

Zimzallabim

Mos Def

Yeah
Give it to 'em
yes, yes, yes, yes, aha ah!
Ghetto people.this one's for you
And you and you and you
And you and you in the front
yo!

Jack Johnson (aha) live and stompin
Undisputed heavy weights champ (aha) of the world
Yo I'm live with it, low, middle, the high with it
And that's how I'ma live and die with it
Hold up and down your spine with it
Like Zimzallabim, Jack Johnson, yes my dog, right with them!
The most special, most ghetto, most method, most valuable
Rep my avenue like is the damn state capital
Coming shadows to mind, a better mark of rapeness
On slaves who high jacked the slave ships
The hackers who remapped the matrix
And built the road back to basics
And getcha all off that strain shit
You know this other cats run game with, it's tainted
Consider this the moment that changed it: NOW!
Jack john's stand strong never bow down
Back off or get clapped dog right about POW
For east to the west, up north to down south
We show you how to REALLY make moshpit bounce
Show you how the gritty make the ghetto wild out
First letters that I wrote when I sketch the script down
I'M LIVE WITH IT
low, middle, the high with it
And that's how I'ma live and die with it
I shine with it, rhyme with it, reveal and recognise with it
The ghetto know what time is it, when I spit it
Me 9-semi, an iron lion strike with it
See Dr. Know string a knot and make 'em ride with it
And look alive
Ghetto rock with me
Look alive
Ghetto rock with me
Aha yeah
Throw it up
Ghetto rock with me

Show it up
 Ghetto rock with me Born to rock, serve my portion hot
 Rock the booze water on any bully on your block
 My flow tighter than a big titties halter top
 Doper than a floyd flake that they bought they pops
 Since I bright a con duke of course I'm not
 My sharp mind join the dots and blow they plots
 A lot of cats talk noise a lot, but then the noise is stopped
 When the heavy sound voice in charge
 And this is no limp bizkit this is jack's fat cock
 loaded up slightly back, ghetto black rock
 Brooklyn got bomb-rush that you can't stop
 These the hungry hands that gon snatch your cash box
 I never gave a second what on "the fuck is with y'all?"
 Cuz my first thought covered it all
 YOU WHACK!
 And I don't care what you sound since not mumblin y'all
 Cause you can't do me nothing at all
 Which means, you can't shine my shoes watch my drawers
 Clean my cloth walk my dog moan my loan
 On other words dude I don't need SHIT from them
 All I got is hard rhymes and hot spit for them
 And yeah, I got the country new (raaattttt) for them
 See how dark it can get for them?
 Tell their mommas THAT'S IT for them
 Get the flowers, they'll sing for them
 A sad story how it'll end for them
 That's what you get for not listenin' FIRE!
 And a long rest in kumbayah
 You stand strong you can't move higher
 You move in "how we all can move higher?"
 Ready to roll like new tire
 Well I can show you who the true lion
 True power move quiet thru the understandin of the science We live with it, no middle, the high
 with it
 And that's how we gon live and die with it
 Now ride with it Yeah, ghetto rock with me
 Ghetto rock with me
 Ghetto rock with me
 Ghetto rock! Ghetto... MOTHERFUCKERS! Freaky radio!

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