

Sporty Thievz F/Mocha

"Dance to My Ministry"

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[GPM] Peace God!
[LJM] Aiiyo peace
[GPM] What's the science?
[LJM] Elevation
[GPM] You gettin ready to drop math on this?
[LJM] True indeed my brother
[GPM] Well it's time to start the revolution
[LJM] Aight, so let's start this

[Lord Jamar]
See it's a positive force which guides my course
It ain't Little Bo Peep, who's sheep Little lost
It's the Tribe, the God Tribe of Shabazz
First on the planet Earth, but definite to be the last
If Allah stands, she'll pass
Students enroll, while Jamar teach class
Seminar I give, is for you to live
Not try to keep your mind captive
I break shackles, tear down tabernacles
Any problem in sight, Jamar tackles
Bones crackles as I start to break
the body of the snake that's fake!
Unto my people, lies and deceit
through trickery, but, Hickory Dickory
Dock, time's run out on the clock
The shepherd is here to protect the flock
With my staff I walk through the wilderness
Build on math, and destroy all the villainous criminals
Perpetratin constant subliminal signs to brainwash the
minds
of the unknowin, kept church goin
It's time to shine light, that's why I'm Provin and Showin
That the age has come to be concious
not unconcious, cause in your subconscious mind
you find I speak the truth, from the DJ booth
straight to the youth, of the inner city, and the outskirts
Some may disagree, but yo hey, the truth hurts
Lord Jamar, and I'll advance in the industry
I'm makin sure you can dance to my ministry

Now dance!

..

Aiyyo come, into my laboratory
I'ma take you on a tour..
An ankh is the key and the key is knowledge
which unlocks my lab's door..
Kemet lets you enter, heat generates from the center
Lord Jamar's an inventor
Production of black facts, put on to a black wax
I got a lot to say, set in stacks
To the Right is where I keep my fuel
The Qu'ran and 120 lessons
Am I the nicest? Count your 12 jewels
Word is bond, cause the Gods keep testin
Why the test? Cause I'm 'fessin this duty of the civilized
From the dumb you bring forth the wise
So they can open their eyes to their being
And finally realize it's just the all-eye seeing
Black Man Supreme, knowledge machine
The Alpha and Omega, the Arm-a-Leg-a-Leg-a-Arm-a-
Head
And like jam these facts will spread
over the thoughts of the white bread
Cause we've been misled for the longest
Time to rise up and gather our strongest
Brothers and sister, Mrs. and Misterys
He rose and she rose, we'll take em from the zero
With raw funk, to thee and show em, how it ought to be
Cause it's passively, hell I fought for thee
culture of my ancestry
And made it so you can dance to my ministry

So dance!

..

Aiyyo I wanna peace to the Father Allah and Justice
I wanna say peace to all the Gods and Earths
and all the positive people of the universe
I wanna say peace to the God Sincere
The God Supreme, Lakim Shabazz
and the God Jahwell from Vernon
I wanna say peace to my Nubian brothers
Maxwell, Derek X, and Alamo
Wanna say peace to my physicals, Tony D
and Lil' Terrance
I wanna say peace to my good brother Q-Tip
from A Tribe Called Quest, De La Soul
And last but not least I wanna say peace
to the grandfather Bambaataa of the mighty Zulu

Nation
And I'm out y'all
Knowledge Knowledge

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