

Numerology

Talib Kweli & Z TRIP

Yea, man, this that old Electric Company, man
Ay, Attack the Block, count it down
 This a prelude to P.O.C
 Attack the Block, Attack the Block
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Better strap your boots up, time is running low low
 Clock's running down, gotta run, gotta go go
 Bet it ain't safe here, only getting worse now
 Fighting for survival, only way we know how
 Backs to the wall, so we looking to the sky
We stand and we breathe and we push and we go
 And we run, run, run 'til we can't no more
 Yea, the final countdown
 The countdown to Armageddon
 Chuck got it right
 He got it right, y'all
Eleven pipers piping, they lying just like the reverend
 Seven represent the divine, the devil triple six
 Five is the stigmata,
 according to Big Poppa
 Never trust nobody, commandment number three
And players only love you when they playing, word to Stevie Nicks
 Yea and numbers never lie, they simply plead the fifth
 No I'm not quite on the edge but I can see the cliff
 And niggas out here snitch for a dire slice and some pita chips
 Now they reading the script, niggas get beat up quick
Stomped out, shipped, probably why we call our sneakers kicks
 Industry niggas is tweaking because they need a hit
 Reading from the Anarchist Cookbook because we need a?
 Confusing God with the rules you obey
We came to win, no it's never no game, we don't play
 Yea I'm so sick of rappers that spoil your whole day
 You a boss, no you softer than oil of Olay, hey!
 Break it, break it, break it, break it
 Eleven? knowledge you never learned in college
 Seven is the number that God is equality, six
 Five is power of famine
Wisdom lead to understanding that's th-th-th-th-th-three-three
 Final hour, the devil will cower behind the towers
 I got a cavity 'cause the victory sweet, the defeat sour
 This coward will stop at nothing if clutching on to his power
He can feel it slipping away down the drain like he in the shower

Think he the shit 'cause he pocket the key to the master lock
Attack the block, he like a wolf in sheep's clothing, attack the flock
It's that Talib Kweli man, God MC in red like a stop sign
2012 ended your world but not mine

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>