

# The Hidden Hand

Fat Joe

Yeah time to educate the youth (Speak on it God)  
'Cause if we won't then who will? (True)  
Terror Squad style yo  
(Speak on it God)Yo I was a wild adolescent blessed with the foul essence  
Messin around with the wrong crowd I learned my lesson  
Stressin all the things that I have not  
I pray to God I get my Uncle out the crack spotI hear mad shots homicide come and play Matlock  
But never crack the case cause the defendant's a bad cop  
You feel me fam? The devil's got a plan  
That's why Farrakhan formed a Million Man up in WashingtonThe Hidden Hand even planned this man  
Have me goin hand to hand, killin my own clan  
But now I understand and see the big picture  
Fuck cryin about the struggle, I teach you how to get richerShit is a hassle in this rotten apple, kids robbin  
coppin capsules  
Rockin tattoos, boppin with ankles locked in shackles  
Got the cops joggin at you, spittin rounds of clips, they down wit it  
New clowns'll make you feel as if the Bill of Rights is counterfeitNow it's been written that all men are equal,  
but then it's legal  
When they beat us and treat us as if we're different people  
We go for delf, fuck the cop's health  
I'd rather drop shelf and let off shots until my Glock melts'Cause God dealt us a helpless hand, they made us  
sell this land  
So the palest man could build a selfish plan  
You know we can't trust the government, cause Uncle Sam is smugglin  
Drugs for us to hustle all the stuff for himEven McGruff is in it, gettin a percentage  
Takin advantage, punishin just blacks and hispanicsMy heart is cold as ice, so I know I'm sheist, Big Pun was  
the kid  
That no one liked, my whole life, is one big roll of the dice  
Payin a price twice as expensive as white kids  
Destined for Riker's not knowin my existence was pricelessIT'S LIKE THIS, my soul was lifeless, I earned  
stripes  
Fightin the nicest in the crisis I slice em in half and make em dash  
Like hyphens, invitin any rapper to Clash With the Titan  
The writing's like fighting cause rappers be biting like TysonI'm hypein the crowd, keepin em Loud like my  
label  
I'm proud I'm able to lift from the bowels of the ghetto  
I found me a little sanity inside a career and a family  
No more wars and renderin tears to insanitySo keep the salary and tear the mic, cause I love it  
There's my life, you judge it, fuck it Seis, I don't want itI'm a Dominican, stranded in New York like Filligan

Don't want to get locked up in the pen again  
 But here they come, the faggots and cuffs, searchin for guns  
 Turnin they ride on the side of the curb to see who runs  
 They authorize the beast to walk the streets holdin heat  
 Four deep, we puff production, my cheek, you know my steez  
 Fuck the police, usin "probable cause" to break laws  
 Behind the badge you try to cover up your racial war  
 I got somethin for you boys in blue  
 The system poisoned you, blew your cover, now what you supposed to do?  
 I never let the faggot pull the trig first  
 It won't be no American flag over my hearse  
 What's worse, you know they disperse for bucks  
 So take caution in the streets cause our protection sucks  
 This dude, he had the darkest pads  
 Who dressed up in the heart of brash  
 Forever talkin trash  
 How he stacked niggaz to almanac  
 Gunshots to corner four police informants  
 Stood like he modeled the latest fashions, sidewalk sideshow  
 Performance  
 He raised the pull of grace, a razor blew his face  
 Force calm the ?sere? plus a pack of the ?dunga dun? laced with  
 Toothpaste  
 Life ain't to be gambled son, you could get trampled  
 By people that act more like animals than mammals  
 high off enamel  
 That's what his poppa said whose locked  
 for droppin Akmed  
 In the candy store robbery probably to get his veins fed  
 He ain't listen, he became a braindead cocaine head  
 Older Mexicans knew, they killed him eatin ?bagualitos?  
 But hey little kids, don't follow these dopes  
 What? Uh-huh, yea I can dig that  
 They call me Prospect, I just came back from ?  
 Had this track on pause, now I'm back on course  
 It's lost on the Ave, tryin to take my life from the past  
 Get this legal cash, ? without dad  
 Kinda sad how he got dragged down to negativity  
 Only if he had one love, trust for liberty  
 This world would be a better place, get what it takes  
 In a race to racism replace the snake in em  
 Bad ones, want to spend lives and discriminate  
 I'm tryin to keep this positive vibe, and from that  
 I generate to the top, like Puffy won't stop  
 I'm mature now, with one knot, from tryin to get locked  
 And to the shorties on the block, tryin to twist 40 tops  
 Get your act together, do some carpentry with a Black n Decker  
 And stop speedin like a Kawasaki  
 From my life, to your life, I'm touchin everybody  
 Twinz watch me  
 Everything we speak is the truth  
 From Prospect to Munroe, here in a hot second  
 The whole world run know, everything we speak is the truth  
 Terror Squad

#### Songwriters

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