

Attention Span

Talib Kweli

Yeah, they getting too slimy
Liable to make this peace brother turn grimy
I'm out now, yo

You don't pay attention, man
That's why your money is the size of your attention span, and
You don't pay attention, man
That's why your money is the size of your attention span, damn
You don't pay attention, man
That's why your money is the size of your attention span
Hold tight, this is the last time you'll hear me
I'm out now

My New York niggas move keys like Cal Tjader
Get the cream like the alfredo with
Beef steak tomatoes on heat like potatoes
Bombs burstin' in the air like my banner is star spangled
You started hearin' all these trumpets blarin' like archangels coming
We out here taking action with losses
Am I privileged enough to die from natural causes?
I was in Paris on the night that Bourdain died
I wish I knew he was in pain, I would've been at his side
When you face immortality
You make space for the morality you erased to get paid a salary
Your soul is the one thing you should never sell
'Cause you can't buy an air conditioner in Hell
I ain't talking no mystery gods
History at odds with the narrative you spit to me 'cause you lying
So when you say you not buying it, that's irrelevant
And it's pretty convenient 'cause I ain't selling it

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Meanwhile if you measure what I'm about
It look like I'm the all-seeing eye off of my account
Vision laid all over the bills I iron out
Taught to keep it clean when you tuck it inside the house
The irony of living outside and ducking the outline
Off your innermost fears inside and out
You know how the story go, born alone, die alone
'Til they bring the gentrifieds home for the glory road
And made us underrated icons in front of a tripod
'Cause for every Chelsea Handler there's always a Tyshawn
So, yo, who's making this cheese, this cash, these bucks?
Whether for me or the Ds, bet your hands be up, tried to tell you, but

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