

# Black Hand Side (Feat. Styles P & Phonte)

## Pharoahe Monch

Great Pharoahe Monch yo  
Yessir, what up P  
Great styles be the ghostOpen the door let me in  
Teach us all, preach us in, turn the cheek, let it slide  
Give me five on the black hand slideGive me five on the black hand side  
Tell you what I see through the black mans eyes  
Look like shit in a Cadillac a black man rise  
But every different day a different black man dies  
Shorty momma trippin' off a crack mans high  
Now he watchin' tv lovin' tha bad guy  
You know, pit bull watchin' the welfare check  
You know he African, cause he ain't gettin' healthier yet  
Now he put down his knapsack, got a crack pack  
You don't know if it's there if your vision ain't abstract  
We in the projects, a lot of us lab rats  
Voted for Obama, hoping he wouldn't have that  
Now I can tell you that I felt it  
I still remember how a cell smell  
Still remember how the pigs at  
Family crying up on the? I couldn't have that  
Open the door, and teach u all  
Pass the blunt around hope that it reach us all  
Now give me five on the black hand side  
Ghost of Pharoahe Monch watch the black man riseOpen the door let me in  
Teach us all, preach us in, turn the cheek, let it slide  
Give me five on the black hand slidePharaohs and navajo chiefs, the way you makin' it rain  
But? for a stripper with emotional pain  
You wouldn't despite system nourishment for the brain  
Cause brain, seed, plus soil equals food for the brain  
My hood talkin nigga keep it simple n plain  
To let me explain the game break it down n cutting the levels like Tetris  
He shining his skill, a young blood for a necklace  
Leave slumped over the wheel of you're Lexus  
Smoke kush, wake up, and eat breakfast  
What tha fuck ya expect, a generation overly obsessed with mobsters  
I revolutionary swarm Grammys and Oscars, imposers  
Fake oras and weak shakas  
Makin a mockery of the music that B.I.G. Pop stars  
And they say I'm a saint

Cause I see the remains of the whips-n-chains  
In my hood were it aint all good,  
Peep the pain of a single mother she struggling  
Young child slang, give me five on the black hand slide  
Let's maintain like the soul train  
And keep it moving together, I'm sayin'Open the door let me in  
Teach us all, preach us in, turn the cheek, let it slide  
Give me five on the black hand slide  
The black hand slide

Songwriters

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