

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 slingin 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 slingin 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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