Scared Money

Saul Williams

Scared money don't make none
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Scared money don't make noneCallin' 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 copsCallin' 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 gigsCallin' 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 hairyweave tracks and dried jheri curlsCallin' 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, yesScared money don't make none
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Scared money don't make noneIt 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 bulletI 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 yeahWhat 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 fashionsWhile 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 itAll 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 muscleAll 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 emeritusI 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 hungSo come along, everyone's invited
Heroes of distinguished paths, victims and conquered
Those who stand alone and those who stand unfetteredFuck the bullshit whether from the hill or from the pulpit
Today, I put my money on the fall of every culpritThe truth prevails when all else fails
Drug dealers make the music, then guess who's back?
Your souls answer to greenbacks, hoes and crackThe chord that strung from anthems
Sung right now to way way back
The legacy of Hennessey distilled to brownish blackRolls 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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