying just like the reverend
Seven represent the divine, the devil triple six
Five is the stigmata, according to Big Poppa
Never trust nobody, commandment number three
And players only love you when they playing, word to Stevie Nicks
Yea and numbers never lie, they simply plead the fifth
No I'm not quite on the edge but I can see the cliff
And niggas out here snitch for a dire slice and some pita chips
Now they reading the script, niggas get beat up quick
Stomped out, shipped, probably why we call our sneakers kicks
Industry niggas is tweaking because they need a hit
Reading from the Anarchist Cookbook because we need a [?]
Confusing God with the rules you obey
We came to win, no it's never no game, we don't play
Yea I'm so sick of rappers that spoil your whole day
You a boss, no you softer than oil of Olay, hey!

Break it, break it, break it, break it

Eleven [?] knowledge you never learned in college
Seven is the number that God is equality, six
Five is power of famine
Wisdom lead to understanding that's th-th-th-th-th-three-three
Final hour, the devil will cower behind the towers
I got a cavity 'cause the victory sweet, the defeat sour
This coward will stop at nothing if clutching on to his power
He can feel it slipping away down the drain like he in the shower
Think he the shit 'cause he pocket the key to the master lock
Attack the block, he like a wolf in sheep's clothing, attack the flock
It's that Talib Kweli man, God MC in red like a stop sign
2012 ended your world but not mine