Now we are the masters of our fate
That the task which has been set us is not above our strength
That it's pangs and toils are not beyond our endurance
As long as we have faith in our cause and an unconquerable will-power
Salvation will not be denied us
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Long as we have faith, an unconquerable will-power
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The time has come, I've just begun, this is designer rum My wallet got flowers on it, kill it cowards From the land, the stolen land, where gold chains control a man Three hundred holding hands, stolen grams I play the phantom, waving, Leave that nigga for dead, or should I save him Spitting out phlegm, no, just grave them I remember days, I used work for niggas, eat jerk with niggas Buying whip, is laughing and joking, trying to flip Clip is loyal, fly spoil on the block, display royal Even though we go back to royals, black oils Live as ever, can't tell me nothing, whatever This thing of ours, is empowered by my niggas who pumping Twenty four hours of slang motion, wave brush Ya knew my hair was the ocean, running through the building Just negation, some of the creeps Knew me very well, knew he would sell, knew he was potent

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OK, bridges I burn some, lessons I learn some Money, I spent some, lent some, earn some My eyes tell it, tell her the hell I return from Spark up an L from the homeys I haven't heard from Burn when the herbs come, I'm living large Never chilling on the curb, just a villain on the verge, son My tenth shot is as efficient as the third one Second one, first one, worse come to worse run When I was pushed out the womb, the Earth spun The only way to describe this is inertia Some rappers think they can try me, who the first up? I don't guarantee no survivors, niggas, surf's up Yeah, soul on ice, courage is sacrifice Hold on tight, and save your laughter for the afterlife These chumps thinking they good, ain't even half as nice Your fate'll be a one way ticket to paradise, what?

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In the words of the Psalmist
"He shall not be afraid of evil tidings
His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord."