

# Talib Kweli, Work It Out

[1st Verse]

The temperature got tempers flaring people sweat when the weather hot  
They argue and they fret a lot then set up the plot  
To whet up the block  
Wheter or not the blood is red up in the gutter  
Music is my bread and butter  
I got a show in Brooklyn cause the ghetto love us  
Pulled up in Mtulu's truck I'm suited up I'm cool as fuck  
security tripping on my baseball hat promoter knew what's up  
Plus Chaps had on some denim shorts and white tee shirt and  
I told the bouncer they being disrespectful cuz like you we working  
I ain't a custy or a patron and trust me no one would be paying  
To come in this crusty ass club if I wasn't playing  
He's like "I'll put you the fuck out"  
And when you put your word like that its like third strike black you struck out  
His man tried to rush me from behind Chaps stuck out a size nine  
Seen him trip face first into the line  
Cats is cowards with no spine and they power tripping too  
The next level is the violence so what y'all niggaz wanna

[Hook]

Work it out  
We should try to work it out  
People lie, people cry, people die to work it out  
Read the book, pray to god  
Look inside to work it out  
We should try to work it out  
Yo what y'all ladies wanna do  
Work it out  
To get fly she work it out  
People lie, people cry, people die to work it out  
Read the book, pray to god  
Look inside to work it out  
Show the love  
Lose the hate  
Work it out  
Work it out

[2nd Verse]

Peolpe placed in situations they cant take and what they facing  
Is the trials and tribulations to make them say the lords forsaken them  
Their loved ones intervening but they always blaming them  
For problems they don't realize what they part is in creating them  
Like men who so insecure think they women cheating on them  
And women who think the proof that they man love them is they beating on them  
Keep sleeping on them soon they partner creeping on them  
Committing crimes of passion they in caskets mother weeping on them  
With her head in her hands  
There's only one thing that the dead understand that it's better to be alive  
Now what you gonna do stick your head in the sand  
You probably the type to fall for anything and take that instead of a stand  
Now that's a mouse instead of a man  
I cherish my role as the head of my fam  
And on the road I meet incredible fans  
I rock with singers an a DJ instead of a band we at a theatre near you  
So what y'all niggaz wanna do

[Hook]

[3rd Verse]

Stay civilized when they try to kill my high I try to think through problems  
Bring honesty to rap like Cam'ron brought the pink to Harlem  
You could be on the brink to stardom and suddenly you sink to bottom  
Tell the truth about the war and suddenly you linked Saddam

Hate the topic but the closet people get to patriotic  
Is red bull white vodka mixed with the straight hypnotic  
Paper prophets sell the revolution so they make a profit  
Trust they got it fucked up with your taxes started making rockets  
Take it off the top like politicians speaking proper diction  
Stuffing dollars in they britches like they do a lotta stripping  
Got the top position bitching about the quality of life  
All that bullshit get exposed as soon as Kweli sees the mic  
They cutting down the tree of life the sun rays is running out  
The babies ain't eating right so the guns keep coming out  
See how they play the streets an night slap the taste out your mouth  
To show you what they work about  
So what y'all niggaz want to do

[Hook]