

# Zimzallabim

## Mos Def

Yo I'm live with it, low, middle, the high with it  
And that's how I'ma live and die with it  
Hold up and down your spine with it  
Like Zimzallabim, Jack Johnson, yes my dog, right with them!  
The most special, most ghetto, most method, most valuable  
Rep my avenue like is the damn state capital  
Coming shadows to mind, a better mark of rap-ness  
On slaves who high jacked the slave ships  
The hackers who remapped the matrix  
And built the road back to basics  
And get ya all off that strain shit  
You know this other cats run game with, it's tainted  
Consider this the moment that changed it, now!  
Jack john's stand strong never bow down  
Back off or get clapped dog right about pow  
For east to the west, up north to down south  
We show you how to really make mosh pit bounce  
Show you how the gritty make the ghetto wild out  
First letters that I wrote when I sketch the script down  
I'm live with it  
Low, middle, the high with it  
And that's how I'ma live and die with it  
I shine with it, rhyme with it, reveal and recognize with it  
The ghetto know what time is it, when I spit it  
Me 9-semi, an iron lion strike with it  
See Dr. Know string a knot and make 'em ride with it And look alive  
Ghetto rock with me  
Look alive  
Ghetto rock with me  
Aha yeah  
Throw it up  
Ghetto rock with me  
Show it up  
Ghetto rock with me Born to rock, since my pawn shift rise ?  
Rock the booze water on any bully on your block  
My flow tighter than a big titties halter top  
Doper than a Floyd flake that they bought they pops  
Since I bright a con duke of course I'm not  
My sharp mind join the dots and blow they plots

A lot of cats talk noise a lot, but then the noise is stopped

When the heavy sound voice in charge

And this is no Limp Bizkit this is jack's fat cock

Loaded up slightly back, ghetto black rock

Brooklyn got bomb-rush that you can't stop

These the hungry hands that goin' snatch your cash box

I never gave a second what on "the fuck is with y'all?"

Cause my first thought covered it all

You whack!

And I don't care what you sound since not mumbling y'all

Cause you can't do me nothing at all

Which means, you can't shine my shoes watch my drawers

Clean my cloth walk my dog moan my loan

On other words dude I don't need shit from them

All I got is hard rhymes and hot spit for them

And yeah, I got the country new (rat) for them

See how dark it can get for them?

Tell their mommas THAT'S IT for them

Get the flowers, they'll sing for them

A sad story how it'll end for them

That's what you get for not listenin' fire!

And a long rest in kumbayah

You stand strong you can't move higher

You move in "how we all can move higher?"

Ready to roll like new tire

Well I can show you who the true lion

True power move quiet through the understanding of the science We live with it, no middle, the high with it

And that's how we goin' live and die with it

Now ride with it

Yeah, ghetto rock with me

Ghetto rock with me

Ghetto rock with me

Ghetto rock! Ghetto

Motherfuckers!

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