

# Let It Burn

Talib Kweli

Open your eyes yea, tell me what ya see  
Emcees on deck this the elite squad  
You shall see start recognizing your privileges  
Yea before they start weaponizing these lyricists

All praises due to Allah  
But we worship the dollar, so what we gonna do for Jihad?  
I was hard in the booth of the yard the hallway  
And I got wise, gave a little juice to the gods  
Your body's your temple, try to keep the lesson intact  
Progression is forward, regression is back  
But if you make it to the essence, that's a blessing in fact  
Fuck a stripper, I got mother nature makin' it clap  
I could rain dance a rain rhyme, pass me a track  
I adapt to the boom-bap, mic and the strap  
Gimme a dap, real rap, I'm ahead of the pack  
This is Kweli and Ghost, in every rhyme kicking in the morning  
With 'em hatin' this, probably a roach  
I can talk to the walls, been walked on  
Listen dog I'm different, always use a godly approach  
Ain't the new Black Star, but shit I'm the mos'...

...dope

Like Mac Miller, we black silla, these wack niggas  
Gotta give us dap, but they be gettin' too close  
I abhor violence but I'm a bar away from whippin' the toast  
Your assumptions is a slippery slope  
You scared to pick up the soap  
Just stay away from the crime life when you offer up critique  
Of the zeitgeist, they slittin' your throat  
Yo that's why I'm like show me the limelight, what's twisted  
They destroyed a young black and gifted, so I'm staying on mission  
Some of my niggas got that blonde ambition  
Want a test, ain't no competition, nigga my god is living  
Stayin' true I play it blue like it's foul language  
What we livin' through way more offensive, this is our anguish (solidarity)  
Our pain is no illusion, no matter how you frame it (solidarity)  
We spit our life, you actin' like it's just entertainment  
Nah, that's what a fetish is  
Hip Hop way more than cars, clothes, and necklaces

Chemtrails in the air, let it burn, let it burn  
A nigga wishing he was there, wait your turn, wait your turn  
Now, you think you're different but you're not boy  
You think you're livin' but you're not boy

Dollar circulate for some jewelry or cars  
You Bambi runnin' back in the forest  
I know 'bout bright lights and that they all ain't for us  
I know we at war and that I'm just like Forrest  
Black man on my shoulder, recitin' Raphael chorus  
Gonna miss me like Nike Airs, crisp Ts this summer, I'm comin' for ya  
Halfway there like La Toya, the heart don't lie  
Everybody rockin' Jordans can't fly  
5'3" with a 6'9" stride, got a leg up on whoever  
My employer is 9, I'm only one away from a dime  
We don't change up, we just a better version this time

I bet we get it right the next time  
Millions march and they still buildin' Dakota pipelines  
I'm still writing pipe lines, crap, Prince said this a sign of the times  
I'm waiting on a day that I cover a Time  
My mother said the love of the blessed so I am just like her  
You couldn't picture a writer like I with a Leica  
Flash it, I descend for the cipher  
There's more wisdom to come, even my dull shit brighter  
But pay me no mind if you don't know what the price is  
What the price is

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Now, you thin you're different but you're not boy  
You think you're living but you're not boy  
You think we trippin' these are knots boy  
You think we flippin' we got plots boy