

# Soul Power

## dead prez

Yeah, for the world  
Keep going so that  
Yo, you can rock on  
We keep going so you can  
Yo, you can rock on  
We keep going so you can  
Yo, you can rock on  
We keep going Nigga breathe can tell by how you rap you don't believe  
Ain't hungry no more, so off me you feed  
I hustle outta speed between greed and need  
On the streets where intuition and weed are breed Shoot the gift in fifth, at the myths uplift  
My rhyme the clip, it's like the boom bip to tip  
In gangways where cats that rhyme the same way  
Spending nights over Egypt to learn a brave day Paint a picture of the ghetto like J.J.  
You the Ray J. of this rap world  
I travel the globe with a black girl name Becky  
Grand like Auto Theft three  
Style so developed the law can't arrest me You walk with blood on your shirt  
Like Jesse Jackson trying to test the reaction of the people  
See through trying to out act Don Cheadle  
I speak to original Hebrews you know how we do And bleed through the needle with truth  
That needs no preview to proof  
It's in the people and how they react  
Still in the business of smacking  
Rappers is wack you had a dope track  
I guess opposites attract My mind state is black, black like Bernie Mack  
No cowards soul power in the words we rap Soul power  
Soul power  
Soul power  
Soul power Soul power  
Soul power  
Soul power  
Soul power Picks with fist, thick grease, dark nipples  
My guy buy ice I search for the dark crystal  
Racing for paper these broads is starter pistols  
I spit through gang wars and strange doors Out the sky flames pour the beats claims war  
I see niggaz with flags who they waving 'em for?  
I'm the nigga that you put the chain on the door for  
The nigga that you started changing the laws for Orator of hardcore and more

My raps the portal for the blue collar  
They made a hit and came up on a few dollars  
I'd rather listen to silence than you hollaBorrowed your persona from the late that made dear mama  
My realness is the armor that I wear up in this boy  
For truth you're a decoy  
Common sense is like the future of the Bee-boyI fall down and get up like Don McClerken  
Hit, push and listen to it whistle while I'm trekin'  
Break it down like herb  
The nympho of info I'm fucking what you heardYou ain't ready for war you're stuck in the reserves  
I mastered my high so I'm bucking at the birds  
I been wanted to fly now I do it with the words  
For those in the fast-lane I show you how to mergeGet your own, you see it's like home grown  
Herb black economics the people we serve with soul powerSoul power  
Soul power  
Soul power  
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