

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...