

Talib Kweli % Hi Tek

"Ghetto Afterlife"

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[Talib Kweli]

These niggaz ain't thugs, the real thugs is the government

Don't matter if you independent, democrat or republican

Niggaz politickin the street, get into beef

Start blastin, now a new cat is executive chief

With a, passion for heat you get, blast in yo' seat

Die before you crash in yo' Jeep, never passin in your sleep

like an old man, you ain't a fool you got a whole plan

to conquer territories like Europeans who stole land

The future of your whole fam' hang in the balance

You the king, and your block is the palace

Y'all niggaz is the parliament, untouchable, spot unrushable

Keep your weight wet, call in collect to save a buck or two

Get mad, who the fuck are you? What you gonna do?

Exactly what I thought - NOTHIN, in the sport of frontin

you the undisputed champion, I'm in a class you can't be in

My words is flesh like Jesus, the aquarian

{*scratched* "Let's stop right here (??)"}

{"So you think that I'm a fool.."}

{"Ayy man.. (??)"}

Chorus: T. Kweli and Kool G. Rap

[T] It's just a chapter of the night, in the ghetto afterlife

Where you just seen or heard about or gonna have to fight

[K] Where they sacrifice the life and niggaz see flashes of light

When you trapped up in the heights but clappers aimin at the wife

[Talib Kweli]

Yeah, dudes gettin money is still thuggin

Chicks gettin money is still ghetto

Still livin the whole thuggish stilleto
Your team let the metal burst before you take an L
you raised in hell, let the dust settle first
Then you ask the question, snatchin the life of the
innocent
Shit happens huh, a man's respected by his actions
It's the karma of the street, you try to meet the karma
while the karma sleep, yo it's deep, but the karma can't
be beat
You don't know your enemy, so you fightin with
yourself
Relate to rap niggaz cause they writin what you felt
You got top shelf connects you gettin seasoned like a
veteran
We suck the venom out the snake bite, without the
medicine
We benefit from niggaz in tenements, dyin for
benjamins
So bad that they know they own coffin measurements
Ghetto eloquence, in the moment of truth, don't be
hesitant
or fall victim to the element, word is bond

"So while y'all keep on fakin the funk,
we gonna keep on walkin through the darkness carryin
our torches"
-> DJ Premier
{*scratched* "I'ma give-give-give it to-to you straight"
"Straight up and down!" -> DJ Premier

Chorus: T. Kwei and Kool G. Rap

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afterlife
Where you just seen or heard about or gonna have to
fight
[K] Where they sacrifice the life and niggaz see flashes
of light
When you trapped up in the heights but clappers aimin
at the wife

[Kool G. Rap]
Niggaz get caught up in the struggle
End up in court in trouble, sportin a bubble
Ford azure bubble, importer smuggle, forcin a rumble
Hit the blocks with a portion to double
Flip and get tossed in the huddle
Police with one piece short of the puzzle
It's a hustle, peep the street life, they movin muscle
and the G's'll make your knees buckle
Tussle with heat until your feet stand in a pee puddle

Cheese double but all the speedy niggaz bleed
puddles
Make the headlines; some try to escape the fed time
Phone taps on direct lines - tec-9's with the red shine
Jake climbin through the bedroom blinds
Tryin to bring you to your deadline, it's slippery when
wet signs
Red time, wipe the sweat around your neck time
One shot spill out your red wine, rock shots to deafen
your prime
Pieces of hot lead left in your mind
One slug to the left of your spine
Forever late to rest on the shrine

{"So you think that I'm a fool..."}

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