

# Distractions

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Nowadays we be rocking glasses for fashion  
And fucking with life a fraction  
Covered in Max Factor, hustling ass-backwards  
As sure as Hi-Tek look like Richard from Last Dragon  
Your focus on bogus rappers got you caught up in distraction  
Distraction. Who fucking who? Who cares? That's distraction  
You wish it was you, don't you – why you asking?  
Try to break the law of attraction  
Get a piece of my attention just a fraction of a ration  
Or a measly little morsel  
They suck your blood and you believe in the immortals  
We nocturnal like a sleeping disorder  
See the water drawing away from the shore  
This ain't no ordinary storm  
We killing for a humanitarian cause  
But have yet to show up in Darfur  
The Arab Spring is what it's called  
But it's looking like the pride before the fall  
They say it ain't about the spoils of war  
But turn around and tell you how much more the oil will cost  
Steal the land from the Native American and call the missiles Tomahawks  
Make him a mascot, dress up like him for sport  
As a final insult to this beautiful culture  
Scavengers, feasting on the dead like a vulture  
Snacking; how you keeping up with my rapping?  
You barely keeping up with Kardashians  
You caught up in distraction  
It's the living proof you try to make the truth elastic as Mr. Fantastic  
I'm recycling these rappers  
Truthfully, these niggas is plastic  
Coming through the front door blasting  
I ain't talking bout them e-mails  
That you always send to the masses  
That somehow end up in my trash bin  
My niggas got the aim of sharpshooters and the hearts of assassins  
All this war, all this life, all this passion  
No time for distractions  
Give a fuck if the President wear a flag pin  
Rhyming is deep as holes Chilean miners are trapped in  
Or the cracks in the earth under Asia Minor causing disasters  
My Deep cuts way above your minor infractions  
Talk to rappers like children cause that's how they acting  
They holding their hands like minors in traffic  
The captains of industry and the lovers of status quo  
Have a deep-seeded fear of change  
For them it's strange they wanna go  
Back to the 50's, they asking for a return  
But them days is much blacker, for lack of a better term  
We adapted to the times, but this culture we had to learn  
Came about as natural as a perm on a pachyderm  
These fascists have had their turn  
We packing them German burners, them Lugers  
The next shooters is waiting for Superman, they get nothing but Lex Luthor  
America's nightmare, vivid as Fred Kruger  
Our heroes are dead to us  
Spirit that bled through us  
Endear us with the rhythm so the flow is so foolish

What you hearing is precision  
The people so thirsty, what they seeing is mirages  
But a passion for Photoshopping and your YouTube collages  
Coming through like Collossus  
Exposing the false prophet  
Taught how to do the knowledge so I'm never off-topic  
A lie is like a potion  
First it gets you open  
Then you swallow whole straight for the truth  
No chasers, skip religion and the politics  
And head straight to the compassion  
Everything else is a distraction