

Spoken Thought

K'naan

Yeah just press record
Check it out, yeah, yo

I can't lie I ain't got shit, I ain't got to brag
I'm hard-pressed for some cash to send to my ill dad
And the jet lag is drilling me
Travelling willingly ain't got a phobia about a plane crash killing me
I forced to flee, I'm foreign, I'm from 'cross the seas unfortunately I've fallen
Through the cracks of this, system that profits from misfortune and hate
Their futures may be bright but their coffins is gray
It's often they say I've got a way with words
Fate of course march blazing its own torch
That's to my brother locked up behind bars in courts
My mother drunk in tears awaiting the phone calls it's sick
So sick that I can't stand this shit
Free-will probably fucked over our manuscript
Man who spits like me deserves some loot, I think
No reason I should live in a place they shoot so free
My circumstance is nuts
I don't even like stars and their entourage kissing their nasty asses butt
I have this nasty cut I recorded a while back
They say it's not like rap, not that rap is bad but this is more abstract
More free of insecurities like trying to prove who I be
More well-travelled, more thoughts unravelled
More language to baffle you like a woman with an adams-apple
And this coming from a black muslim refugee
Who dropped out of high school in like 1993
Can you imagine how many strikes they got lined up against me
Let the stars and constellations light up and defend me
You'll get the details, dig the intricacy if you care to listen
You'll hear the street tales but to know unveil when we conveying wisdom
Therefore it is best I
Switch over like a transvestite
And leave this hip-hop for the new hip-"pop"
Everyone's doing it and it's only fair ???
Think of real hip-hop as the wife that couldn't bear children