

# The Prediction

K'la

[Rich Nice]What's happenin brothers and sisters?  
Welcome to our time  
[Jessica Care Moore]Afro-Angels hide my weapons in tangles  
Black Star Spangled, fragile like hematite with the East oils I write  
In spite the lack of sunlight, got my battle boots tight  
Now that the government's gone, can't tell your left from your right  
We the assassins laughin while the New World's collapsin  
Mother Earth's ribs crashed in, armored carways I'm blastin  
As the Earth rebels now womb swells  
The birth of Black Magic, savin my people force of habit  
You can't find if you ain't never had it  
Spiritually crafted blackness and hair-twisted ghetto embargo lifted  
Power-shifitin comb-fistin I predict Goddesses you runnin after witches  
I kiss my fourteen stitches

Keep all my baby girl wishes  
I predict all the oceans turn dry  
Not one baby girl will cry as you attempt to grow broccoli from the desert  
We will take our pregnant bodies, drink from underground rivers  
Wash your face between our legs  
While recreating humanity, we will summon yem and yaw  
Search for our fertility, ban all pink and yellow pills  
Ban all pink and yellow pills  
I predict killing fields of ghetto armpatch anti-Hatch  
Hate groups will be bombed  
Childbirth becomes outlawed  
Always will be branded numbered and barred  
All paper money is gone  
Though few scholars can interpret our scrolls  
Your sky has holes  
We know the young is old  
Nastradamus tell us how the story gets told

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