

"FATHER RULE"

Ready your arms verbal combat wars begun
Cutlass and samuri swords is being swung
Am ture fighting skills will get you done
The world in my hand son, aint nowhere to run
Father rule equality twice aint nothing nice
Tongue razor sharp as I slice and dice
Eighty five percent dead men get born again
From my thought that shine just like porcelain
Dropping bombs that travel one mile in the earth
When I insert and plant seeds for a mental
Knowledge Born then all goes back from which it came
A O is all I hear from the slain
My mind trane is code of the black payback
For four hundred and thirty odd years of attack
I want it back
Every square mile
Man, Woman, and Child
From the Gold Coast until you cross the Nile
It's on file 6,000 yrs. is done
Look up in the skies , and it aint no flying nun
Father Rule!