

# Message In the Song

## Rakim

Yall know what my purpose is  
I spit verses that lift curses off my dead president worshipers  
Back where the surface is gangsters and murderers  
Making money made us merciless  
Its the birth of the streets its over they said  
Rappers crossed over they dead  
I spit my verse with technique till they know when they ledge  
First to compete then Im over their heads  
He too lyrical and too subliminal  
every day from spiritual too criminal  
Its a message in the bottle open it  
its a lesson in survival cope with it  
It dont make sense to die for the root of evil  
It get too cerebral when that dont seem lethal  
Either way is hell I cant save the world  
But I can show them how to save themselves  
From the Evil things that people do, sometimes, legal dreams that we pursue, sometime we dont think that we  
can lose, sometimes  
Call it >>>>, its the root of evil we the proof, some times its a plea from me to u I seen through the eyes of the  
prophets  
King tutankhamun  
And Martins and Malcolms  
And Elijah Mohameds  
Wise with knowledge  
Paid in full interest aside in the pockets  
Just rise with the topics  
Rise economics I show you that time is more valuable than them diamonds in your watches  
U grind where the block is you die for those dollars  
Plus work for them too u know right where wallet is  
Thugs is pitchin chicks is in the club stripping  
flippin drugs and pimpin hood is flood of grippin  
latin kings and black guerillas governments  
In fact hopng we dont go at these go at these cracker killers  
It sound like a set up and we the victims  
One out of a million will beat the system  
Here and wish for flippin brinks is over with  
Take your chips and go legit  
From the Evil things that people do, sometimes, illegal dreams that we pursue, sometime we dont think that we  
can lose, sometimes

Call it >>>>>>>>>, its the root of evil we the proof, some times its a plea from me to u

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