

# Penny for a Thought

Saul Williams

Cancel the apocalypse  
Cartons of the Milky Way with pictures of a missing planet  
Last seen in pursuit of an American dream  
This fool actually thinks he can drive his hummer on the moon  
Blasting DMX off the soundtrack of a south park cartoon  
Niggas used to buy their families out of slavery  
Now we buy chains and links, smokes and drinks  
They're paying me to record this, even more if you hear it  
Somebody tell me what you think I should do with the money  
Yes, friend tell me what you think I should do with the money  
Exactly how much is it gonna cost to free mumia?  
What's he gonna do with his freedom? Talk on the radio?  
Radio programming is just that, a brainwashin' gleamed of purpose  
To be honest, some freedom of speech makes me nervous  
And you looking for another martyr in the form of a man  
Hair like a mane with an outstretched hand  
In a roar of hearts, thoughts, reactionary defensiveness and counter  
Intelligence What exactly is innocence?  
Fuck it, I do believe in the existence of police brutality  
Who do I make checks payable to?  
A young child stares at a glowing screen transfixed by tales of violence  
His teenage father tells him that that's life, not that Barney shit  
A purple dinosaur that speaks of love, a black man that speaks of blood  
Which one is keeping it real, son? Who manufactured your steel, son?  
Hardcore, ancient elements at the earth's  
core  
Fuck it, I'mma keep speaking 'til my throats sore  
An emcee told a crowd of hundreds to put their hands in the air  
An armed robber stepped to a bank  
And told everyone to put their hands in the air  
A Christian minister gives his benediction  
While the congregation hold their hands in the air  
Love the image of the happy Buddha with his hands in the air  
Hands up and feel confused, define tomorrow  
Your belief system ain't louder than my car system  
Nigga walked down my block with his rotwiler  
A sub woofer on a leash each one teach one  
The DJ spins a new philosophy into a barren mind, I can't front on it  
My head nods as if to clear the last image from an etch-a-sketch  
Something like Rakim said, I could quote any emcee, but why should I?  
How would it benefit me? Karmic repercussions  
Are your tales of reality worth their sonic laced discussions?  
Suddenly, the ground shivers and quakes, a newborn startles and wakes  
Her mother rushes to her bed side to hold her to her breast  
Milk of sustenance heals and nourishes  
From the depths of creation life still flourishes  
Yet we focus on death and destruction, violence, corruption  
My people, let Pharaoh go  
What have you bought into? How much will it cost to buy you out?

What have you bought into? How much will it cost to buy you out?  
 What have you bought into? How much will it cost to buy you out?How much it gonna cost to buy you out of  
 my mind?  
 Penny for a thought, y'all niggas is half steppin' wastin' my time  
 Please, nigga what? You talkin' to me?  
 Please baby, baby, baby can I borrow  
 Can I borrow a nickel, a dime, and that quarterPenny for a thought, penny for a thought  
 How much will it cost to buy you out of buyin' into a reality that  
 Originally bought you? Dime a dozen, y'all niggas a dime a dozen  
 Penny for a thought, nigga, c'mon, penny for a thought  
 Think fast, think fast, c'mon, time is moneyTime is money, money is time  
 So I keep 7 o'clock in the bank and gain interest in the hour of God  
 I'm saving to buy my freedom, God, grant me wings, I'm too fly not to fly  
 I soared further past humans without wings so I soar  
 And fine tickling the feathers of my wings  
 Flying hysterically, over land numerically  
 I am seven mountains higher than the valley of deathSeven mountains higher than the valley of death  
 Seven dimensions deeper than dimensions of breath  
 Seven mountains higher than the valley of death  
 Seven dimensions deeper than dimensions of breathWe're performing an exorcism on all this keep it real-ism  
 Violence, sensationalism  
 In the name of the hip hop that nurtured me, cultured me  
 We are ordering all evil entities to exit this body, leave this bodyIn the name of microphone fiends and a young  
 boy's b-boy dreams  
 We draw you to leave this body, leave this body  
 All evil entities, all wannabe emcees  
 Decoys, decoys, send in the true b-boysThe true b-boys be men, motherfuckers  
 Be men in the name of Scott la rock, in the name of T-la rock  
 Motherfuckers don't remember how to do the Reeboks  
 Walk, hop, I told you to leave this body, leave this body, leave this body  
 I told you to leave this body, leave this bodyMotherfuckers must think I'm crazy  
 Shit, I think y'all motherfuckers is crazy  
 I want my fuckin' MTV  
 Penny for a thought, nigga, penny for a thought  
 What the fuck have you bought into?

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