Grippo

Saul Williams

I gave hip hop to white boys when nobody was looking
They found it locked in a basement when they gentrified Brooklyn
Left a list of instructions, an MPC and a mic
My sci-fi library and utensils to writeRight or wrong, I think hip hop is where it belong
Where it comes from one is but son we wrote them songs
It was a ploy got fools tied up in mechanized toys
We are beings [incomprehensible] of boysNow you can break all you wanna, scratch all you wanna
Graff all you wanna, laugh all you wanna
But I wanna show you what the stars are made of
I wanna show you the starsSo substitute the anger and oppression
With guilt and depression and it's yours, it's yours
Substitute the anger and oppression
With guilt and depression and it's yours, it's yoursWhite boys listen to white boys
Black boys listen to black boys
No one listens to no one
No one listens to no oneAlone on a mountain top, uprooted from the earth
Drifting beyond normalcy a gold piece in God's purse
Is worthless here, we're earthless here
God versus fear, man versus fearFear not, I purse my lips and kiss like a glock
Violence is a metaphor for victory's plot
Change is inevitable but our death is notNow you can break all you wanna, scratch all you wanna
Graff all you wanna, laugh all you wanna
But I wanna show you what the stars are made of
I wanna show you the starsSo substitute the anger and oppression
With guilt and depression and it's yours, it's yours
Substitute the anger and oppression
With guilt and depression and it's yours
[Incomprehensible]Hey, hey everybody
Hey, heyI wanna show you what the stars are made of
I wanna show you what the stars are made of
I wanna show you what the stars are made of
I wanna show you the starsSo substitute the anger and oppression
With guilt and depression and it's yours, it's yours
Substitute the anger and oppression
With guilt and depression and it's yours

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