

Carole King

"Taggin' it Up"

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Yo Fine, did you get em?
(Yo, I just got back from the hardware store, yo
3 bucks a can
I got red, black and green
Ready to do this?)
Word is bond
(Yo, kick it)

[VERSE 1: YZ]

I want to see a rap generation throw both hands up in
the air
Pump em up like you just don't care
Run your fingers right through the hair
I mean your weave if you got a weave and if not
A thievin MC, he might just get shot
But not by the bullet from a gun
By the raze of the mental son
On your knees you're pleading, not bleeding
Punk duties, take heed to proceeding
As I proceed to teach the youth
You proceed to teach your use-
less pickanniny nigga, here, gimme
The microphone, so I can enlighten your dome
I'm not your daddy, boy, the Son is home
The father's here to support this
With the Eastside Division I taught this
I'm a prophet and you can't stop the bumrush
Knowledge of self has finally dawned on us
As I speak self-esteem releases
Brothers and sisters become strong, this eases
My mind a bit, but there's still more to get with
Place my art in your brain, make you sane again
But refrain from the negative, be sure
After all you have a lot to live for
Cause we built a nation, the center of the world is
Africa
This is why they're after ya
But don't let racism rule your prism
Some brothers in prison are rough-livin and still givin
Their all to make sure no other brother's fallin victim
The wall was empty

And this was in me to give to you
A wall to look up to
So I'm taggin it up

(Writing my name in graffiti on the wall)
(When I put up the wall of words)
YZ is taggin it up
(Writing my name in graffiti on the wall)
(Writings on the wall)

[VERSE 2: YZ]

Read the fingerprint, now you got it, make sense
Uplift yourself, raise your level of confidence
I put up the wall, a wall you now own
Nurture it, take care of it, carry it home
Then decipher which way is right
And which way is too hype
A lie planted by the devil, a racist
Lied to your face, yet can they still face us?
Trustin us, then I bust caps of rap
They step back cause they don't understand the plan
No rhythm and the devil can't hide it
And though some cover it up I look inside em
But then I ride em, guide em to the pit
From which they came from and throw em in it
Then write on the wall how he tried to face me
Locked me in chains to disgrace my African name
But now I'm sane again and I don't play
So raise your gun while you're on the run
No son of mine, the Eastside Division will take time
To learn, only concern of a strong mind
Then they'll proceed to speak, teach you all
They've been called to uphold the wall, so yes y'all
By my side the Father this time, your mind is mine
Now so I'm taggin it up

(Writing my name in graffiti on the wall)
(When I put up the wall of words)
Taggin it up
(Writing my name in graffiti on the wall)
(Writings on the wall)

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