

# 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)

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

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