

7:30

Talib Kweli

It's 7: 30, 'bout to be that time  
And if you miss the word, don't be afraid to press rewind  
But if you got to open your eyes to see the truth  
Then maybe this one ain't for you  
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Every night at 7: 30  
Men get dirty, yo I yelled so loud the Heavens heard me  
The information that I drop's so hot, it's newsworthy  
Cops is askin' me who told me, I said a little birdy  
Dirty listen, the way the sunset glistens is so pretty  
Castin' a shadow on the grave of those who die early  
Tryna get it and they got it, how could it not disturb me  
Make your eyes pop out your head like you were Mr. Furley  
It gets crazy

Sometimes life's like a drug  
Trippin' me out and fuckin' me up  
Makin' me what I want to be  
And don't at the same time  
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Now let me run it down about this kid we call Coolie  
We called him Coolie cause his hair was curly, unruly  
Young mothafucka, 14, is Ghanian  
Parents moved to Flatbush in the 70s, tryna get it  
On 38th between J and K  
White Jewish neighborhood so they thought that they was safe  
Until somethin' happened that we call gentrification  
That's when the niggas move in and crackers start escapin'  
It's hard as racists slangin' adjacent to the police station  
When crack came out the junkies thought they were just freebasin'  
They made the nigga Coolie rich, runnin' with Roger Macon  
VanDevere, VIP niggas, from with them Haitians  
One day in the train station  
Seen the main Haitian nigga waitin' for the 2 at Franklin  
Knew what he had to do to prove himself, no hesitatin'  
Had a .38 and caught the 5 express to Atlantic Avenue  
Waited for the local and blast through like his attitude was gangsta  
Dropped the gun, tried to make a break for the park  
Cops hopped out the unmarked car, put the Glock in his face  
Got locked upstate, it's the wrong place to be in  
Thuggin' for the crew and them niggas never came to see him  
Came out when he was 30, perspective different now  
Hate to see kids gettin' in the game while he was gettin' out  
Before he got to his mama's crib he saw the Haitian with the same .38  
And thought he murked the nigga, guess he was mistaken

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The streets talk to the beat that I walk  
I write rhymes in chalk outlines  
And toss out lines with bait to catch wind of the word on the block  
Shit happens so fast, I felt the breeze like a gun blast  
And a bullet been shot  
Past my ear, it's sad to hear the same shit year after year  
My mama cryin' tear after tear, the hereafter is here and now  
You waitin' for your Heaven to appear in a cloud  
So you steady tryna get high while Hell is starin' you down  
Police starin' you down, silence is deadly but your spirit is loud  
Your niggas die, you pourin' beer on the ground  
Standin' around, talkin' that Apocalypse shit the Apostles predict  
Locked up tomorrow, quick to swallow a dick  
Hollerin' "Bitch" to the chick who raisin' your seed  
You don't acknowledge the kid  
Think you got knowledge, nigga your knowledge is tricked  
You're followin' myths  
Niggas like to ease the pain with a bottle and a spliff  
'Til the truth explode in their chest like a hollow tip, word

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