

# 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

