

## Saul Williams "DNA"

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Feel the music son, we got you programmed like a beat  
When I press snare, yo, guard your grill  
Press kick, you move your feet, you can?t compete  
I got my hydrants parked on every street

I?m federal nigga, son of sun, come close and feel the  
heat  
I am the streets, the white lines only separate me from  
me  
You hydroplane in false gods name and still crash into  
me  
Sign and tree, mountainside, guardrail into the sea

They thought they stole you from my arms then carried  
you to me  
Here?s the key, DNA encoded in a beat  
White rocks in a vial, nigga, ain?t got nuthin? on me  
Bitch I?m free, ask these editors at MTV

Far as they know they?re publishing some new school  
poetry  
Let it be ?cause even that will do to turn the key  
Doorways into other worlds, the truth shall set you free  
You are me, I am you, but also I?m he

Shepherd of a bastard flock that grazes in the streets  
Feel the beat nod your head lean back, yo, touch your  
feet  
Let me see you pop that thang right there girl in your  
seat  
Feel the heat, count this page amongst your whitest  
sheets  
Comfort in my every word slide under countless sheep

Hail Mary, Mother of God  
Got the whole host of angels shuffling in my iPod  
Niggas learned to raise their voices when I lowered my  
rod  
Staff of Moses, Pharaoh knows it, son, my word is my  
bond

Tune my heart with mind, speak my nature, divine

Callin' shit into existence back in '79  
With the future in my pocket tightly gripped like a 9  
Keep my finger on the trigger waiting for the right time

Ancient niggas align, path of cosmic design  
Blood of kings 'cause Saturn's rings don't need no  
diamonds to shine  
Yes, the reason for the season, ornamented divine  
Coded Language of the mystics with my fist in the sky

Keep your head up, we represent the real, my nigga  
dead up  
Book of the dead, history bled, this nigga fed up  
Led us to despair, some into prayer and they won't let  
up  
Until they got us worshiping them false gods instead of  
the realness  
God of the streets, my niggas feel this

We nod our heads and worship through beats  
Go ahead and kneel  
It's the love that makes the cipher complete  
And it'd displayed through the way the bass line  
marries the beat

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Keep your head up

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