

NY Weather Report

Talib Kweli

C'mon, Yeah

I like to take this opportunity, to thank everybody who been riding with me so far

Its a been a long journey

But they say your life's path is not about the destination

Its all about the journey

I appreciate y'all

It's my blood, sweat, tears, years

Struggle, love, hate, fear

New York city!

You could make it here, you could make it anywhere

I came to prepare

For the rain, hail, sleet, snow

Whatever the weather, we ride

Let my people go!

To a place where knowledge is born

We welcome you to the 3rd eye of the storm

Check it out!

Futuristic lyricist, straight from the renaissance

Top of the suffer chain, raps upper echelon

My people suffering, slave to another chain

This voyage is maiden, like my mother of the name

Is this your first trip to hell?

Avenge a capitalist, if its a product then we got it for sell

When I first started to spell, my words fell into rhymes

Turned into songs, everything else fell into line

I paint the pictures, you could see the people bleeding my bars

When I was a teen, I was mean, about to reach for the stars

So if I fail or fell, write in the clouds, tighten the vowel

Niggas word, there use to be no biting allowed

Now the gangsters no grindin' allowed

Probably see a fight in the stage, fore you see a fight in the crowd

I send this out to my people facing the storm

Homie we riding it out

You inspire what I'm writing about

Its the 3rd eye of the storm Check it out! Been fucking around!

I'm not a judge, but I'm handing out sentences

To political prisoners, regular inmates with no visitors

Niggas in the streets outside to reach up for ministers

Not those that say they spiritual, but actual parishioners

Rap listeners, we open the black businesses

This underground shit, with samples to lack clearances

Once you get a past appearances

You could tell who shit is fake and who's shit is based upon the past experiences

We really been to war, hand to hand like crack sales

Bill the man, the man they try to kill off the blackmail

Female left to raise up a son

From the day he was one

Til' he twenty, and he raise up a gun

Get to blazin' for his place of the sun

Smoke bracin' his lung

Young in his years and he's facing a ton

None of his peers wanna share the road
Love the child, care to provider
But they hand a blunt and share saliva
You ain't a rider
And you hustlin' backwards
To many excess, with imitating these crackers
So our kids looking up to drug dealers and rappers
Taking away all the work away from our black actors
Revelation is first and armageddon is after
Tsunami's, hurricanes and natural disasters
Fast food culture be this, is always a factor
It's the gratification
They want the cash faster!

It's the 3rd eye of the storm It's the place where knowledge is born!
Check it out! check it out!
Talib Kweli!
That's what it is..
Break it down