

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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