

## **PMatic**

# **"Cry Later"**

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Cry Later, and laugh now at this black child. My rap style full proof like a cash cow. Who are you? Its the truth in the physical. Cut the lights off, now the booth is invisible. Its Queens own, my 16 like a theme song. The best thing to hit the market since the ring tone. Fuck the bull, yall niggaz is stuck on the stupid shit, a brother like Sha, is making every move lucrative. Dedication, motivated by the lost nation, patronizing, realizing, we the only patrons. Equality, I'm a doubt it, we all gotta do for self, no question, if they aint doing shit about it. And Bloomberg is a goon for the burbs, the poor get worst huh? The rich niggaz splurge. There is no in between. When will the people learn, that it, don't mean a thing, if we, aint got a team? I read the scheme cleverly, tell them what it means. Build and destroy, turn cold red to green. It go, highs and lows, lows and highs, dear Lord, through yo' eyes, I must rise for real. I build with the scientists, chill wth my a alike. Build my alliances, we chill 'till the day is right. Raised in the wilderness, its crazed how the children live, we pray for change, and escape like the pilgrimage. All hail justice, the poor still suffering, down here in hell, the king says nothing. Is heaven just a mind state? And if so, am I the true holder of my fate? I don't know, I think so. Its more or less, buried in flesh, and when the bones dry up, then the spirit could rest. And feel blessed in its new form, finally born, its a new day, honor your Lord, word bond. To my young kings, and queens and prophets, the babes, to the wisest, you gotta use your logic, and rise kid, yeah! Rise up!

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