

# Scared Money

Saul Williams

Scared money don't make none  
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Scared money don't make none Callin' haves and have nots, every cell on the block  
Every nigga with a trigger, empty barreled or cocked  
March in like parade of scars if you been stabbed or shot  
Son, we smokin' these batons right in front of these cops Callin' out to the kids, all my niggas with bids  
Whether suited up or booted up or stuck in the mid  
You can download it or boot it up, my pupils unlid  
All my students of the underground with record store gigs Callin' out to the girls, the inventors of worlds  
The intelligence of relevance and elegant pearls  
Pour like nectar from the lotus big bang opus in swirls  
Down the sweaty backs of hairy weave tracks and dried jheri curls Callin' out to the pimps hat cocked slump  
with your gimp  
On your wrist with just a twist of lime to go with that limp  
Hold your cup up so this ancient rain can find its way in  
Let these niggas know the cost of reaching heavenly bliss, yes Scared money don't make none  
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Scared money don't make none It was all a dream, it was all a dream  
I used to fantasize I was Malcolm or Martin in the pulpit  
The ballot or the bullet I swear I used to pray to change back the year  
When niggas spoke of motherships with space helmets for hair  
Well, now what have we here?  
Thugs and poets, ah yeah What we seem to have in common is we're common as air  
Yes, the lowest rung of anthems sung each day every year  
From check cashing to latest fashions While they ration out fear but I'm fearless  
Sometimes I feel alone, homeless, peerless  
What will it take to shake the land for everyone to hear this? I can't bear this, born of pages torn from ancient  
prayer lists  
Descendant of the womb, the lotus blooms when I come near it  
I declare it time to realign karat to carrot  
What was olden remains golden sceptered tongue I dare to share it All who hear it know at once, royal highness  
over blunts  
Thug of thugs, pimp of pimps, golden tongue and ivory fronts  
Grind and hustle, niggas know the heart is just a muscle All payments due, you made some papes

I wrote upon I trust you will invest  
'Cause chances are the game is just a test  
Professor of the truth talk real truth emeritus I am the king as I command my son to dance and sing  
We celebrate our earthly fate, my daughter gives me wings  
We are one descendants of the mothership and tongue  
Southern trees have born strange fruit, hail, salute a troop well hung So come along, everyone's invited  
Heroes of distinguished paths, victims and conquered  
Those who stand alone and those who stand unfettered Fuck the bullshit whether from the hill or from the pulpit  
Today, I put my money on the fall of every culprit The truth prevails when all else fails  
Drug dealers make the music, then guess who's back?  
Your souls answer to greenbacks, hoes and crack The chord that strung from anthems  
Sung right now to way way back  
The legacy of Hennessey distilled to brownish black Rolls off the tongue a pointed gun  
Fake nigga's best stand back  
The trumpet calls and yes, yes, y'all  
The emperor's changed his hat

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