

# Talib Kweli, 9th Wonder, Every Ghetto (ft. Rapsoc)

So I start looking out the window  
I see gun store, gun store, liquor store, gun store  
Where the fuck are you taking me?

We bout to twist it up  
We bout to lift it up  
We never givin' up  
The startin' salary, it's hard reality  
Find solidarity  
We got our leaders too but where they lead us?  
Do they leave us or they see it through?  
Yeah we packin' precious metals  
Our shit is next level  
We raise the threat level

Every ghetto, every city, like Ms. Hill  
They way too used to the missed meals  
Hard to concentrate, hard to sit still  
Murder rate permanent place in the top 10  
We live here, these hipsters drop in  
You hear them barrels cockin'  
They say consciousness mean a nigga ain't rugged  
Until they get beat within an inch of it  
Self made niggas don't get discovered  
They actin' like you owe them something  
Homie I don't owe you nothin'  
Fuck your beef  
It's way too early in the mornin' for the hate  
You ain't brushed your teeth yet nigga  
And your toast ain't buttered  
A perfect storm and the coast is flooded  
Most discovered that my flow got them  
You posers sound like your girlfriends stuttered  
Man I'm goin' too fast, let me slow it down

I'm good walkin' in every ghetto around the world  
The hood often embrace ya when you profound with words  
I say the shit they relate to, I keep it down to Earth  
Other rappers sound like they hate you, them niggas sound absurd  
So when they walk through the ghetto they get their chain snatched  
They gotta talk to the ghetto to get their chain back  
It's like an open air prison and it remain packed  
Nothin' but straight facts

Indie 5, for the people by the people  
Ya-ya, giddy up, who got the juice now?  
Snatch it out your kiddies cups  
The shit you gave us watered down  
This one's for Basquiat  
They be brushin' with death, uh  
Is this The Art Of War for cops?  
We [?] shots  
Every home ain't got a Pops  
Every man ain't sellin' rocks  
A different will to win here  
Different from switchin' cars  
They pray that we switch our bars  
To a fiend from a metaphor  
Worldstar, Worldstar  
Lotta love and this life hard  
Keep us prayin' like "Oh, God"  
Illegally thievery think us peelin' off easily  
Frustrated we hate it  
That's why we scream out "nigga we made it"

It's an odd future they ain't know we was all some creators  
Somethin' from nothin' was told Kings walk and man you frontin'  
For the people and by the people but them over money  
I'm on my Viola Davis here, workin' for justice  
How you get away with murder?  
Be a cop and just kill us  
How we supposed to not catch feelings?  
Innocent lives, boy we got kids in these buildings  
I'm on my Viola Davis, it's what you call a defense  
For all the drama they gave us I'm spittin' Shonda Rhimes wit  
Too high for you like ganja, that's what Shonda rhyme with  
I holla back in the Hamptons, you still black if you rich  
Spread love ain't just the Brooklyn way, it's universal  
360 and the nine lives, whoa, what a circle

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We bout to give it up  
We bout to twist it up  
The startin' salary, it's hard reality  
Find solidarity  
We got our leaders too but do they leave us?  
Or they lead us and they see it through?