

# Gratitude

Talib Kweli

You will need find your passion. Many of you have already done it, many of you will later, many of you may take to your thirties or forties, but don't give up on finding it. Right, then all you are doing is waiting for the reaper. Find your passion and follow it. And if there is anything that I have learned in life, you will not find that passion in things. And you will not find that passion in money. Because the more things and the more money you have, the more you will just look around and use that as the metric - and there will always be someone with more

Who I be is the super MC, run up on a group of MCs  
Rappin' all rudimentary, like stupid MD  
Head of Valley girls full of jealousy  
But I see through the envy  
I be shootin' for the stars, never shootin' the breeze  
When you chase what you want, you run past what you need  
Hear the call of the Lord, start fallin' to your knees  
And the families be immortal like the dew on the leaves  
Yup, every rhyme got a reason  
You need me like your mama need Jesus  
Murder rap from the words that I rap  
Treatin' rappers like celebrity news, got 'em leakin'  
Malcolm said I may complain so the deep shit  
Is spoon fed to you with the flow if you're peepin'  
So wavy with the flow, got 'em seasick  
Acquirin' miles, wanna know what's the secret  
They all devil warship except the reverend  
You keep makin' that excuse but remember this  
You feel better 'bout your own failure  
When you think success is based on Illuminati membership  
Fuck the money, that's my new fuckin' attitude  
This the Earth, wind and fire, this gratitude  
Whether in paradise or ghetto avenues  
I stay inspired by my longitude and latitude  
Recordin' in the rainforest in Puerto Rico  
Climbin' up the Dust River Falls in Ocean Rio  
Joey made this beat in the Trump Tower  
Fire like gunpowder, finna light it up cause the blunt's sour  
Revolutionary People's Party  
Evolutionary, we so godly  
Still at the strip club with Nico  
When he pull his hair back, we call him Nico Suave  
We the people's champ like my top of the year tour  
From K Valentine to jessica Care moore  
Nico Is to fuckin' with Cory Mo  
GQ, Rapsody to Hi-Lo  
This the good ship [?], Jamla the damn squad  
Colors of the color to toast in the dancehall  
They call me the solution to problem I can't solve  
So get off that bullshit and get on your damn job  
Get on your job, nigga  
Get on your job, nigga  
Get on your job, nigga  
Come on  
We be workin' damn hard  
We pullin' the damn cards like you're puttin' your hands up  
We're stand up individuals  
Fuck respectability, we ain't pullin' our pants up

We plugged in the lamppost, never duckin' no damn folks  
We ain't bucking like Sambo's, to fuck with our damn clothes  
Hoes fascinated by the fashion statement  
Yet you masqueradin' as a rap crusader  
I know you a hater, player  
I'm concentrated on the facts and data  
That-a-way I've been my favorite  
'Til there's no debatin' who's the greatest rapper  
Always ready for the battle, no fear factor  
RIP PH, we shed a tear after hearin' that we lost a gladiator  
What a real rapper  
Spittin' bars in the cypher in the hereafter  
I'm in artist mode  
Writer then before, I'm a writer at the core  
But let me get it off on stage and I prove  
That I'm tighter than a moor, invite him to the war  
The truth about trust is  
We motivated by the rewards, no one's above this  
So by that logic we're monsters in the makin'  
And seekin' justice is really some persevation  
You don't trust what you can't see?  
You don't trust what you can't touch?  
Then how do you explain love?  
You don't trust what you can't see?  
You don't trust what you can't touch?  
Then how do you explain love?

Quem quis me ferir  
Ficou assim  
Não aprendeu perdoar...