

# The Hidden Hand (feat. The Terror Squad)

## Fat Joe

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 spotI 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 WashingtonThe 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 richerShit 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 counterfeitNow 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 landSo 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 HispanicsMy 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 pricelessIt'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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