

Technicolor Easels

Talib Kweli

You heard?

I'm recording right now man but I'll hit you back, you heard
Aight I'mma hit you back man
Alright holla bruh

A real revolutionary fights for the people
And before he writes the first movie he has to write the sequel
Product of my environment, we are not equal
I put prophecies in my book like [?]
I done spent nights in the sky like a beetle
Seeing all these guys in disguise full of evil
I paint us a reality, all these technicolor easels
And remember that the rats always know when they're with the weasels
You self aware? Man you deceitful
You want me to pull out the chair but I say the seat's full
Give me the throne or give me the throne
Give me the Jesus juice, give me the stone
If any man do not condone then give me the chrome
I own no grudge, I'm takin' care of Venice like Nina Simone
And Argentina and Evita Peron
Either leave me to roam or leave me alone

Cause it's not easy being me baby
I just look at the life and I just see crazy
Painting on technicolor easels
You gotta think about we baby
Instead of always talking bout me baby
Painting on technicolor easels
Cause it ain't easy

It's like I know we asking Bowie is there really life on Mars
So we be writing these bars and realigning these stars
Rhyming 'bout the grime, get yourself a shiny car
Close but no dutch, only I can puff on my cigar
They say this shit is imminent so I'm channelling my grandpa
Twisting up bowls while [?]
Middle finger to black ops, the other finger to rat cops
But keys open doors I got [?]
I still bump [?]
Enjoying paradise, they told me it don't last long
So meanwhile I drive my [?] for you to snack on
And I'm rappin' with my graduation cap off

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I just look at the life and I just see crazy
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Think about we baby
Instead of always saying me baby
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