

Pharoahe Monch "God Send"

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My mom is in the bedroom, cryin' again
Sister's on the street corner, lyin' again
Just heard about another one of my niggaz dyin' again
I'm tryin' again to make moves, I'll be damned if we go
hungry

Ever since my pops passed the responsibilities
belonged to me
This song you see is like an ode to God
That he blessed my last breath to be Allah U Akbar
And this city is hard, tenement buildings are barred

Incarcerated and scarred, no sentiment for when it
becomes
Time for war I'm tryin' to score like Bernard King
My vocal box sling verbal cocaine like the government
I told you I'd hurt the music

Travellin' back, bustin' shots at before Christ was
persecuted
(Blank)
Mathematically we live at right angles fuck the star
spangled
The makers of fallen angels, danglin' from moon
crescents
I persevere, breathe the air, inhale the effervescence
of life

This street game is stiflin', I'm triflin' upholdin' a rifle
Peerin' from behind the eyes of God, we at odds with
ourselves
What is it worth when this barren metropolis prevail
Scale the walls of hell, trail of a octopus

I seen it all through the eyes of a needle
Depletion of the planet, brainwash of the people
Niggaz'll never learn we just concern about
(Shit)
Who's fuckin' who? When time is of significance

Ghost, we disregard the most magnificent
Eat of the fruit that is poisonous and lethal

Stuck in the crux of the spell with the evil
Credits about to roll and hell is the sequel

Incarcerated scar faces in all places, crack sales rise,
failed lives
Cops and robber car chases, Y-2-K fuck up, you're left
faceless
Hustlers bury money in Garcia Vega cigar cases
Give the drummer some, pianos, guitar basses

Trumpet in tune, Pharoahe and Prince legitimate
reasons
for why they thumpin', hi, I'm the most endangered
species
By all means, survival is what I teach these
First time offenders catchin' seven to fifteen

Now, my vision of life, is hell and heaven on split
screen
Bust your shit like Mitch Greene I switch scenes
(Snitch)
Bring drama to that ass, that's how we on it in Queens
What? Stray bullets continue shatterin' dreams,
batterin' spleens

I'm gatherin' schemes, had only cream just as bad as a
fiend
Take food from a table and get drunk to your death
Now, feel it in your heart from the love in my breath

I seen it all through the eyes of a needle
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(Shit)
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