

## The Judds

### "Pop's Rap III"

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[Pops]

Hey, hey old bean  
And you to baby sweetness  
Yeah, this is Pops, and I'm back in the studio  
And I didn't have to break in this time  
I'm back as a special guest by special request  
And I want to thank my son for loaning me this  
microphone once again  
They may have to wrassle to get it back  
You know, as a result of my son Common touring the  
world  
Pops has acquired a wonderful extended family  
From around the globe  
he has returned with positive messages to my earlobes  
From all my children From Mexico, Brazil, Italy, Japan  
And of course in the motherland  
Even in the orient, they know what I meant  
Nanaan, tanaan, tinaan, hanchinaan  
So I didn't come in here to give any shouts out  
I came to give praise and honor and to identify my  
children  
Who've been saying and doing the right things  
You know they sat on those nines of 1999  
and kept them from turning upside down  
And teaching the babies  
to love, to be able to give love  
And to enter the new century with their own prophecy  
The century of amends  
You see I deal with the premise that all children are  
ours  
And that we all travel the same path  
It's just that we don't get there at the same time  
(See you next lifetime) See you next lifetime  
And to my children running around here  
talking about how nice is they ice  
that they've already paid for twice  
What karat is they gold  
that was yours before you were done in the hole  
Or that crew from 1629, buy some land  
Think agriculture; beat that neighborhood  
which you claim you love so dear

Are you mankind or what kind of a man?  
See, Pops is straight out of the garden  
from when the world was starting brand new,  
Hip Hop, Hip Hop, the language of the underground  
railroad  
In it's purest form  
Yeah true hip hop is just like the Underground Railroad  
If the message is not for you  
It can sit on your nose and your brain remain froze  
So when you see me traveling on a spiritual high  
I'm flying high with Cee-Lo  
Or maybe watching my long's heart dancing to a De La  
flow  
Everybody knows there's no fruit on the tree with The  
Roots  
And Black Star said we are what we are  
The Knowledge Of Self Determination  
And my little homie KG  
Up there in Minnesota milking 10000 lakes  
Keep the heat on em', we got to be kind to the growing  
mind  
So if your heart is real  
You will hear Big Will and Ms. Lauryn Hill  
If your love is true, you will hear Badu-ism  
And you can't go right until you go left  
and get some ingredients from the music chef Jazzy  
Jeff  
Children, I've traveled this globe  
north to south, east to west  
And whenever my soul appears lost  
I turn to the musical stylings of a Tribe Called Quest  
Okay, we ready to get out of here  
We ready to take it home now  
Just so everybody knows  
When Pops get ready to say something good  
I mean when it's time for me to lay it on the wood  
And it ain't no time for no shecky shecky  
That's when I turn to a Black Girl Named Betty  
Y'all looking for the only truth and it doesn't even exist  
I just come to give love and peace and honor to all my  
children

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