

Dead Prez "The Root Of All Evil"

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(What is the root of all evil?)

Many people of color believe that if you have money,
you can do anything and everything.

You cannot.

Other people believe that if you don't have money, you
cannot do anything.

They're also wrong.

Money is only the visible effect that shows what is
going on in your mind.

The richer, stronger, clearer your thoughts, the greater
your supply of currency.

Money doesn't only show up as dollar bills or coins;

People you can call on, resources you can draw from,
thoughts and attitudes,

These are also money.

What you yield in your physical life is a result of how
you THINK.

You are your own money.

Money is my own natural energy field.

Your thoughts, words, feelings and actions determine
your own wealth.

The quickest way to make money appear is to love
yourself, respect yourself, put yourself to work.

I am money. Money is me.

I read a book that said that money is power, which is
corruption,

Destruction is its one and only function.

But where we live it seem you've got to die to be king,

So we supply to the fiends,

'Cuz see the answer's defy the means.

Politics is war without guns,

War is politics with guns,

Know what I mean?

You better get one.

The cash maked us equal,

Babylon can't fool the people,

It's hidden in the symbol of the evil.

We're at the end of the world boyy,

With no sight and no direction,

They passin' gun laws so we can't have no protection.

It don't even matter who win the '96 election,
'Cause it's already planned and every man'll be
effected.
I'm a real nigga, but not the type to spend my life in
prison,
I don't believe in no gods and no form of religion.
My way of livin' is based on pure reality,
Far much more than just a crack sellin' mentality.
I sharpen my brain,
Karate keep my body trained.
I think of my brother and how the crack tighened the
veins in his arms,
Wish I could take the stress off my moms,
'Cuz she harmless y'all,
She don't deserve no part of this.

What is the root of all evil?
Money is the root of all evil.
From the pyramids to the eagle,
Check your dolla bill boy there it is,
Money is the root of all evil,
Period.

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Picture this illegal rock crackin',
Make sure it's dry before you try and bag it,
This is when the iron start jumpin' out of jackets and
You plot like a death plot, the plot thickens,
Chicken heads in the paking lot sparkin' chocolate.
You take your place in the mix,
Dominos trix,
Crazy 'bout them New York Knicks,
It's like a New Port fix.
You caught six fiends jones'n right off the fact,
One grabs his dome when he smokes crack,
Stood back.
And began to scream,
Swingin' his fists up at the wind,
Gave a devil his grin,
He fell dead with his eyes open.
Involuntary homicide,
he died hope'in' for a blessin',
Murdered by his obsession.

(Yo) You could use your forty as a weapon,
A little bit of gas ignite fire underneath the heavens,
That could reach around the universe,

Purify the Earth,
Dollar bill on the reverse side,
See what is it worth.
It seem the number thirteen is a curse if you accept it,
It's thirteen letters in Annuit Coeptis,
Thirteen rows of granite, rocks on the pyramid of Giza,
Thirteen stars above the eagle,
Holdin' thirteen fig leaves and thirteen arrows,
Thirteen berries on the branch,
And one pharaoh,
Watchin' YOU with the all-eye-seein',
Announcin' the beginnin' of the end,
Of ALL human beings...

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