

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

We bout to live it up
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?