

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