

Before He Walked

Talib Kweli

Like a medicine in times of war, helps me get over
The sweetest sounds I ever heard, my joy, my heart, my music.
Like a medicine in times of war, helps me get over
The sweetest sounds I ever heard, my joy, my life, my music.

I'm from a small city, but I have big dreams,
Had some good ideas, but I had better schemes
I thought the hustle way for me was etched in stones,
Until my pun to dime and name etched in stone.
My daughter's growing up, my son on his way,
They closing in on me, I feel like every day.
Music saves me, soothing like the navy,
But a lifetime of scars only sixteen bars.
So I took the vibe with me using my life,
Yep, I propose the main music my wife.
If ever need to call a nigga music's my night
And if I need to bring the girls together music's my dice.
If I degraded and I haven't even cried to,
I watch purpose prophesize about going through.
Music ain't the knowledge itself
And I'm the knowledge itself, then I acknowledge your wealth.

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Music a part of me, I'm a bully,
Beating up the track with brutal lines.
The truth inside of me, rappers hit the booth and they lie to me,
I'm using the inspiration that they provide to me.
I'm redefining the space, you can call me the new geometry.
A picture of you, papa, when I google monogamy.
Now all the people who go irresponsibly
Thinking your album is trash is not the root of economy.
So you're expecting the conscious and introspect of use
Each of lyrical vestibule, let me tell you what's best for you.
My music gives you a message true or respect is due,
But music is emotion, that's lost for me intellectual.
A tree in form of a far is never heard
Amongst the sparrows and the robbers and even the ghetto birds.
You download it for free but what I create the same
Ofcourse you're nothing but a pair in making, trust me.

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I was born on the afterbeat, I'm like ron for Johnson
When you reach the crossroads me and the devil have to meet
It's sort of same thing as clever on when they soar
Lower went, looking for God and cleft kept on.
Willing to the same songs but we hear them different
Serenade the death like we got a fear of living.
Having the sounds on stage cause the spirit rising,
Stop the devilish ways where clever displays the lyricism.

The songs are a natural resource of actual street stories
Attract the police forces.
Slay to the rhythm the masses that rip off us.

And he could run before he walked.