The Adventures In Wonderland

The Roots

Fuck, kill, and prosper is the gospel of Wonderland
Where street sands are quick to suck you down to the abyss
With the lure of pure bliss if you kiss the dicks of the niggaz?
Never, Nosferatu's, those witches and warlocks in blue
Government gumshoe, keepers of the First Zoo
Who? Me?
I'm the modern day vixen vampire slayer
Unauthorized player, in the capitalist contest to see who "Gets Money"
No milk and honey, in this land 'coz justice has been banned
So it's play dirty or die by the hand that's holding all the guns
Plunged, deep into religion was my first decision
To save me and my daughter's lives
But I can't thrive off spirit and scripture the picture grew clearer
I made the move to rear her in a life wanting for nothing
So I got into this drug thing not doing, but dealing, sealing fates
And healing struggle gaped wounds of the doomed became my mission
Izm was just too small time, I had to find the best design to
Fuck with the massive motherfuckers minds, and pockets
So I sold [Incomprehensible] kits and alleyway thigh splits for two bits
And five year old preschool pussy
And once strong now bony backs and stretched out
Weary racks of snatch, in other words, I sold crack
Morality was buried deep, beneath the new Jeep
Silk sheets and money heaps
Still the good mother, I sent my daughter off to
Boarding school to keep shit under cover
All the while envisioning myself
A champion of ghetto causes
Plus his, game I was playing, and winning
While sinning, against myself and soul to get the gold
I was the Female Don, the Crack Queen
To me I seemed unstoppable, my coffers full
I went buckwild, wanting more like the pipe worn whores
I began to deplore
No time for playing with my coochie counting my man's mad lucci
While he was up inside some hoochie's loose piece
I signed the checks and, I counted out the cash
Wasn't saving ass for no niggaz sent upriver

I thought my shit was tight, 'til my empire started to quiver

Taking every chance, under surveillance being listened to
And watched, like Assata Shakur my place on the top was no more sure
Loose lips flipped the script, the fantasy trip, swiftly ended
It took no time to blend in with the population prison
My jaded vision, busted like a cherry every, dream I had now tainted bad
I fucked and I killed to prosper
Upheld each tenant, of the ghastly gospel
Shift to a different wonderland to pay the price for my vice
A land of fields to toil in like slaves
No lillies in this field, just plenty of souls to save
Plenty of fat uniformed rats with below average size cocks
That slither through cell locks in the night
Lactating tits being licked, left and right
Plenty of coochie burning with desire
Like black churches in the South
Black prayers and pussy on fire
Penned up behind barbed wire
Me and my fellow female mammals, animals
Bitches in cages, bodies racked with hormone rages
Minds haunted by our children's faces
They mace us with promises of rehabilitation slash corruption
Place smoking guns in empty hands of native sisters and sons
I joined in this nation's favorite pasttime on a quest to gets mine
Now I'm passing time standing on line
In the commissary to buy Maxi-Pads
Instead of shopping at Barney's for Chanel bags
Nana who raised me, went to bed a-dazed via my mistakes
And my daughter hates me for what I did
And I'm fucked and I'm stuck doing the Devil's bid
Being locked in a moral corrupt crib
Missing my kid
Hey girl, you wanna get finger fucked tonight?
I swear I'll stick it in and up tight just right
Yo sis, I've had to kill and shit
Just blow my head pretty and I'll give you a slip
Alright ladies, lights out

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