

# In Due Time

Talib Kweli

Hey, hey, hey  
Say, say, say  
Ay, ay, ay  
Uh, I and me inspire me to choose  
I wonder if I never overthought nothing  
At 22, change, what's the use  
Huh, 'cause I smell trouble  
Love love and hate to lose  
Can I kill Cupid?  
This feels stupid (change)  
I am resilient  
I am a million  
But you ain't call me back  
We fade to black  
Fuck the print, I'm original  
Set my intentional  
Hoppin' out, we fizzling like champagne now  
Ain't checking what you want, she rockin' plant-based now  
You claim she crazy but you on a rampage now  
She got this nigga lurkin' from a fan page now  
She damn straight now

I guess I figured it out, I figured it out, yeah  
It's by design, imma get mine, all in due time, yeah  
Anxiety, lie to me, when the real keep eyein' me  
Finders keep, haters weep, all in due time, imma get mine, yeah

Class is in session, sit up and pay attention  
You rockin' with the masters of this hip-hop profession  
The flow so heavenly, priests start confessin'  
Now that you're settled, let me start the lesson  
Wait, first you got the smile on your lady's face  
Listening to Quas at Sweet Spot, her favorite place  
I'm more Brooklyn than Easton Park on Labor Day  
I got your father nodding like Harden with the fade away  
How you a boss still working for your employers?  
Facilitating orders and killing yourself for quarters  
Feeling like a tree falling in a forest  
Suffering from crippling fears and debilitating disorders  
Went from kings and queens of classical antiquity  
To slaves, not metaphorically, actual captivity  
Give us your tired and your poor, to quote the Statue of Liberty  
Now the FBI surveilling me for radical activity

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Me and doubt used to be the best of friends  
And now success is best revenge  
All you gotta do is say yes to stay fresh  
'Cause the state of my job is stay blessed  
People panicking, the stress got them stuttering and stammering  
They handle it, they self-medicating with the cannabis  
The smoke helps them deal with the cornucopia of phobias  
We numb, so used to the opiates, it's copious

Alone pacing, uncomfortable in social situations  
Life is a smack in the face when you lacking motivation  
Whether publicly or privately  
It can't be healthy treating social media like it's your diary  
I had a girlfriend that was OCD, it was a one-penis policy like OPP  
I let her go, she was playing games like PS3  
That relationship gave me PTSD

Ay, ay, ay  
Tell me what you're on  
I, I, I reclaim all my time  
Oh, oh, oh, keeping in the flow  
Ooh, ooh, what it do  
And tell me what it feel like, ay  
Tell me 'bout the pain and what it heal like, ay  
You could try to fake it but it's real life, ay  
Concentrate on what it feel like  
And let it feel right

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