

Bangers

Talib Kweli

When the slave masters found out they we were singing to each other to run. When they found out we were singing spirituals to run to the North. They found out we were putting messages in our songs. From 1988 – 1993, Black college enrollment went up 47%. And that was because of the music. That was because of ... I didn't know about ... the only four black people I knew about was Harriet Tubman, Martin Luther King, well five, George Washington Carver, Booker T. Washington, and maybe Malcolm X, depending on what school you went to

Live from the flames of Baltimore
What you call this you don't call it war?
Tanks in my hood—no aquarium
No thanks, Nat Guard, ain't scared of em
Buzz cuts in Humvees, hunt me, bluntly
Cuz I be the color of blunt leaves
Leavin streets redder than monthly's
Black life, we on that month-to-month lease
So we burn this bitch
Wake up, shoot a scene like I'm Ernest Dick
My jawn, caked up, she done earned this dick
Stakes up, memoirs of an earnest kid
Unforgettable, super un-fukwitable
MK insurance, acclaim critical
No assurance even with insane visuals
Hype when they indict, slave residuals (Ha!)
And I get paid in miracles
Don't get played, man, they aim subliminal
Behind bars, super-maxin minimals
Jump on a Nottz Raw track, wax spiritual (sheesh)
Measure my net worth in megahertz
So much death in my turf got megahertz
And I'm use to pain, I think I'm better hurt
Kurt Cobain, ngh, with death I flirt
Killadelphia, Pistolvania
Learned how to play ball with a hanger
They used to cut ya balls off when they hang ya
Balls like these so rare they endangered
Bulletproofed the Range, rarely in danger
Out ya range, dog, Mesopotamia
With my young boys rearranging our anger
Indie 500 on the system—a banger!

No yolo, slime on the dolo
Jamla paramters we bounce like Pogo
Hands down we the best no promo
Dubai, Soweto to Soho
Acapulco blueberry lemonade loco
I'm so faded can't you tell
Get off Twitter, my nigga, you can't spell
Embarrassing as hell, oh well, 'nother brain fail
As I skip to my Lou, it's gotta be the shoes
Better yet the man in the move with the grooves
Of the record needle, life is never evil
We the better people, Zulu Knievel
Still putting TV's in your whip, huh?
Mispronouncing Maybach and shit, huh?
Chicken chop light on the sauce though
Black Jedi Nomad go where the force go