Hip Hop

Mos Def

You say one for the trouble, two for the time
Come on y'all let's rock this!
You say one for the trouble, two for the time
Come on!Speech is my hammer, bang the world into shape
Now let it fall... (Hungh!)
My restlessness is my nemesis
It's hard to really chill and sit still
Committed to page, I write rhymes
Sometimes won't finish for days
Scrutinize my literature, from the large to the miniature
I mathematically add-minister
Subtract the wack
Selector, wheel it back, I'm feeling that
(Ha ha ha) From the core to the perimeter black,
You know the motto
Stay fluid even in staccato
(Mos Def) Full blooded, full throttle
Breathe deep inside the trunk hollow
There's the hum, young man where you from
Brooklyn number one
Native son, speaking in the native tongue
I got my eyes on tomorrow (there it is)
While you still try to follow where it is
I'm on the Ave where it lives and dies
Violently, silently
Shine so vibrantly that eyes squint to catch a glimpse
Embrace the bass with my dark ink fingertips
Used to speak the King's English
But caught a rash on my lips
So now my chat just like dis
Long range from the base-line (switch)
Move like an apparition
Float to the ground with ammunition (chi-chi-chi-POW)
Move from the gate, voice cued on your tape
Putting food on your plate
Many crews can relate
Who choosing your fate (yo)
We went from picking cotton
To chain gang line chopping
To Be-Bopping
To Hip-Hopping
Blues people got the blue chip stock option

Invisible man, got the whole world watching
(where ya at) I'm high, low, east, west,
All over your map
I'm getting big props, with this thing called hip hop
Where you can either get paid or get shot
When your product in stock
The fair-weather friends flock
When your chart position drop
Then the phone calls...
Chill for a minute
Let's see who else tops
Snatch your shelf spot
Don't gas yourself ock
The industry just a better built cellblock
A long way from the shell tops
And the bells that L rocked (rock, rock, rock, rock...)*scratching*
Hip Hop is prosecution evidence
The out of court settlement
Ad space for liquor
Sick without benefits (hungh!)
Luxury tenements choking the skyline
It's low life getting tree-top high
Here there's a back water remedy
Bitter intent to memory
A class E felony
Facing the death penalty (hungh!)
Stimulant and sedative, original repetitive
Violently competitive, a school unaccredited
The break beats you get broken with
on time and inappropriate
Hip Hop went from selling crack to smoking it
Medicine for loneliness
Remind me of Thelonius and Dizzy
Propers to B-Boys getting busy
The war-time snap shot
The working man's jack-pot
A two dollar snack box
Sold beneath the crack spot
Olympic sponsor of the black glock
Gold medallist in the back shot
From the sovereign state of the have-nots
Where farmers have trouble with cash crops (woooo)
It's all city like phase two
Hip Hop will simply amaze you
Craze you, pay you
Do whatever you say do
But black, it can't save you

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