

Tales of the Lost Tribe

Hasan Salaam

[Verse 1]

I have so much to say but little time to say it
Only so long before the reaper comes collecting his payment
Unlike most in the game I don't play to be famous
It's the message not the messenger I consider it sacred
Make love to the pages
Tracks give birth to the verse and the crowd, they watch it go through growth stages
Without a cutting agent take it back to the basics
Taggin on the wall shell toes with fat laces
Banging on the lunchroom tables
I spit it like I spit it everybody can relate to what pain is
I'm lost in this wilderness still wandering aimless
No median example to explain what sane is
So polish your stainless in this world of anguish
Money talks huh better learn to speak that language
As corporations fight for product placement on spaceships
Paddy wagons scoop us up like makeshift slave ships
Sons of Canaan fabricated ways to enslave us
Willie Lynch tricknoledgy and degrees of the Masons
Black stone shows the origin that Adam was shaped with
They stole our birth rights and replaced it with ways of Pagans
We're the Sun, Crescent Moon and the Star of David
Save the accolades I give Allah all praises
When I return to my graces
Tomb raiders will search my grave after 7 days and won't find no traces
Welcome to the majors where the stakes are dangerous
Concrete watercolors fill the chalk on the pavement
Same one that builds the schools puts the bars on the cages
Ignorance is a disease and its highly contagious
So rise up mighty nation like the dawn of creation
Put em high and grab hold of a constellation
Pour some libation for the word and revelation
Allah U Akbar, Ashae, and Amen

[Hook]

To the Lost Tribe who questions where Allah is
Or where Jehovah, Yahweh and Jah is
The most highs manifested all around and inside us
See its the light that guides us
Willie Lynch out to conquer and divide us

Amerikkkas making laws to deprive us
So take heed this a word to the wisest
Out of darkness the Sun of Man rises

[Verse 2]

Born in modern day Babylon atop of Mt. Sinai
Mix of clay and iron like master Farad
So recognize God
The streets got 1,001 tales like those of Shahrazad
Only difference is majority end with the most tragic epilogues
Bricks on the block chipping off from the shots of the Kalashnikov
Most of our life spent chasing a mirage
Fast cars and faster women
But this is water in the desert straight from Zamzams well
The moral to the stories dead men can't tell
To hell we've grown accustomed know it all to well
So any glimpse of heaven we rejoice like the birth of Emmanuel
I got dreams of being free and raising seeds
And I'd die if it means that my brothers would succeed
I know its hard to see the forest through all of the trees
So whenever the angels call I fall to my knees
Listen

[Hook]

To the Lost Tribe who questions where Allah is
Or where Jehovah, Yahweh and Jah is
The most highs manifested all around and inside us
See its the light that guides us
Willie Lynch out to conquer and divide us
Amerikkkas making laws to deprive us
So take heed this a word to the wisest
Out of darkness the Sun of Man rises(x5)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>