

2000 Seasons

Talib Kweli

Yeah Hi-Tek

For who do we aspire to reflect our own people's death
For who's entertainment shall we sing of agony? In what hopes?
That the destroyers aspiring to extinguish us will suddenly
Suffer remorse at the sight of their own fantastic success?
The last imbecile to dream that dream is dead
He was killed by the saviors of his own dream
Armah, 2000 seasons

I'm not a human being getting on some spiritual shit
A spiritual being manifested as a human that's it
When I spit I spray thoughts that's representing my life
Yo I step into the spot leave niggas open like mics
Take on em on a tour
Explore psychologies of war
Things you can't imagine if you've never seen em before
Shorties come back raw
Straight out the c- 74
I welcome them back to the world they think is run by laws
The world is run by men who use laws for tools
But I come thru war tactics like Shaka Zulu
Mcs is soft like play-doh
I shape 'em
Smash em to pieces
Volunteer
Slaves crave the words I'm painting
The masterpieces
You hear em on the radio babbling
The truth is traveling with the word
I sent flying through the air like a javelin
Unraveling like a verdict
Pound it in your chest like a gavel in the highest court
In Bablyon, let's travel on
If the world is foul, and you think foul is how you got to live
Then from the get your ass was foul
And foul just is how you is
No excuses see, life's dilemnas are set up like a mirror
Just to show you all your faces
Now your understanding is clearer
You had your chance for evolution
You let it pass you by
That's why
I'm dissing wack mc's till the day that I die
Reflection getting you high
We stand our ground with the believers
The leaning tower of Pisa and the Pyramids of Giza
No comparison
The way I flip it is embarrassing
Tis the season
Ain't no caroling

All knowing
Flowing like spring water in the desert
Balling through the barren land
Where niggas take a stand, like castles made of sand
Free falling
For anything

Nothing but a plan to fail for they selves
No sense of self, needed daily affirmations of self help
Yo it's right in front of yo grill stop looking everywhere else
Speaking of planning
Hustling and scheming
Looking for hookups
Took up too much time
Like a fiend for rocks that got cooked up
God bless the child that got his own shit
I got my team's
So the fiends now become opponents
They the opposition
Stronger from competition
Shining like a golden shower, your face I'm pissing in
Completing a genocide mission like
The Warren commission
Like fathers was supposed to be missing
While our sisters were supposed to be whoring
Save it for a rainy day, money is pouring
Under grey clouds, black butterflys still be soaring
Flying in friendly skies
We classifying the highs
Blood be flowing in the streets like crimson tide in my eyes
The thai be having me drowsy
But I get mellow with the chronic
Intellectuals embarrasses cause we discussing ebonics
I'm on a roll like sonic
In an age that the plague got bubonic proportions
Yo I call it reparations, but they call it extortion
Whatever
Just give me mine
But caution
You've been warned for the very last time
I'm not telling you again
So relay it to your crew
You gotta actually to do
Forget the drive in, driveby and drive through
You've got to
Get out the car
Humble yourself
Tilt your head back, and look at the stars
Shining over someplace very far, from where you standing
When the night is clear
You understanding just who put them there
What you know about the space you get lost in
Your peoples can't hear you in the distortion
The desert is absorption
And you sucked and you stuck off american freezing for like
2000 seasons
Upon your return from raping and crossbreeding
Your own people accuse you of deceiving and misleading
Causing mass confusion. Drug abusing
Now you all caught up in institutions
At this time you've got to break it down and be showing and proving
An A&R told me that I use too many catch phrases
True I'm trying to catch all my people in all different stages all
Different phases

It's like that y'all...