The Hidden Hand

Fat Joe

Yeah, time to educate the youth
(Speak on it God)
'Cause if we won't, then who will?
(True)
Terror Squad style, yo
(Speak on it God)
Yo, I was a wild adolescent, blessed with the foul essence
Messin' around with the wrong crowd, I learned my lesson
Stressin' all the things that I have not
I pray to God I get my uncle out the crack spot
I hear mad shots, homicide come and play Mat lock
But never crack the case cause the defendant's a bad cop
You feel me fam? The devil's got a plan
That's why Farrakhan formed a Million Man up in Washington
The Hidden Hand even planned this man
Have me goin' hand to hand, killin' my own clan
But now I understand and see the big picture
Fuck cryin' about the struggle, I teach you how to get richer
Shit is a hassle in this rotten apple, kids robbin', coppin' capsules
Rockin' tattoos, boppin' with ankles locked in shackles
Got the cops joggin' at you, spittin' rounds of clips, they down wit it
New clowns'll make you feel as if the Bill of Rights is counterfeit
Now it's been written that all men are equal but then it's legal
When they beat us and treat us as if we're different people
We go for delf, fuck the cop's health
I'd rather drop shelf and let off shots until my Glock melts
'Cause God dealt us a helpless hand, they made us sell this land
So the palest man could build a selfish plan
You know we can't trust the government, cause Uncle Sam is smugglin'
Drugs for us to hustle all the stuff for him
Even McGruff is in it, gettin' a percentage
Takin' advantage, punishin' just blacks and Hispanics
My heart is cold as ice, so I know I'm sheist, Big Pun was the kid
that no one liked, my whole life, is one big roll of the dice
Payin' a price twice as expensive as white kids
Destined for Riker's not knowin' my existence was priceless
It's like this, my soul was lifeless, I earned stripes
Fightin' the nicest in the crisis I slice 'em in half and make 'em dash
Like hyphens, invitin' any rapper to clash with the Titan

The writing's like fighting 'cause rappers be biting like Tyson
I'm hypein' the crowd, keepin' 'em loud like my label
I'm proud I'm able to lift from the bowels of the ghetto
I found me a little sanity inside a career and a family
No more wars and renderin' tears to insanity
So keep the salary and tear the mic 'cause I love it
There's my life, you judge it, fuck it Seis, I don't want it
I'm a Dominican, stranded in New York like Filligan
Don't wanna get locked up in the pen again
But here they come, the faggots and cuffs, searchin' for guns
Turnin' they ride on the side of the curb to see who runs
They authorize the beast to walk the streets holdin' heat
Four deep, we puff production, my cheek, you know my steez
Fuck the police, usin' probable cause to break laws
Behind the badge you try to cover up your racial war
I got somethin' for you boys in blue
The system poisoned you, blew your cover, now what you supposed to do?
I never let the faggot pull the trig first
It won't be no American flag over my hearse
What's worse, you know they disperse for bucks
So take caution in the streets cause our protection sucks
This dude, he had the darkest pads, who dressed up in the heart of brash
Forever talkin' trash, how he stacked niggaz to almanac
Gunshots to corner four police informants
Stood like he modeled the latest fashions, sidewalk sideshow performance
He raised the pull of grace, a razor blew his face
Force calm the sere plus a pack of the dunga dun laced with toothpaste
Life ain't to be gambled son, you could get trampled
By people that act more like animals than mammals high off enamel
That's what his poppa said whose locked for droppin' Akmed
In the candy store robbery probably to get his veins fed
He ain't listen, he became a brain dead cocaine head
Older Mexicans knew, they killed him eatin' bagualitos
But hey, little kids, don't follow these dopes
What? Uh-huh, yeah, I can dig that
They call me Prospect, I just came back from?
Had this track on pause, now I'm back on course
It's lost on the Ave, tryin' to take my life from the past
Get this legal cash, without dad
Kinda sad how he got dragged down to negativity
Only if he had one love, trust for liberty
This world would be a better place, get what it takes
In a race to racism replace the snake in em
Bad ones, want to spend lives and discriminate
I'm tryin' to keep this positive vibe, and from that

I generate to the top, like Puffy won't stop
I'm mature now, with one knot, from tryin' to get locked
And to the shorties on the block, tryin' to twist 40 tops
Get your act together, do some carpentry with a Black n Decker
And stop speedin' like a Kawasaki
From my life, to your life, I'm touchin' everybody Twinz watch me
Everything we speak is the truth
From Prospect to Munroe, here in a hot second
The whole world run know, everything we speak is the truth
Terror Squad

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