

Walter Sobchak (Am I Wrong?)

Tech N9ne

(You're worth it, ohh)
You're worth it

Forty light-years away on Planet Gliese 12B
The Glieseian government had the belief hell's seed
Was inside of a population they thought where beasts yelled "Please!"
Different cultures doesn't mean the peace shall freeze
So the Glieseian Army's proceeding to harm these
Individuals at a rate that is freaking alarming
Then the creator said "Enough dirt for your blood thirst, people"
(You may get hurt)
With a strong hand the creator granted the surviving Glieseian aliens
Our place on planet Earth to be their homeland
State of Mizzou, aliens invaded, they flew
Soon as they made it, they grew
Then contemplated a coup family
Why you running?
Both sides, blood coming gunning
Occupying my land, my family dying, I am
Watching 'em take over other territories, I take a stand because

(You're worth it, ohh)
You're worth it
1, 2, if they busting at you
3, 4, better pop yours more
5, 6, never drop those sticks
7, 8, that's your saving grace
9, 10, if they try to come in
To my home and I disobey commandment six for all my kin
Am I wrong? (Nah)
Am I wrong? (Hell nah)
Am I wrong? (Not at all)
Am I wrong? (Let's go)

Big boats is arriving, everyone with us is running
Paul Revere on the horse and he yell "The British is coming"
Different Strokes for different folks, I used to love Mr. Drummond
Rich white man helping out black kids, that was showing us something
Why you flowing for nothing? Our mouth piece go for a reason
Got the knowledge inside me, I can go for a season
We was freezing in the winter, picked cotton in the summertime
Everyone in line eating pig slop at supper time
Wasn't no cutting lines, we was on that auction block
All eyes on us like the strippers down at Baccala
Ain't no way to stop Allah, Popper's spitting, playing the game
Physically and mentally, see we done broke too many chains
Still oppose a mystery crook, still gets to me, look
Said he discovered it in a history book
From black kings we of, all I do is speak love
Tech called me to kill the track the week of, see 'cause

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Yeah, I was born with a checklist of set backs
Mourn with what's left of red cats, spicks and wetbacks
Torn from the womb, I was selected for some red back
Shipped across the sea, that ain't a boat, that's a death trap
Promoted from the field to the house like a pet cat
Domesticated, conformed, segregated, oppressed cat
Scorned by people I left behind who can't respect that
All men are created equal, they need their heads cracked
Sworn to serve and protect which means observe and collect tips
Wet tracks directed directly where they slept at
Get it out the mud, I could end up on a guest list
Correctional facility so I could be corrected
Monetized until the day I die then there's a death tax
Evil went from white wigs to white hoods to red caps
Insurgents and merchants of evil serpents need their necks snapped
(You may get hurt) 'cause

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