

Gift Of Gab

"Up"

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[Gift of Gab]

Check it out... Gift of Gab... Fourth Dimensional
Rocketships, Goin' Up

To the ink on the paper from the top of the brain
Ghetto youth zone rythms that are louder than pain
From Suedo to Cali it's all the same, people in chains
Where H2O Children cock it back and take aim
See, just the other day I was catchin' a cab
The driver came from his country to America to grab
A slice of the pie, he said my people haven't seen
The extremeness of hard times, I said "what you
mean?"
He said it's people in his country that would love to live
Inside these ghetto's, they live inside of shacks, and
the kids
Don't see any kinds of education, boys and girls
Starve and die, and no money when your country is
third world
I said "I yearn for change all over the map
From a system deeply rooted in hate, it sets traps
Crack, liquor stores, guns, plus our culture was robbed
And we was sought, self-hated, major belief that God
Was outside, denied free thought, feelin' the pressure
Of the hellish eternity visions of, the oppressor
With the long white beard, lookin' down I keep, hopin' it
'll change 'til then, please don't expect me to get over
it"
Before I bounced out, I said "Peace, love
Ain't no reason why nobody need to suffer in pov-
erty, while others gettin' richer it's the same old song"
Before I closed the door and bounced I told him
"change gon' come"
See I know they don't tell us that we really of Gods
Dwellin' in infinity, through the power of now
I spread the good Karma out, grab a pen a sheet
And empty out my mind, so the ancestors can speak
through me
I tweak the beats, rock, eat the beats up
Dwellin' in the Fourth Dimension of spirit I'm Goin' Up
And it can't stop, don't stop, won't stop, ain't gon' stop

Aim for the top, straight blowin' up

It's like that (That's whassup)

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