

Bishop Lamont

"Sodom & Gomorrah"

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(Feat. DJ Rhettmatic)

We're in a lot of trouble
Because you people and 62 million other Americans
are listening to me right now
Because less than 3% of you people read books
'Cause less than 15% of you read newspapers
Because the only truth you know is what you get over
this tube
Right now, there is a whole, an entire generation that
never knew anything that didn't come
out of this tube

I think we in the last days of time
So I'm scribbling these rhymes, searching hard to see
the signs
But my eyes is too red from all the drinking and the
partying
Sex in the 20's, the titties, the illegal guardian
I'm silly for that silicone
I stay in the streets like I ain't got a fucking home
And if it's beef you ain't going fucking home
Ignite that flame right to cook till your brains gone
I think the devil's tryna kill me cuz my flow self
righteous and the lord walks with me
I won't sell my soul for the role to get on TV
I'm all about my crap, these other rappers stretch
cheesy
A hard nigga, I ain't never had it easy
Did it from the ground up, that's why the streets believe
in me
Won't compromise, kiss ass, and subset
I'm out in daylight and I can't look back

I rap with a chip on my shoulder
I can give a fuck what you made in to get
Against different, also Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll
Now I hope you learned your lesson
I can shiver in my breath (yes yes)
I can cause death
Outta here, my level rap is no witty

Beyond even sea level, in another atmosphere

You had better wake up and understand that there are
people guiding your life and you don't
even know it

Yea, I think we in the last days of times
Cuz these rappers keep putting rhymes for metal in
their lines

I never misstep, I can read between the lines
Since you hired a mobif you getting hit some lines
times
The gangs don't change, it ain't like it was
These niggas getting down with the arrows above
Feel like Donny Hathaway, Where's the love?
Cuz the moves y'all making ain't for criskus cuz
Our Muslim guns, here to see scrapes how I keep my
buzz
Nigga, fuck the fuzz
Nah, we don't talk to policia
Snitch ass niggas making their jobs easier
Take this to the source, it's like the old days of Cesar
Nothing's changed but the translation
Same heathens, deamons all legions of satan
The battle starts now, motherfucka I ain't waiting

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I can give a fuck what you made in to get
Against different, also Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll
Now I hope you learned your lesson
I can shiver in my breath (yes yes)
I can cause death
Outta here, my level rap is no witty
Beyond even sea level, in another atmosphere

Ladies and gentlemen. The very word "secrecy" is
repugnant in a free and open society; and
we are as a people inherently and historically opposed
to secret societies, to secret oaths and
to secret proceedings. For we are opposed around the
world by a monolithic and ruthless
conspiracy that relies primarily on covert means for
expanding its sphere of influence on
infiltration instead of invasion, on subversion instead
of elections, on intimidation instead
of free choice. It is a system which has conscripted vast
human and material resources into
the building of a tightly knit, highly efficient machine
that combines military, diplomatic,
intelligence, economic, scientific and political

operations. Its preparations are concealed, not published. Its mistakes are buried, not headlined. Its dissenters are silenced, not praised. No expenditure is questioned, no secret is revealed. That is why the Athenian lawmaker Solon decreed it a crime for any citizen to shrink from controversy. I am asking your help in the tremendous task of informing and alerting the American people. That with your help man will be what he was born to be: free and independent.

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