

## Arcadia

### "Tribal Jam"

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[Professor X]

(We have come..)

by way of the stars, by way of the Nile evermore

(We have come..)

speaking the tongue of the pharoahes, descending  
from such

(We have come..)

in love of the ancestor, the struggle continues

Loving heart, strong sun, firm fist

We are those

[Brother J]

We are evolutionists, for justice

People try to front and call us prejudiced

I know they know the truth, they call us battlers

The great warriors, systematic radicals

Who put their hand in the candy dish to pull a mint?

Government, taste the thieves descent

I heard you were a prankster, ultimate gangster

Daytime shooter, night time shankster

The phone-tapper, dress a little dapper so you think

my color's blacker than it's pink

Descending from pharoahes who travelled the narrows

and all of that are such

See me at the crossroad pimp-struts

I'm quite illogical but never been a savage

Genes scientific but I never have to map it

I'm harder than the diamond that the edam(?) might  
still

I'm never mythical, divinity is real

Mind stays steel, ever stable to the end

Nations begin, Blackwatch will defend

So now you raise the flag of the blood race earth

Freedom or death, and death unto birth, we carry on

[Brother J]

I am a man of the soil, crossroad walker

Great vine swinger, the pyramid stalker

Makin God music in sync with the universe

So here we go again, another Brother verse

Back into time on the banks of Nile

Writin on papyrus, readin the dial  
Look into the sky from the city beyond  
Countin to the nine cause the mission is on  
So now the lion connection, retrieves degrees  
Startin never dimming third eye ever sees  
Beyond dimension, beyond the soul  
The label of your car inscribed on the scroll  
So whatchu gonna do but ride to the scale?  
On your knees to the East, all hail  
The Grand Creator, the host and children  
How could you think, to conquer his dominion and  
exist?  
Coming from abyss, we are this  
See the black fist, take a kiss  
And from your earthly dwelling you're dismissed  
So can you dig it?  
Now with a key, back into the swing of reality  
Divine principality formalities are none  
Son of a gun, I'm brother one, I am sun - enough!

[Brother J]

From the stars we are born in genetics  
Anti-semetic? Ridiculous, chill  
How you gonna copycat the pyramids filled  
when a nation wears colors in respect of the build?  
Comin through the gap in the mountain on a elephant  
The world just shivered, I'm the earthquake president  
Walked the path and my steps remained  
Back to the den, grab a hold of the mane  
Allegba(?), meet me at the road  
A following soul, young to the old  
Walkin in the path of the pure is not as easy  
as they contemplate, but I obligate to demonstrate  
Without struggle no peace and surely no state of mind  
And what kind of nation will become  
daughters and sons of what is, we have come  
We continue..

[Professor X]

Tamu(?), Allegba(?), Osiris, Isis, Abraham, Solomon,  
Mohammad, Jesus  
Vanglorious!  
This is protected, by the red, the black, and the green  
with a KEY!

[Brother J]

I was sittin by the river with my warrior's gun  
A bunch of caveboys tried to house my drum  
I never bust a sweat because it's not at all tragic  
VOO-DOO, runnin from my magic!  
I came across the sand on my faith alone

Eatin cooked meat while you gnaw at the bone  
Sittin by the fire while you froze in cave  
A bunch of silly thieves with the nerve to say you're  
brave  
I think you're cowards; fightin systematically and  
chemically connivin  
Cause you never liked us but it seems you're always  
trying  
Try to say we're dumb but it seems you're always  
thriving  
from the science.. so now I bear you  
Sit, heed the words and raise the flag to prepare you  
for the coming of the ones who never fear you  
Don't you know a brother like myself will only dare you  
to act foolish? We have come  
Child of the sandbox, follow through the drum  
We have come from with the mathematic sum  
Now you wanna ask what's the dum-diddy-dum? The X,  
Shalom

[Professor X]  
1990! The tribal weapon  
Uh-ohh, the nine.. SISSSSYYYYY!

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