The Birth (broken Hearts)

Rza

Yeah, you knowwhatimean?
'Cause yo, this right here
Is called Knowledge of Self
When you apply that to yourself, you know yourself
You understand, yo, it's gonna get your third eye opened
You can see things for what they are, and not what they appear to be
Wanna kick the knowledge and pass this information to you?
Yo, there go the God right there, yo Peace, Born Knowledge
Peace God (Peace what up Bobby?)
Yo, yo don't even call me Bobby no more, man (What I call you?)
My name is Prince Rakeem (Today's Mathematics?)
I see Today's Mathematics is being wisdom
Let me explain to you this way, God, the way I see it
Chorus female singer sample
Ever since my Birth (no one there!)
I've had no one to care (worried all I know yeah!)
They say wisdom, is the wise words spoken
By a brother attemptin' to open
The graves, of these mentally dead slaves
Who've been lost on a cross, for decades
And centuries, lookin' for the liberty
But receive nothin', but misery
And hard times, and things of that nature
By the devil in a genocide caper
Little Boy Peep, has lost his sheep
But I found 'em, in a deep long sleep
Nine thousand miles away from home
Livin' the life of a modern-day Flintstone
We the people, supposed to be equal
But the men who wrote that, they was evil
Slave owners, who did not include us
They just used us, and abused us
First they trick you, then mentally kill you
And use technologies, to rebuild you
This whole plan was a perfect scam

See that's why they called it, the Six Million Dollar Man
Six is the limitation of the Devil
In the Million square miles of land that he settles

Put you in a three piece suit, give you loot
Chemicals in your head to make you look cute
They use you as a fool to deceive your own people
And fillin' my children head with pins and needles
But I'll take out the pins you inserted
And I'll avenge all my mothers that you murdered
And brutalized, by this modern form of slavery
To speak the truth it takes bravery
And no man could stop my flow
Because I know what I speak and I speak what I know
Yo, as a life can be slowed down 20 frames per second
Seen through Panavision
The inner light inside my mind's shines expands the prism
A man of wisdom, victorious and the glorious
Sight beyond sight we stand up as Divine Warriors
Who smite with the mighty right hand of God
Yield the holy sword, swings the holy rod
Then bathe in the pond of Nirvana, escape the realm of Karma
Allow the true grace of God to shine through my persona
And build the reconstructional terms that's constructive
As we destroy the negative germs that's destructive
Productively, sincerely, we uphold the righteous banner
With the gold touch of Midas, mold the righteous hammer
And anvil, to the sound of Man-drill
Ignite to the speed of light cause time to stand still
Rewrite the script of Egypt, who made the Holy Bible
Or Koran, how long ago, who made the Holy Title?
Of I Self Lord And Master, who control the vital
Parts of your heart, who wrote the wise recitals?
Ruler Zig-Zag-Zig Allah, Arm-Leg-Leg-Arm-Head
Still puzzled like the jigsaw

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