

# Zimzallabim

## Mos Def

[Intro] Yeah  
Give it to 'em  
yes,yes,yes,yes,aha ah!  
Ghetto people..this one's for you  
And you and you and you  
And you and you in the front  
yo!

Jack Johnson (aha) live and stompin  
Undisputed heavy weights champ (aha) of the world  
[Verse 1] 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 rapeness  
On slaves who high jacked the slave ships  
The hackers who remapped the matrix  
And built the road back to basics  
And getcha 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 moshpit 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 recognise 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  
[Verse 2]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 gon snatch your cash box  
I never gave a second what on "the fuck is with y'all?"

Cuz my first thought covered it all

**YOU WHACK!!!**

And I don't care what you sound since not mumblin 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 (raaattttt) 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 thru the understandin of the science

[Outro]We live with it, no middle, the high with it

And that's how we gon 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!

Freaky radio!

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