

Nice Things

Talib Kweli

Violence has come, but many argue it's also tolerated as long as Blacks and Hispanics fight each other, and as long as they do it in their own neighborhoods

Damn right, we got it
Damn right, I'm 'bout it
Police state trying to kill us
Will they succeed? I doubt it
Y'all don't want no problems
So lame nigas be quiet
We 'bout to start the survival
We 'bout to start the survival

That's why we can't have nice things
That's why we can't have nice things

Used to race home after school
Just to turn on the tube
To catch the new videos, thought I was cool
I'm talking Snoop, Dr. Dre, to Fugees, to Biggie, to Diddy, to Wu
My O.G. will come from the spot with the loot
Like, "Kweli you nice, niga. Hop in the booth."
Together Forever, the name of the crew
Now, I wonder is there any real rap left; is it just me yelling no justice no peace? (hands up!)

This new video full of black death, fuck rap 'cause we dying at the hands of the police (hands up!)

Horror movies don't get no scarier than the way cops treating nigas in America
See more videos of cops trying to bury us than ISIS, you tell me who's the terrorist
Terrorists making bomb threats ain't got shit on the Prison Industrial Complex
Slavery to Jim Crow, now force my kinfolk into poverty, living in the projects! (trapped!)

Coming such a long way from living like kings
Now we like bling, wanna pull up in a white thing. (you trapped, niga)
This is why we can't have nice things
Got to be prepared for the drama that it might bring
Jealousy gonna tear us apart
They say it's all love, but what's in their hearts?
The product in nigas, kidnapping your wife
You're out in the desert like what's in the box?
In your Brad Pitt voice
So what you have is a choice
You can have all of us thinking you're moist
Or get like Chuck D and start bringing the noise
Rap life I attack like a pit bull
Let it off like a clip full
Known to stand up to all that bullshit that you sit through
Tell the world what we've been through, it's pitiful
Portrait of the artist as a young man
Raised in a borough in Brooklyn in the late 80's
Rap crazy are the crack babies who act shady when snitches start singing like the fat lady

Amadeus, you know what it is

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Naw, it ain't trap rap
It ain't backpack (what's that?)
This is what you sound like when you have facts
And you're facing down the cops in a gas mask
Y'all be listening to lames? Well, we past that
Half-assed rap, you can have that back
All you fake deep niggas where your hashtag at?
Cut you open on the mic when I'm showing you the light
Niggas scatter like roaches, where the black flag at?
Radio solace is coming I promise you nigas I give you a preview (it's coming
)
Transparency, that's the key
I got nothing to hide you niggas is see through
Trans parent, no Caitlyn genital
Tatted up but you faker than henna ho
Black Star with the bars that expose you
Just like you posed nude, no centerfold

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