

## X-Clan

### "Weapon X"

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I'm not known for the singin' of the common man's  
grammar  
J from the Clan but I'm not a Wu-Tanger  
Concrete guerrilla, still spittin' bananas  
Reset the foundation by swingin' a new hammer  
Glitz and the glamour come secondary  
To my timeless jewels and street knowledge degrees  
(come on)  
Weapon X haters: down on your knees  
Throw your rhymes in the flames and repent to the east  
One two three and a three two one  
Exodus, hip hop redemption  
Resurrection, tell folks I'm all one  
Like my boy in Amistad: "Me wants free-dom!"  
Round the mountain I come  
Hannibal's descendent won't stand for minimum  
Dummyville's gunners that bring the hella heat  
My underground scroll's spellbound in the street

Weapon X - contact for the next level room  
Ease back, silly mortals - dark sun, give me room  
Weapon X - Grand verb modern day dot doom  
My armor for the jihad - the cipher - zoom

Born do or die, Brooklyn's where I'm from  
My sole agenda's to rep the African  
In the hip-hop manner, we've come a long way  
From a birth stick click to a dark sun ray  
In a state of war, verbalizing the peace  
My hostility is (tall clerics?) in the beast  
That's why I don't cease when I resurrect fam  
Community soldiers who onslaught the jam  
Positive thinking - my streets be stinkin'  
With the wrong kind of pimpin'  
To turn on our own is the first step to simpin'  
Chain of fools - kids set trippin' on the steps of school  
Tell folks to cool and possess with 'nesse  
Or be a contribution to the prison business  
You know how it goes, son; there's nothin' to guess  
You can be a strange fruit and be straight innocent

[Chorus]

Frederick Douglass - Wheatley - Carver  
Clayton Junior - David Walker  
Sonny Carson to H. Rap Brown  
Ancestry that worked the black crowd  
THINK! As if you were born in the stars  
Enrolled in the army of Abdul-Jabbars  
THINK! As if you were born in the gods  
And you end up a mortal gettin' whiplash scars  
Never forget from whence you're from  
Master antennas of peace and freedom  
Dance to the rhythm of the evolve drum  
Never humdrum - you're dealin' with the sun  
It's a horizon of the loud proud free  
Sticky freaky plants of the (fleet just feed?)  
Now my attitude is worse than an AK  
Clip never stoppin' when my sweet tongue spray  
Ever essence of flight - keepin' it tight  
We mad future mystics, we offer insight

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