

Inner City

"Robbin Hood Theory"

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[Intro features Elijah Shabazz from Muhammad Mosque No. 7]

Peace Brother Elijah
Hey peace Guru, how you doin?
I'm maintainin
Just been thinkin though man
about the situation for today's youth man, the seeds
man
What's your opinion on that?
Mmm that's strange I was thinkin the same thing
Somethin I read in the holy Qu'ran how it says
"Has thou seen him who belies religion?
That is one who is rough, to the orphan."
And no matter what we say our religion is
whether it's Islam, Christianity
Juddaism, Buddha-ism, Old School-ism or New School-
ism
If we're not schooling the youth WITH wisdom
then the sins of the father will visit the children
And that's not keepin it real...
that's keepin it -- WRONG

Chorus: Guru

Now that we're gettin somewhere, you know we got to
give back
For the youth is the future no doubt that's right and
exact
Squeeze the juice out, of all the suckers power
And pour some back out, so as to water the flowers
This world is ours, that's why the demons are leary
It's our inheritance; this is my Robbin Hood Theory...
Robbin Hood Theory

Verse One: Guru

I seek Sun, deceive none, for each one must teach one
At least one must flow and show the structure, of
freedom
It's me Dunn, cause petty things we don't need 'em

Let's focus to create somethin great, for all that sees
them
They innocent, they know not what they face
while politicians save face genius minds lay to waste
If I wasn't kickin rhymes I'd be kickin down doors
Creatin social change and defendin the poor
The God's always been militant, and ready for war
We're gonna snatch up the ringleaders send em home
in they drawers
But first where's the safe at? Let's make em show us
and tell em hurry up, give up the loot that they owe us
We bringin it back, around the way to our peeps
Cause times are way too deep, we know the Code of
the Streets
Meet your defeat; this is my Robbin Hood Theory... my
Robbin Hood Theory

Verse Two: Guru

I floss my rhymes like dentals, my mental's
presidential
from the wild ghetto districts to the plush residential
Essential, would be the message that I send you
I meant to, elevate at every venue
Pops told me to pursue what is true, and nothing other
And nowadays I pave the way for troops of my young
brothers
Necessary by all means, sort of like Malcolm
Before it's too late; I create, the best outcome
So I take this opportunity, yes to ruin the
Devilish forces fuckin up my black community
And we ain't doin no more interviews
til we get paid out the frame, like motherfuckin
Donahue
We're taking over radio, and wack media
Cause systematically they gettin greedier and greedier
Conquering turfs with my ill organization
Takin out the man while we scan the information
You wanna rhyme you best to wait son
You can't even come near, if you ain't got our share
You front on us this year, consider yourself blown out
of here
Yeah... by my Robbin Hood Theory

Chorus

Verse Three: Guru

God is Universal, he is the Ruler Universal
For those who can't follow that spells GURU when in my
circle

I see all sides of my culture...
Design my thoughts like a sculpture
And chumps they wanna get with me cause I'm another
entity
I'm sent to be, leadin the army of the century
Mention me, and snakes will retreat, eventually...
... due to my Robbin Hood Theory

Chorus

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