

On Mamas

Talib Kweli

"I thought about it the other day, I'm 27 and a half years old my guy. And I never left Brooklyn, left Brooklyn, left Brooklyn, left Brooklyn... I've never been to Staten Island, I've never been to Long Island, never been to no Harlem. And hey man, can I keep it real with you now? I ain't tryin' to leave. I'm never gonna leave. I ain't ever leaving Brooklyn!"

One autumn night I caught a flight to Jamaica to get away from all the stresses of life

And all the fights I had to break up

Brought the studio with me

I'm picky about the spots I record in

Plus the drones, they got an angel that's fallen [?]

I'm on the beach, where my bae definition of cupcake

And niggas hatin' them

My skin so dark, I look Jamaican

Awkwardly dropping patois in my casual conversation

On occasion getting further away from the frustrations

But so many of my people catch a tough break

Stressed like a nigga from New York with a gun case

Meanwhile I'm on the island cuttin' dub plates

Smokin' weed's more colorful than leaves fallin' upstate

Been listenin' to Mac Miller's "Self Care"

But still can't keep my mind off of my people welfare

That's when I throw on that Dead Prez, "Hell Yeah"

Headed to New York, ain't a better vibe elsewhere

To write that shit, the real life shit

Got every system pumpin'

On mamas son, they love it

We bakin' them cakes, we cookie cutter

I'm fresher than a New York sling

It's so butter how we

Write that shit, the real life shit

Got every system pumpin'

On mamas son, they love us

We bakin' them cakes, we cookie cutter

I'm fresher than a New York sling

It's so butter how we

Goin' number 1 like Pete Rock, the soul brother

2020 bad money I'm running the whole summer

That's gold

It's the flow like no other

And they're lovin' it, like LB and Joe Scudda

New Yorkers, we don't concern ourselves with the quorum

It's the home of hip hop, the anti-pop consortium

Where the cops let off 41 shots without warnin'

Kill 'em dead in the street and let the coroner sort 'em

Used to spray paint our name, gettin' up to get fame

Now our babies comin' out of the womb like, gang gang

Back in the day all of that bangin' was a Cali thing

You could tell the difference from the New York and the Cali slang

I love to write to the clangin' of the train

The kids playing on the swing

The braap of the gun play

The air horn that tell Hasidics it's time to pray

The drummin' on Sundays in the park with the sun rays shine down

On the hallowed grounds where rap started at
My bars are like African artifacts over harder tracks
It started back when Phil Sims was a quarterback
Still drop and slap to give a young boy a heart attack
(Step up your game, son)
For the writers and the excitors
In between the Twin Towers like the Man on the Wire
For the New Yorkers who be drivin' even though the road be fuckin' up their
tires
This the year we shuttin' down Rikers

And I like that shit
The real life shit
Got every system pumpin'
On mamas son, they love it
We bakin' them cakes, we cookie cutter
I'm fresher than a New York sling
It's so butter how we
Write that shit, the real life shit
Got every system pumpin'
On mamas son, they love us
We bakin' them cakes, we cookie cutter
I'm fresher than a New York sling
It's so butter how we

(It's so gutter how we)

My pops's 60 and never got a driver's license, B. My nigga—my nigga my fathe
r—my father been ridin' the train since fuckin' '72 nigga.