

Mr. Lif / Aesop Rock, El-P

"Take, Hold, Fire!"

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[Mr. Lif]

Take my check
Take my intellect
Take my self-respect
Ban my dialect
Hang me from a tree
Slice my neck
Take my head as a monument of the hatred of
opposites
Take the time to sell my culture
Count how you profited
Take a break
Take two
What's it gonna take to make you
Understand the man I equate to
I create crews
One thousand, two thousand
Fuck it, bring the whole central housing
Take a trip to free brothers from penitentiaries
Judges steady handing out centuries
That nigga got life for growing weed
Ah! See the plan?
He could never be a man
Never get to help his fam
Just like Apartheid that didn't die back in '91
Parents were subject to interference
If they caught you late trying to raise a son or daughter
They'd use a gun or a knife as they summoned
slaughter
And I wish I could ring the blood out of your clothes
Give you back your afros and your strong black nose
But what's done is done
Who's gone is gone
Once again, the sun illuminates bodies at dawn
And I yawn and grow weary
Succumbed to old theory
That strips my wits of thoughts I used to hold dearly
So clearly the gold nearly ended existence
A young brother who hungers, lying there shiftless
A rich brother who hovers, hoarding his riches
A fatal divide

Acts of the colonized

It's a worldwide unwise data that leaks when we speak

Repeats 'till decency depletes

Then leaks through our moral fabric forming havoc

We're left reminiscing what was written on a tablet

It's a path we've forgotten - lost in our heads

And I know they're listening - so P.S. fuck the feds!

[Aesop Rock]

And I know they're listening - so P.S. fuck the feds!

Hold weight, hold water, hold your head above the latter

While I'm at it, hope your story holds a little when it matters

The mold inside his holding cell became proof of the leak

Now he holds his tongue behind his teeth in a room with police

One call allotted, tried to holler at his cousin

Who couldn't hold his liquor, let alone hold the discussion

20 seconds in he pass out on the hold button

'Till his quarter ran out with the dreams of ever holding something

No, it isn't folklore - Yes, it's morbid

If he hold heat, he'd probably hold grudges, not horses

We grew up in the hold it now hit it

When hold it down meant it was better to hold the crown, not the image

You bow to a gimmick, you bound to hold back the incentive

Which your friends will hold against you

When you haul back to the village

Fall back, crawl back to the killers

Who couldn't hold a candle to the actual definition of "illest"

[EI-P]

Little man said I was fired

Under artificial fire up in the sky

Florescent tungsten hovered under cubicle design

Interrupted just before final synaptic nerve could fire

And I lost count right as I got up to the last digit in Pi

What a fiery piece of trash (bastard)

Why, I ought to fire the boomstick in your face and tell the tribe that it was (magic)

You tried to take my soul but now it's (fire in the hole)

And I'm fired up

Walking through the office firing automatics

You didn't start the fire - you simply sparked it

Next time you light a fire under my ass better hope that

you're flame retardant
Arson is in my bent heart - you're begging to see the
(billow)
Of the smokes of the fires of Odin - enter the fire
starter
See, every little monotonous moment that I punched
the clock was equivalent to furnace fuel
In the form of a (fiery rock)
Welcome to trial by fire measured in Celsius
You can fire me from the job but I promise I'm walking
out the office healthiest

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