

Profhet, 1968 (feat. James Portier)

Sho Baraka

Ya'll ready? Ok, Marty, we ready!
Let's put it in the red I lost it, I lost it a long time ago
I died already, I got one life to go
Executives, they put us on the shelf, they say we counterfeit
I got the answers but they don't know what the problem is
I fight the power but they want me to dance
I do the right thing cause I ain't Rosie Perez
I'm praying "Lord, can you change my position?"
As if my position can make for an easy mission
I get possessions, they tell me to set 'em free
I cancelled, does that mean my possessions they own me?
I don't wanna be pop, I don't wanna be Pac
I wanna be a activist, but I don't wanna get shot
People think that I'm so brave, I'm so afraid
I get lost in my own head, I'm so amazed
You could choose to be the book or either read about it
You could speak about it, be a prophet or just be a product A silver tongue, gold pockets
Fat belly, stolen wallets
Empty words, loaned knowledge
I'm undervalued but I can be a prophet
I'm undervalued but I can be a prophet
I'm undervalued but I can be a prophet
I'm undervalued but I can be a prophet
I lose money every time I'm honest Help me find it, I think I'm losing my religion
Help me find it, I think I'm losing my religion
I think they moved the finish line, I'm losing my position
Devil wanna buy my soul, I tell him I'm too expensive
My man say he don't live like an angel much
Except for when he's high off that angel dust
Dude said that the church is full of hypocrites
I told him find somebody outside the church who was innocent
They only throw stones at trees that bear fruits
So don't be shocked when the mob attempts to throw stones at you
The ancestors told us we should wake up
And when I stop dreaming, failure, we gon' break up
Some dream of a Aston Martin
I dream of Angela and Martin in the morning marchin'
Bringing hope to the homeless, the widows, and the orphans
I'm prayin' for revival, tell James to bring his organ A silver tongue, gold pockets

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I'm undervalued but I can be a prophet
I lose money every time I'm honest
The shadows try to taunt me
They hopin' I fall
But I shall not fall
And I will not fall
You can offer me money
You can offer me gold
You can't have my crown
You can't have my soul
You can't have my soul
You can't have my soul
So let it go!

Songwriters

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