

More or Less

Talib Kweli

Y'all hear that
Whats that sound
Ya know ya want it
I'ma tell um what we need

More franchisin
Less sanitizin
More uprisin
Less down sizin
More enterprisin
Less sympathizin
More buildin
Less destroyin
More jobs
Less unemployment
Lets skip the devil
Less enjoyment
More originality
Less bitin off Pac 'n' Big
More community activism
Less gigs
More Blacksmith
Def Jux
Less Geffen then the rest
Cause the west suck
They got this shit all messed up
More marijuana
Less coke
More accountablity for politicians
Before we shoutin
Let's vote!
More schools
Less prisons
More freestyle
Less written
More serious shit
Less kiddin
More history
Less mystery
More Beyonce
Less Britney
More happiness
Less misery
More victory
Less losses
More workers
We all bosses
Of course its
Reflections

More love
Less hate
More real
Less fake
More
Less
Less stunin

More fame
Less talkin
More change
Less wishin
More vision

God bless the hood
Where my money always good
I can get you taken now
Dont think I couldn't when I could
Son I live above the rim
Crack is hope
Niggas wishin
Y'all wish a nigga crack a joke
Like he wanna battle for the mic
This is Brooklyn, the planet
And y'all niggas is just satellites
Revolvin round my every word
I adress the crowd like
Lincoln at Gettysburg
Surrounded by the heavy herb
The crowd is more or less wall to wall here
For the pure
Hip-hop thats how I'm rockin
Got them droppin they jaw
Fire marshall blockin the door
This the shit the cops stoppin us for
This the "Reign of the Tec" and the motherfuckin Beatnuts
Slice like a nip-tuck
Specalizin in deep cuts
This the music that you ridin to
Provided by Talib and Hi-Tek
The livest two

The more I put into it
The less it sound like the nonsense
The more natural
The less concious
At the same time the more bomb shit
The less the devil got a grip
I'm gettin loose
We gatta slip away
The ghetto gatta git
More for a dollar
More fresh goods for purchase
Less liquor stores
Less churches lookin like they corner stores
More rap songs to stress purpose with
Less misogyn and less curses
Lets put more depth in our verses
Till they left on the surface
While we stomp through the underground
The cops dont come around
You sorta hoppin for that reflection
You sorta open
I heed the call of the chosen
I dont play with your emotions
Stop actin so god damn emotional
I give you these bars for free like it's promotional

This aint no marketin strategey
It had to be from the heart in order to be reality
Reflections

[Chorus-Dion]