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 hungryEver 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 barredIncarcerated 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 musicTravellin' 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 lifeThis 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 octopusI 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 significanceGhost, 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 sequelIncarcerated 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 bassesTrumpet 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 fifteenNow, 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' spleensI'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 breathI seen it all through the eyes of a needle

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