

Congregation

Talib Kweli

I'm on that homicide, suicide, drama like Islamabad
Under God, going overboard like the Amistad
Ringing bells, it was 2012 back in 95
I made it out alive, now finally I've arrived
But still threw back to all my other blue black
People that's sticking to it like, mice to a glue trap
My work speak for itself so I don't interrupt
I am an expert, this is no beginners luck
If you denying the truth, then I don't give a fuck
Otherwise get your hands and your antennas up
As we go into our initial decent, I'm alive, but only fifty percent
I wasn't listening to that intuition now I'm in that system again
And I'm praying God give me the strength
I'm drifting into a dark place, tryna keep this part of my heart safe
My soul basically been shark bait, my body's in bad shape

Spitting that fire flame, on a higher plane, going poltergeist
Life a game, ain't no referee, I can't hold it right
Bring the rain, praying to the Lord for it to pour tonight
Bring the pain, fucking with that meth, I'm on that Walter White
The rain [?], make it or you don't make it
You gotta take it, take it, take it or you gon' get taken
Can I get a church from the congregation?
Can I get a church from the congregation?

I'm on that armageddon, public devastation, come in the Revelations
Rap Jehovah, knocking pastors over while I pass the dosha
Lord forgive him, but I keep cutting these records like a sword was with 'em
Mixing it with the medicine, attempting to warn the children
Of what the future holds, slaves of monatomic gold
Seems the problem is atomic, but it's microscopic though
I'm courting hoes and pouring fours, there must be something more than this
Hopefully I'm immortal and I'll never need a mortician
All my thoughts is black, Kweli on the track
My reflection is eternal even if the mirror cracks
And I don't wear no watch, cause I ain't got no time
Solar system, this is astronomy not a rhyme
We bringing the real back, y'all ain't have no spine
So spin the reel back, nigga press rewind
Soak it all in, that is until you're dry
I'm throwing the peace and eating a piece of devil's pie, I'm...

A dialectic
Attract cofollowings like scientologists reading the dianetics
This religion that I invented, it's really a way of life
These thoughts of freedom that I embedded is reaching you through the speakers
These poison animal leaders is weaker than niggas with fever and sweeter than diabetics
Get deaded trying to set it, they'll tie you up like a fetish
They'll gas you up like unleaded and let it off
'Til you wetter than spaghetti sauce and lettuce chopped up with your body left in a crevice
We the reverends performing exorcisms
Exercising the right to fight for the dedicated
Concentrated few that's left who listen

God is with them like we started a mission, following God is wisdom
God is risen like followers of Elijah finding God in prison
We praying for that work, we need that occupation
Can I get a church from the congregation
If you sick of the same conversation
You say you make it rain but that's just condensation