

Jay Electronica

"A Prayer For Micheal Vick & T.I"

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I never got shook up by talks of Illuminati
I'm from where niggas talk that talk
Then walk around the streets all day
Carrying heat like the human body
Stress - we mastered that
Death - we laugh at that
You niggas sweeter than the cog-ni-ac
I never sleep and when my eyes is closed
I'm in a deep battle for sheep. I'm an insomniac
But when it comes to the rhymes, a hypochondriac
The flow so sickly, splash a hot round on me
Peel off quickly, luckily
Not one of you niggas could fuck with me
I hit you with a plus degree
Mind detect mind, plus mind detect matter
With that I say peace to the G.O.'s
And all my niggas locked away in cages, giving shit to
the C.O.'s
Doing long stretches on the track
Cause they fell into the trap of the Neo's
The Farrakhan of rap, giving dap to the people
Busting shots at the eagle
With the arrows in it's talon,
sneaking shots when you peep through your peephole
Spit the abracadabra, manipulate matter with a black
magic created to eradicate evil
So if they call me a rapper, okay yeah I can dig it
But if they bring me before the congress, then I can
kick it
I send the devil to hell every time that I get wicked
Ayah to ayah sura by sura yeah, yeah, I get lifted

[Sample:]

"People do say I'm cocky, some say I need a good
whoopin',
some say... I talk too much,
but anything that I say I'm willing to back up.
.. I have fulfilled all of my prophecies,
I'm up to date on all of my predictions, my train is
running on schedule."

One for money, two for the pussy and fame
Three hundred'll go to the court to change my name
Like Cassius, the past just show me lessons
Stay on my grind and pray that time will show me
blessings
Was my own model, I'm from the Magnolia Projects
Where dice rollers and heroin addicts is role models
So I had no choice but to kick it to full throttle
My nigga's in Philly'll probably tell you - the boy's
thorough
Now, either you with me or you with me
Cause even if you against me, running with my
enemies
They ain't nothing but mini-me's
That I created long, long ago
And they only want to cut off
My lineage like the Kennedy's
That being the case
You should be aware I blast many a face
And left niggas displaced like Katrina did
And gave them very little with nothing like FEMA did
And I ain't never seen a bid
Well, there was one time when me and Ali tussled with
one-time
For claiming our sovereignty as a nation and bloodline
You niggas should give a standing ovation
To the MC who stands in the face of Satan
Hitting them with Creation

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