

**Angie Martinez F/ Busta Rhymes****"Lost at Birth"**

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Clear the way for the prophets of rage  
Engagin' on the stage, on a track  
Tell Jack stay in the back  
I was born  
Every level I'm on  
You're warned  
Just in case you forgot  
I pump in kilowatts  
To let 'em know which direction  
To go what's up I wanna know  
I test the front row  
Forgiven the givin' while the livin' is livin' it up  
So many people is sleepin' while standin' up  
Not dressed to impress or fess it  
That's it text to the brain like FedEx  
Treated one and the same  
'Cause the name of the game  
Don't give 'em checks above necks  
Some don't realize the same side  
Siddity in the city  
Suburbs or projects  
But we're livin' in a different time  
Some speed, some lead  
While some jus' pump rhymes  
Then again all in da same gang  
Info to flow  
And heal all below  
Let's go and find  
The piece of mind that's taken  
Or else the black  
or start breakin'  
Public Enemy no!

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