

Black Hand Side (Feat. Styles P & Phonte)

Pharoahe Monch

Great Pharoahe Monch yo
Yessir, what up P
Great styles be the ghost 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 Give 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 rise 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 Pharaohs 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

Jamerson, Troy Donald / West, Dave Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., JELLYBEAN MUSIC GROUP
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>