

Guru f/ Jean Grae, Talib Kweli

"Power, Money and Influence"

Visit "[Power, Money and Influence](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Power, money and influence
I had a taste of it, now I'm all into it
The game ain't over 'till I get my share
'till I have my run, this here is my year

[Jean Grae]

Man, I'm a tycon, whether in person or slick right on
Crisp Nikes on, six niggaz with sick pythons
Right around your area, face close like a scared
straight playin your host, you get bitched out
This ain't fluffin a rang, this clip ain't bang
You sittin lame duck, shittin on the names stuck
I vow this year, power's mine
If I gotta sketch up my name, empowering rhymes
If I gotta attend jail just to boost up the sales
I know a labor owner that I'd love to bruise up for bail
I know my family got it, they pull together but it's
amniotic
I mean baby like askin for a name spot it
The talent, the influential and erotic
Put on the back burner but potential as a parent
Every track is a murder but could treat it like lobonic
The play that graze here, now MC's in a daze mind

[Chorus]

[Guru]

In one second flat I tear your whole frame
Plus we pack like a stadium does, at a pro game
Got so many ways to end yo glory
Rub you out, shut you down, then it's end of story
I'm like Robert Horry with a clutch three
You can't touch me, the black double oh-seven, nigga
trust me
Modern day Ali when it comes to the rhyme
Know how to hold the fort down when they comin for
mine
I'm crafty, I move swift and changeable
Plus I'm aware, of what jealousy and anger do
You can't help yourself then you can't help me

Can't smell what the truth is then you can't smell me
You can tell a million stories about how gully you are
Then as soon as you finish, I'm be pullin your card
I step so courageously, I rap so amazingly
I guess you could say, that niggaz slept on me
basically

[Chorus] 2X

[Talib Kweli]

Jean Grae, Kweli, Guru, for the first time
Let the games begin like Jaceson Taylor wrote his first
rhyme
Technology make niggaz lazy, with the pro tools
Even you could write your verse in the booth like you
were Jay-Z
A Hollywood between reality tv and rap
Is there ain't no more use for the classically trained
actor
First light bulb ever made is still burnin
They sell the ones that burn out to take the money you
earnin
Word that marijuana grow too natural to be a cash crop
we have cops at bars, smokin squares, throwin back
shots
They walk the street and bring the heat to the apshalts
Servin, protectin the half, beatin on the half not
Niggaz talk greasy in the magazines
'Till they track down and you hear the sounds of loaded
magazines
Havin dreams 'till they ribs got a gat in between
Passion for cream, make a nigga wanna splatter your
spleen
That shit is mean

[Chorus] 2X

Visit [Guru f/ Jean Grae, Talib Kweli](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.