

## **The Go-Go Girls**

### **"Sacred"**

Visit "[Sacred](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Talib Kweli]

Yeah, this is dedicated  
To all ya'll ma'fuckas who be listenin to lyrics  
You know there's a lot bullshit in the industry right now  
(Hi-Tek) But see this hip hop is sacred to us  
Na'msayin, sacred  
Got Dr. Francis Cress up in here (Eternal Reflect)  
Na'msayin, Mad House up in this mothafucker  
We boycott, what's the name of that store, Coger's  
Yeah, outta here  
Now listen, really try to understand what we tryin to say  
to you here  
Na'msayin....

Ghetto children steady rotting but ain't no stoppin  
Rottin flesh under the sun  
Makes a perfect place for a FLY to nest  
Settle down inside the corroded chest  
So it could raise it's own seed, yes yes  
Lies don't know what it means to be oppressed  
They got no feelings to express  
There's a tendency in bastardation we keep facin  
A sell-out, there is no toleration, get the hell out  
Or more bodies is wastin  
A way in the street, in between the people basing  
Dodgin rain drops from the sky, thinkin they fly  
Ain't that a bitch?  
Rich or thick ass from the heads on the block  
Not realizing they duty involves civilizing  
Tryin to understand but FUCK IT  
I need about a grand to get cash in my hand  
Where maggots in the chest cavity  
Gravity be workin against  
And so they downplayin the fence...  
Refusin to fly, the maggot don't quit  
It grow into a fly and be on some next shit...  
You will get yours within this time  
I master mics and I master minds  
Unconconscious MC's, it's disaster time  
Wasn't my fault you couldn't read the signs  
Read the signs, read the signs

Wasn't my fault you couldn't read the signs

[?]

Sent as the real, earth kill

Taintin my spill for bad deals, gives a chill

We're only trife, advancin bag mills but still (Do do do)

Chances on the hill, we're twice as ill when I reveal

[Main Flo]

My sign read, gain my speed wit con weed

Throughout my rhyme greed, I've always made the  
lines bleed

I escape jakes cross-state wit rival lotto fates

I stifle piracy in shadows where I hibernate

It's smoke-filled caverns, ills plus the lighters flock

Biters jock, I stifle heads just like I'm writer's block

I'm killin patients, injected for the seven nations

World got hatred, tryin to sue for reperations

Cross the station, insomniacs is facin silhouettes

While lyin on death beds, I murder crews wit pillow sets

[Talib Kweli]

You will gets yours within this time

My master mics and I master minds

Unconconscious MC's it's disaster time

Wasn't my fault you couldn't read the sign \*echoes\*

[?] 2x

'98 scripts become the norm in the storm

That's why he has came in multiple form

'98 scripts becomes the norm in the storm

That's why he has came in multiple form

'98 scripts become the norm--\*gunshot\*

[Main Flo]

You know my crew, I'm seekin righteousness wit them,  
god

A ?spearlessly? escaped to rims of nimrod

Advanced writing skills, form micro-fields

Mind at ease, drinkin teas, now that on hikin hills

Didactic carry us from crevices to various

Revealed in the ancient most that cover areas

Wit philosophic mic prophet seek the higher gossit

When I cease, I'm like an Arab takin liars hostage

[Talib Kweli]

Nigga, we would never deliberately deceive you

This is too sacred for that

We would never lie to you

We keep this shit too sacred for that

We would never tell you un-truths, half-truths  
Please, that's a devil's job  
Fuck that

\*beat changes\*

[Donte]  
Keep, keep one open if you sleep  
The shadow's on whitewalls when night falls on the  
streets  
Certain priests bear the mark of the priest  
Came in the name of peace and left your brain fleece  
All these teach  
And preach, they down wit the police  
In the nighttime they shootin up dope, and drinkin white  
wines  
To givin pipe lines, blame it on the crack fiends  
And black teens gettin AIDS from the vaccines  
They set you up  
Shoot you up to spook you up  
Isolated, plainly stated, you been betrayed  
I bring knowledge to solid  
Foul styles polished  
Be havin sessions wit history lessons  
Get demolished, I'm hi-tech  
Disect to lie detect  
Days and last, no cash, can't write a check  
It's foretold, prepare to travel far rows  
Bar codes, laws hold those playin star roles  
Be down key like Lee, handle yo' business tightly  
Rightly, outta mind outta sight see  
Whoever said it, read it then probably get beheaded

Visit [The Go-Go Girls](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.