

## **Too \$hort F/ Chyna**

### **"Mecca to Watts"**

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[Nefertiti]

Ay!

Black prophet, ya better believe, born to stop it  
Yes I was, asalaam alaikum, not sayin I'm no apostle  
Sometimes I pack a pistol, revolution calls  
Ya better believe, from Mecca to Watts I'm speakin to  
all of, y'all  
This (?? ??) will be the Final Call  
So listen now, if you will sit back and let me speak the  
truth  
Verbal in your wisdom, amounts to sayin nothin troop  
Revolution calls, so pick up the gun it's on the run  
Hip-Hop here, Africa here, now some live in fear  
No fear, I clean myself don't put my backpack on the  
shelf  
so's I can feed myself..  
So follow me now, supposedly, we walk the road of  
bein free  
Take it personal G, I'm speakin the truth and bitin the  
fruits  
Drop the seeds get off your knees, don't be beggin  
Allah for mercy  
Allah God, ain't no time for false prophets  
Pullin metaphors out my pocket, I need to stop it  
Grab the snake, by his head, make sure when you  
passin through  
Ya best believe, from Mecca to Watts, I'm speakin to all  
of, you  
Tell me revolution didn't come true, in ninety-two  
I took 'em down from Western, to Slausson, along with  
you  
Hypocrite no liar, I didn't burn 'em down for nuttin  
From Mecca to Watts you best believe though, show yo'  
face  
Unless you holdin up the place, be movin on  
Revelation come, I won't be singin no song  
Tryin to push no mountin, or bathin in no fountain  
Move them apples out my face I coulda sworn I drank  
'em down  
Not tryin to be profound hysteria (?) I'm bringin 'em

down  
Still some, they hide behind the cross, now who's the boss?  
Just because I meditate, doesn't mean I think I'm great  
The devil, you're meddlin with my fate, nope we're not too late  
Drop them on your left and, pick up your right arm  
I-S-L-A-M don't think I'm slangin Islam  
My people, they're witnesses the strongest in the belly of the beast  
I say pack a piece, (?) just don't give me no grief  
To say the least, now Jeffrey Dahmer had a piece  
I step on the scene, friction (?) so you can see me  
You know what I mean, tell-lie-vision will deceive you  
At the age of three, you'll never be no good nigga  
And I suppose you believe the devil  
How you figure revolution comes  
You better believe I'm pullin the trigger  
Some sit back, and they choose to be rememberin  
I'm stompin in my Timberlands, I'm comin at ya  
African, marketplace, nod or sing or show my face  
Reminisce on, how we used to be, huggin and kissin  
Now we con-dit-ioned  
So follow me now, supposedly, we walk the road of bein free  
Spiritual acceptance, inside your residence  
Lookin inside yourself, somethin what's on your mind  
Now that we're ropin and copin on the straight and narrow path  
Don't be, hidin behind no superficial laughs  
I guess I'm drinkin dirty water can't afford no Evian  
From Mecca to Watts you best believe the revolution's on  
Elijah Muhammad said, that many of us are soon to rise  
Blue sky high-rises open up your eyelids  
And realize, you're a gift kid by finger usin  
That some of the words, that I speak, nope I'm not abusin  
Walk with me, lead the weak, not your everyday politician but I'm slangin thoughts no cost to the boss  
Just take what's yours of course, our legacy was stole  
Wu-alaikum salaam, from Mecca to Watts, and that's how it goes

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