

Pharoahe Monch "Haile Selassie Karate"

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[Chorus - Mr. Porter]

I said I ain't gangsta even though I grew up in the hood
I just wanna feed my people, so misunderstood
Struggling (struggling), hustling (hustling), trying to
make it right
I just wanna spread the light to help us free our minds

[Break]

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[Verse 1 - Pharoahe Monch]

E pluribus unum, all seeing eye, ocular exam
The apocalypse, back by popular demand
Innocuous but still leave a stage with blood in my hand
for the populous
Put a fist in the sky
"Licensed to kill" italicized into my ID or "Rocky
Illuminati"
Haile Selassie Karate, John "The Beast" Mugabi
King Jaffe in the lobby with the fur made of a lion

The eye of hoarse mouths, I am vibrant
Prominent constellations of Orion (whoa!)
The reason why my stars are in alignment (uh)
The renegade, Allahu Akbar, rock star
Tossing homemade grenades, CD's at NYPD cop cars
Just to get the revolution to pop off
Fraudulent stock, funded with Louis Vuitton knock-offs
Hijacking helicopters, detonate your metropolis
While I'm in the cockpit, politicking like Stephanopoulos
And my oesophagus is quite atomic when I vomit
It's bioengineered urbanomics
The formula: truth divided by innovative ebonics
Times smooth lime, crushed ice and a splash of tonic
Nigga my past lies are astronomic
Smoking hash in a cathedral with Nostradamus
At mass, discussing Martin Luther's "Free at Last"
speech
Step on my British Walkers get your ass beat

[Chorus]

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