

So Good

Talib Kweli

Yeah...

As we continue on..

Yeah (We recordin' in the house)

Ladies and gentlemen

This the soundtrack (In the natural sound)

Do not be alarmed (Children playin')

Don't panic, be calm, yeah... (Crickets chirpin')

We gon' hit you with... with the words

We gon' hit you with the music (We in Fort Greene right now)

'Course we gonna hit you with that Kweli shit

One of these days a change gon' come

For you and I and our children

Where you can live and just have fun

Don't nobody trip on where you come from

Everything is good yeah it's all love

It's freedom in the hood for all to get some

It's every woman to a man

To a child to a fam

With all us on a higher level of understanding

But if it's gonna take a while I'll chill

I can bask in the glory on that day

And if I gotta chill then boy I will

It's no problem for me because yo I be

B-Boy position standing here

Anticipatin' patiently just waitin'

To grind out for my dream

And you (you) can't stop me boy

Listen...

Ladies and gentlemen don't be alarmed

This is the soundtracks of what's goin' on

And if you want you can get it

I promise you if you let it

The rhythm'll be good to you

Yeah, let the rhythm be good to you

I promise baby it'll be so good to you

And now, you 'bout to witness the sound

Of these Words, Musiq, and Kweli

Community blocks waitin' 'til my opportunity knocks

But the door is usually locked because it's usually cops

Most of wish we had a car and jewelry shop

But spend my days tryin'a fuck or find a movie to watch

Talkin' big plans to live large and move from the block

Your only option from your moms is to move to ya pops

Cigarettes tryin'a hold on to the few that you got

Price is crazy high for you to give up a loosies a lot

Areas we from you scared you don't run

Don't care what you've done

Be wary of tongue snitchin' 'n' hope the jury is hung

Tryin' to go from zero to one like a hero becomes

While here air in my lungs ideas I share with my sons

People down here so shady they could stare at the sun

Can't wait 'til that unemployment check clear once it comes

Daily routine, but my only theory when young

Was get money, get a job and hope her period comes... it's real life

Walkin' the block at night I, stopped at rhyme cypha
Circle of rhyme writers broken up crime fighters
They said we loiterin' started orderin' us around
We ain't jump at the sound of they voice,
They said "Get on the ground!"
This cuz we black or what?
I'm sick of cops harassin' us
Probably because we ain't degrade ourselves fast enough
The people passin' us stopped 'n' the cops start actin' right
Somebody had my back tonight
Off they go in a flash of light
You try to see the future take a mental picture of it
City life is hard when your apartment don't fit in your budget
You need to get a room like people who kiss in public
Plus you tempted to say "Fuck it" until you kick the bucket
There's more to life than appears it ain't no crystal stair
As nails'll stick out 'n' snare you and this is crystal clear
Ain't no officials in chairs or fans that scream your name
It ain't a game but it's still a challenge just the same

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