Man Method "Bulworth They Talk About It While We Live It"

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Prodigy]

Aiyyo, wordup Dunn

Man you know how I feel

Gotta be more to it than this, word up

[Doing an impression of Scarface]

This what it's all about Dunn? Uh?

Eating, drinking, fucking, sucking (Can't understand)

Whattup, I don't know baby

Nah man, it's not, it's not yo word up

I'm tellin you right now

I know this shit though, aiyyo

Disagreeable, foul energy, tryin to

absorb my energy, knowin it's the strength of me

Take a few to give me a edge

My green light shine bright, Kryptonite type

Fully operational, my physical cream

Put the bottles of smoke down, pick up a magazine

Popped it inside the AR-15

Put it aside, round up the regime

While you rely on religion, I hold a nine

on the mission, to pull fire on your opposition

Revelation was the vision of this

Crack the heavens, it's time to bring the business, shit

My story goes back to them lost Pyramids

I'm seeing things that you won't believe exists

He use a Lunar-tick, suspended in time Dunn

The secondary light got your mind

You rock the fatigues, to squab until ?popular? guns

But are you really prepared, for the things to come?

[KRS-One]

Check it out

True underground sound from the Boogie Down

Uptown Downtown gather round for the showdown, in they faces

Calling out these racists, at Rolling Stone

Spin Details and other places, KRS is The Source

Fuck these magazine leadin hip-hop off course

You'll print about Black Mayors, Black Senators

Why you ain't got no Black Editors?

Everytime I do an interview in Rolling Stone

They send in me a writer that look like he's Home Alone

Ignorant, to the culture and the microphone

This has got to stop -- your whole spot

is blown sky high, battle why try?

My view is bird's eye, scopin with my third eye

You don't understand, why you're publically banned

until you recognize the writing skills of a black man

Black Editor, all of us ain't thuggin

Gossiping over who's homosexual

Some of us are Black Intellectuals, up in Harlem World

You can't get with me, so now in Midtown

you wanna stop and talk to me?

Bitch ass journalist, is this your fake hip-hop publication?

Look I'm burnin this

[Method Man]

How many didn't want to see it happen

Street moves, live from Staten, if life is a joke, nobody laughin

Hate to see a brother do good through legal action

So you sabotage and throw a Def in the Squad

Fo'-fo's blastin, keep the po-po flashin

these Dark Soul Assassins, Jake's hate the Gods with a passion

So I keep it movin in an orderly, fashion

Pedal to the floor -- peep the Jim Crow law, mind control theory

Y'all niggaz don't hear me, Generation Next

Droppin fast who's next, next to get wet

by the reign of the tech-knowledgy, follow me

Open up wide now, swallow me, every calorie

is reality the truth, the whole truth and

nothin but the truth, taste is the proof

These niggaz want the Juice, and in the crossfire

be the youth, who didn't learn to duck when they shoot [KAM] What kind of party is this, it's that political kind Where America's best, most hypocritical minds Try they hands at keepin y'all deaf dumb and blind And for the right dollar sign, do white collar crime behind suits, and clean shaves I confuse em and use em as tools and slaves Because my schools is graves and jobs is plantations --I robs the damn nation so I can live in luxury, you fucks with me You marryin the dirt and I'ma throw in the tux for free I tell the people what they wanna hear I make em laugh and cheer, and then they re-elect me every year So when the coast is clear, I stop duckin and start back doin dope, cussin and fuckin I kiss the babies, shake hands, wave and smile for flicks That's my style, my pol-i-tricks Triple-Six convicts, lyin is automatic in the government, Republican or Democratic Fuck Freedom, Justice and Equality Nigga just accept my apology and suck this trick-

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