

Scared Money

Saul Williams

Callin' haves and have-nots
Every cell on the block, every NGH with a trigger, empty barreled or cocked
marching like a parade of scars like you been stabbed or shot
Son, we smoking these batons right in front of these cops Callin' out to the kids
All my NGHs with bids, whether suited up or booted up or stuck in the mid
You can download it or boot it up, my pupils unlid
All my students of the underground with record store gigs Callin' out to the girls, the inventors
of worlds, the intelligence of relevance and elegant pearls
Pour like nectar from the lotus, Big Bang Opus in swirls down the sweaty back of hairweave
tracks and dried jheri curls Callin' out to the pimps,
Hat cocked slump with your gimp
On your wrist
With just a twist of lime to go with that limp
Hold your cup up so this ancient rain can find its way in
Let these niggas know the cost of reaching heavenly bliss
Yes Scared money don't make none (8x)
It was all a dream
I used to fantasize I was Malcolm
or Martin in the pulpit, the ballot or the bullet
I swear
I used to pray to change back the year when NGHs spoke of MTHRSHPs w/ space helmets for
hair
Well, now what have we here?
Thugs and poets
What we seem to have in common is we're common as air
Yes, the lowest rung of anthems sung each day every year
From check cashing to latest fashions while they ration out fear
But I'm fearless
Sometimes I feel alone
Homeless
Peerless
What will it take to shake the land for all the land to hear this?
I can't bear this!
Born of pages torn from ancient prayer lists - descendant of the womb
The lotus blooms when I come near it
I declare it: time to re-align karat to carrot
What was olden remains golden
Sceptered tongue
I dare to share it
All who hear it know at once
Royal Highness over blunts
Thug of thugs

Pimp of pimps
Golden tongue
And Ivory Fronts
Grind and hustle
NGHs know the heart is just a muscle
all praises due
You made some papers I wrote upon
I trust you will invest
'Cause chances are the game is just a test
Professor of the truth
Talk real talk
Emeritus
I am the King
As I command my son to dance and sing
We celebrate our Earthly fate
My daughter gives me wings
We are One
Descendants of the Mothership and tongue
Southern trees have born strange fruit
Hail! Salute! A troop well hung
So come along
Everyone's invited
Heroes of distinguished paths
Victims and Convicts
Those who dare not stand alone
And those who stand unfettered...Fuck the bullshit
Whether from the hill or from the pulpit
Today, I put my money on the fall of every culprit
The truth prevails!
When all else fails
Drug dealers make the music...
Then guess who's back?
Your souls answer to greenback, hoes, and crack
The chord that's strung from anthems sung right now to way way back
The legacy of Hennessey
Distilled to brownish black
Rolls off the tongue
A pointed gun
Fake NGHs best stand back
The trumpet calls and yes, yes, y'all the Emperor's changed his hat

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>