

# Prophet, 1968 (feat. James Portier)

## Sho Baraka

Ya'll ready? Ok, Marty, we ready!  
Let's put it in the redI 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 productA silver tongue, gold pockets  
Fat belly, stolen wallets  
Empty words, loaned knowledge  
I'm undervalued but I can be a prophet  
I lose money every time I'm honestHelp 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 organA silver tongue, gold pockets

Fat belly, stolen wallets  
Empty words, loaned knowledge  
I'm undervalued but I can be a prophet  
I lose money every time I'm honestThe shadows try to taunt me  
They hopin' I fall  
But I shall not fall  
And I will not fallYou 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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