

Booka-booka-booka-booka-booka-booka
Ha hah, you know the deal, it's just me Dog
Beats by su-primo for all of my people
Negroes and Latinos and even the Gringos
Yo, check it, one for Charlie Hustle, two for Steady Rock
Three for the fourth comin' live, future shock
It's five dimensions, six senses
Seven firmaments of heaven to hell, eight million stories to tell
Nine planets faithfully keep in orbit
With the probable tenth, the universe expands length
The body of my text possess extra strength
Power-liftin' powerless up, out of this towerin' inferno
My ink so hot, it burn through the journal
I'm blacker than midnight on broadway and myrtle
Hip-Hop past all your tall social hurdles
Like the nationwide projects, prison-industry complex
Working class poor, better keep your alarm set
Streets too loud to ever hear freedom ring
Say evacuate your sleep, it's dangerous to dream
For cha-ching cats get tha cha-pow, who dead now
Killin' fields need blood to graze the cash cow
Some numbers game, but shit don't add up somehow
Like I got, sixteen to thirty-two bars to rock it
But only fifteen percent of profits, ever see my pockets like
Sixty-nine billion in the last twenty years
Spent on national defense but folks still live in fear like
Nearly half of America's largest cities is one-quarter black
That's why they gave Ricky Ross all the crack
Sixteen ounces to a pound, twenty more to a Ki
A five minute sentence hearing and you're no longer free
Forty percent of Americans own a cell phone
So they can hear everything that you say when you ain't home
I guess, Michael Jackson was right, 'You are not alone'
Rock your hardhat black 'coz you in the terrordome
Full of hard niggaz, large niggaz, dice tumblers
Young teens and prison greens facin' life numbers
Crack mothers, crack babies and aids patients
Young bloods can't spell but they could rock you in playstation
This new math is whippin' motherfuckers ass
You wanna know how to rhyme you better learn how to add
It's mathematics