

Mariah Carey Feat. Jay-Z

"Glory"

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(Some of you are not gonna like me)
(You better know it)
(That's right)
(Y'all the truth, the whole truth and nothin but the
truth?)
(You better know it)
(Some of you are not gonna like me)
(That's right)

[Yomo]

Yo, it's about time somebody address the situation at
hand
We really need to do this, man
We really, REALLY need to do this
Uknowmsayin?

(Time is running out)
(Time is running out)
(Running, running, running... times have run out)

[VERSE 1: Maulkie]

Let's get down to business
I'm from the way back
Where the brothers don't play that
On the reel we're equal
Check it
It's life and death, damn, there's no sequel
It's gettin rougher
The Man's gettin closer
Back up, chump, it ain't goin like that
I'm fightin blk, cause I'm black, yes, man
God damn, I'm in demand
Where's my 40 acres and my mule?
I didn't get it, no sweat, cool
I went for what I knew, and it had to be good
Rule 4 from the hood
As I stood and showed the flex
The fed and the mob were placin bets
So, put your money on a sure thing
And watch the static that I bring
(Bring the noise!) --> Chuck D

Cause in the cell, the pen, is where they wanna store
me
Smellin piss, and gettin sick, gee
This is the red, the white, the blue
Your man Uncle Sam and his Uncle Tom crew
Gamin this stuff like they're playin Monopoly
Sho' enuff there's gonna be a catastrophe
Genocide in progress
Keepin brothers in tune mode as I manifest
Finest of the last, can you dig this?
To say what the hell I feel I went Ruthless
Times have changed, hate remains
Since the age of 12 all I felt was pain
By the dawn's early light
America's situation is not bright
No matter how much they ignore me
They can't, cause I can say: burn Old Glory

[VERSE 2: Yomo]

All a brother got is his name
Plus the nine he bought
To survive in the asphalt
J-u-n-g-l-e story
Man, burn Old Glory
A mule, 40 acres, and all that
Uncle Sam, step the hell back
So now the USA wants to trip
Cause a brother with a grip
Said 'eff you' and some
Kinda feel like holdin out for ransom
Now if I drive a Mack truck through your house
He burn a flag and you're quiet as a church mouse
Like the sands of time I was surfacin poor
Till this Glory stuff ain't no more
Some say blacks should ever be so thankful
And stand behind a rectangle
A red, white and blue, blue, white and red
A brother dead, bucked in the head
All because a bitch is America
Yeah, I'm tellin you...
To turn the other cheek is weak
So some speak
And activist activates and finds fate
So eff Mister S-a-m
Cause I know he said eff me
And everybody in the g-
h-e-double t-o l-i-f-e
That's where my people been left, see
I couldn't see myself in Iraq
Because that's wack
For the simple fact that I'm black

So I shouldn't serve, or better slave, yeah, you know
the story
I got the urge to say burn Old Glory

(*as fire crackles in the background*)
(I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of
America
And to the Republic for which it stands
One nation, under God, indivisible
With liberty and justice for all)

[VERSE 3: Maulkie]
One nation under a rock
Yo, I'm one brother that the system won't clock
It's a game, check the scene
Tell me, what the hell is the American Dream?
Apple pie, baseball and blue skies
A county check, have kids, and then die
But me and Yo will reconstruct
With hi-top Jordans, kickin suckers in the butt
First in line is a mack named Bush
It seems like all my brothers he wanna push
In the Marines, Army and Navy
Eatin potatos and runny-ass gravy
Pimp them brothers like hoes in Iraq
You sold em weapons, now you want your money back
Human lives down the drain
Now tell me: who's really insane?

[VERSE 4: Yomo]
Ignorance and one big rep
History repeats itself, so what the hell I got left?
Freedom of speech, freedom to teach
Freedom abreachd
But I can't cuss when I bust
See, there goes Glory again, stickin her nose where it
don't belong
Messin with my rap song
Censorship and the whole nine
See, they wanna restrain anything against the grain
Glory, glory, glory how I screw ya
And Uncle T-o-m can straight c-o-m-e
With it, or forget it and just quit it
Come correct or get clowned
Cause you ain't down
With me and my same
See, we the only imigrants forced here in boats and
chains
Yeah, there goes the neighborhood
Gee, burn Old Glory
End of story; we out

Burn Old Glory

[Yomo]

We are not in a time of disorder

And disorder is now the time

Knowmsayin?

[Maulkie]

Indeed

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