

Decipher

"Angry Asian Man Feat. Manifest & Dj Zo"

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DECIPHER:

I was given a gift
could picture the pain of my people, paint it perfect,
depict it as if
it was me trying to get at a citizenship, some wouldn't
get on the ship
but I understand them, call you chink, can't understand
it
but you recognize hate in their eyes,
but they can't see yours, your eyes are slanted
our parents were fiending for their share of the green
was it arrogant greed, the American dream,
or the care to succeed as America's cleaners
apparently we the slaves now, picking their cotton and
pressing it flat
pick it up promptly, ready in half an hour to an hour,
now the question is asked
credit or cash? we probably better at math or so I've
been told
tried to divide our division in half,
in addition to that, they know we got soul
low and behold, we folding their clothes, language
barriers bury us
we drive terribly, curious how we got cast in Fast and
the Furious
the problem being Bobby Lee is proudly being an Uncle
Tomagachi
Hollywood got him good, wouldn't watch me serving
hot
tea, work a wok, he the perfect Chinese
role model, eyeglasses made out of Coke bottles
TaeKwanDo spokes model, sister's an import model
I am not gonna follow.

MANIFEST:

What's wrong with an Asian rapping? everything.
people rather see me study medicine,
'stead of picking up a mic, spitting in the booth
try to pick a fight cause you looking similar to Bruce
but I had soul as a lasso, through the backdoor
had to blast off from the plateau

went from sitting in the back row to killing rap shows
leaving assholes baffled, I put us on the map yo
never mind your remarks Imma go hard
till I'm getting more customers than Walmart
and we're not just doctors, watch us
rock this mic till hiphop just prospers
get rid of the middleman now wit the internet, better
give hundred percent
and credit the veterans never contend wit them,
listen they telling them "Mani went in"
I'm breaking the trend, maybe I'm born to be different
what an epiphany, gonna make history now
who the ones that did this to me now,
throw a diss get a fist to the mouth Imma show yall
please make no noise, I don't mind if you hate my
voice, respect me
and it's not just music, props to the man overseas who
made Old Boy
this the new generation of Asians,
killing all the stereotypes having a hell of a time
always thought if you living by the rules and you never
making moves, then it's better to die
the majority will generalize instead of giving
recognition
solely cause of the shape of our eyes?
sweeter than grapes on a vine,
all you suckas need to see greatness, put the hate to
the side
let me rise.

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