

# God Send

## Pharoahe Monch

My mom is in the bedroom, cryin' again

Sister's on the street corner, lyin' again

Just heard about another one of my niggaz dyin' again

I'm tryin' again to make moves, I'll be damned if we go hungry  
Ever since my pops passed the responsibilities  
belonged to me

This song you see is like an ode to God

That he blessed my last breath to be Allah U Akbar

And this city is hard, tenement buildings are barred  
Incarcerated and scarred, no sentiment for when it becomes  
Time for war I'm tryin' to score like Bernard King

My vocal box sling verbal cocaine like the government

I told you I'd hurt the music Travellin' back, bustin' shots at before Christ was persecuted  
(Blank)

Mathematically we live at right angles fuck the star spangled

The makers of fallen angels, danglin' from moon crescents

I persevere, breathe the air, inhale the effervescence of life  
This street game is stiflin', I'm triflin' upholdin' a  
rifle

Peerin' from behind the eyes of God, we at odds with ourselves

What is it worth when this barren metropolis prevail

Scale the walls of hell, trail of a octopus  
I seen it all through the eyes of a needle

Depletion of the planet, brainwash of the people

Niggaz'll never learn we just concern about

(Shit)

Who's fuckin' who? When time is of significance  
Ghost, we disregard the most magnificent

Eat of the fruit that is poisonous and lethal

Stuck in the crux of the spell with the evil

Credits about to roll and hell is the sequel  
Incarcerated scar faces in all places, crack sales rise, failed lives

Cops and robber car chases, Y-2-K fuck up, you're left faceless

Hustlers bury money in Garcia Vega cigar cases

Give the drummer some, pianos, guitar basses  
Trumpet in tune, Pharoahe and Prince legitimate reasons  
for why they thumpin', hi, I'm the most endangered species

By all means, survival is what I teach these

First time offenders catchin' seven to fifteen  
Now, my vision of life, is hell and heaven on split screen

Bust your shit like Mitch Greene I switch scenes

(Snitch)

Bring drama to that ass, that's how we on it in Queens

What? Stray bullets continue shatterin' dreams, batterin' spleens  
I'm gatherin' schemes, had only cream just as  
bad as a fiend

Take food from a table and get drunk to your death

Now, feel it in your heart from the love in my breath  
I seen it all through the eyes of a needle

Depletion of the planet, brainwash of the people  
Niggaz'll never learn we just concern about  
(Shit)

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