

## Poor Old Lu

### "Hot Damn I'm Great"

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Culture Freedom]

Heavens to Merkatroid!! \*Snagglepuss imitation\*

[Wise Intelligent]

Posse friends God tend to the teacher

Stammered at me concept teacher mosh it up right

PRT posse boy ghetto with philosophers

All can't get enough of this drummer common insight  
check

Here comes the teacher with another funky new  
radical butt naked booty stinkin form of thinkin

Off an on step concept, tell em Culture Freedom

Shall I sex this? (Well God it's sexy!)

This this step steppers come and steppers swingin

Most blacks back back-up what the hell we bringin

G-fine nearly singin, my rhythm hit the roof!!

This one's dedicated to the CISI missing youth, cause

This hit the teacher with another style of mashin up

a damn dance, jams get, jammed by the PRT posse

(and) Tone can I get a sound check, well can I start this

(Yo Wise, it's started)

You know I look into the mirror see myself and then

I always often say... "Hot damn I'm great"

Chorus: repeat two lines 3X

Let's be realistic... (you are the best) [ahh yeah] hot  
damn I'm great

See me forgetting on the top of every set

Heard about million and one of my songs, my  
favorite's Holy Intellect

Check Wise on the rise I emerge from slum

Come one come all see, the teacher heal the dumb

Cause, this hit the teacher givin birth to a ghetto style  
display, most poor people of the planet

can relate to, poverty in a song

Conquered and divided, tricked and undecided

Black people in oppresion, so the old ones tell about it

So when I forget ya what I think ya need to know

Understanding jamming mind and Culture Freedom

tell ya so  
No black no white, cause black be's first  
Son of man, take a stand, for black children of the  
earth  
Just, just check out teacher and the way that I evolved  
Since last time, I'm truely perfection  
But, don't balance this with the other LP  
For the last rhymes, cause there's no connection  
If I was the DJ Father Sha he'd come and tell em what  
I'd say...  
"Hot damn I'm great"

Chorus: repeat two lines 4X

See draw the clear picture of the teacher teachin this  
It's, sort of smooth, roughness  
Plus this flow go more miles back  
God's gotta be that of a leader in this thing called rap  
Cause, this hit the teacher on the roads often travelled  
by the multitude, Culture Freedom knows it best  
Some of them got a problem with the Gods in the  
house  
Cause we don't sleep, traitor interpretate this  
Allah equal God equal He with supreme qualities  
You best believe God's real and  
If it's God Sha, it's gotta be  
("Tribe... called... P... R... T-T...")  
Culture Free, Father Sha, and me, cause  
This hit the teacher on a whole nother level  
with a clear scope, and range on things hang  
out by the speaker if you're weak or come and eat  
From the strong song, that's if you are what you eat  
Never will I teach ya that of poison and disguise it  
with a beat, the tree of life be's me  
Sweet chariot, come fi carry me home, and I pray...  
"Hot damn I'm great"

\*interpretations of chorus to end

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