

Sporty Thievz F/Mocha

"Time is Running Out"

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[Sadat X]

The time is running out, tick-tock, like the grains of sand

Every man sharpens man, like steel sharpens steel
The threat of a war is real
Where my soldiers for the battlefield?

And as the days of the two-oh approach
I drop a seed in my girl, so I can stay in this world
And decompose the foes that jumped up under our clothes
We living on rows on top of rows and, half our stores is clothed
We still trickin out, jerkin out
Half the project workin out
They buildin underground cities
While we concerned about seein titties
With they secret, commities, and society, orders
They carryin out the slaughter
Picture your daughter on State's for a quarter
My old Uncle Sam fought in the war of Vietnam
Got caught with napalm and burned off half his fuckin arm
The government knew then about the lasting effects
And they cut off his checks
and if he wild out he'll be murdered
Or possibly herded, to the VA Hospi-tal
Where they got em under on roof
Where they can conceal the proof
You can see shit changin cat it can't stay the same
Damn I wish the government didn't have my real name

[Lord Jamar]

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[Lord Jamar]

Time for my army to get it on, we marched upon the
lawn
out in D.C., stated our word is bond on TV
Unfold the prophecy left in the cold by democracy
This whole world is based on hypocrisy
It's evil to the roots and now we burn and loot, and
shoot guns
Extort funds, kidnap another Patty Hearst
and tap her daddy's purse, anarchist, smoking
cannabis
wrapped in brown leaves, you now trapped with the
town thieves
The ground breathes in the fumes of death
Clouds loom from the smoke, of the fires we set
We travel underground the sewer system, and train
tunnels
We let you know that you was victims, of brain funnels
Information like computer generation, see
Proper Education Always Causes Elevation
It's time for liberation, we gonna put this plan in
activation
Government assassination, written in revelation

[Grand Puba]

Pardon me mister, well it's the eight-five resister to
give
your brain cell a blister so fine-tune your resistor
Every ghetto corner's goner so I think that should
wanna
take heed to the seed, once I plant it we can feed
Now we stuck on stupid in a state of unawareness
Makes us, fearless endearless
Recklessness makes us careless
This ideology, stupidity, lack of idealogy
periodically destroys us psychologically
Cipher's dimension is viewed on dissension
Like a undetected chemical that creates mad tension
We all been inject now we all become infected
Ways and action of our people is the way that we detect
it
It's gettin trifer, we should run the six sects
Taking tons of you now follow by, twenty-one ciphers
But we don't, cause we frozen, posin, at thirty-two
degrees
That's no way for the chosen to be dosin

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[Sadat X]

Cause right about this time, they tryin to trace my moves
by simple things like bills, they tryin to mark my location
At home or on vacation through my ChemicalBank card
They tryin to kill the God and through my food feed me lard

[Grand Puba]

It be that lesson temptation for them devilish type creations
Making the black mind feeble with they thought pattern
Evil
like Kneival, or conniving, got no time for eighty-fiving
It's time to educate instead of wasting all our time

[Lord Jamar]

We goin to hell in a handbasket, fell into a casket
Cause for drastic measures, we should all stick together
Final Call, we better heed instead of chasin after cheddar cheese
Before we back to slavery committin acts of bravery yo

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