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Talib Kweli f/ Sizzla "Hostile Gospel Pt. 2"

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[Intro: Sizzla] + {Talib Kweli}
Deliver me oh my father
Haha, Amadea {C'mon!}
Sizzla Kalonji {Yeah, this the one right here!}
Talib Kweli

[Hook: Talib Kweli] + {Sizzla} {Deliver me oh my father} What? What? Yeah Deliver me from temptation, a weakened man facin You put the spirit in me, I feel the sensation

[Verse 1: Talib Kweli]
Die on my feet before I live on my knees lord
Deliver me from point A to B like livery
Nothin is free, you got to be a hero to save
They got you working like a slave from the crib to the grave

A minimum wage can barely keep a job for a home A car or a phone, forget about gettin a loan You starting to moan, your bank account is getting withdrawn

It's pitiful how we becomin slaves to things that we own They en-slavin the brains with the whips and the chains End up in the coffin chasing the fortune, chasing the fame

Slave to the rhythm, slave to the night, slave to the day They hop aboard the Underground Railroad and run away

Pray for the day niggas don't get taken away For makin a way to stop their baby's stomach aching today

I sip a whiskey straight, no chase It's hard to take a man away from the sin when it's inside of him Please

[Hook: Talib Kweli] + {Sizzla} {Deliver me oh my father} Yes, yes Deliver me from the evil that's all around me Jamaica to King's County, God
{Deliver me oh my father}
Yes, yes, yes
Deliver me from temptation, a weakened man facin
You put the spirit in me, I feel the sensation

[Verse 2: Sizzla - best guess only]
Dance through my soul and let my days go right
He can preserve me all the days of my life
With the strength to wake through another day so
bright

Oh! Kalonji, Talib

They say nothing's wrong with doing sin in your mind I reach myself and see what's there for my kind And look around and see, don't be acting blind This is the birthing of us, it's just not kind Now what's the worst thing a man could ever price Pay his life for something he didn't do like the missing mice

Listen up, you know growing up I'll tell you something He won't like you in the deepest of dungeon Take away from my periods, leave me by myself Life is like a dot com, but the blue in my eyes Aired by your love from but your feuds are hopeless! You got a lot of bid, that's how it went

[Hook: Talib Kweli] + {Sizzla}
{Deliver me oh my father}
What? What?
Deliver me from the evil that's all around me
Jamaica to King's County, God
{Deliver me oh my father}
Yes, yes, yes
Deliver me from temptation, a weakened man facin
You put the spirit in me, I feel the sensation

[Verse 2: Talib Kweli]

Plug in the mic like I'm gunnin a bike Front if you like, I'm movin fast, my life is runnin the lights

I give my son some advice

Eyes on the prize, keep more with the one in your sight Won't win the gunfight if you brung you a knife I'm drawin blood from the rock and keep floodin the block

With rhymes that are sharper than the razor that be cuttin the box

For sure I gotta move niggas with rocks in their socks The prostitutes sellin the shit right in front of the cops Under the street lamp, walking through the rain until our feet damp Single moms all line at the office because they need stamps

Your cousin out of jail, he spent his time finding God With a felony kinda charge it's kinda hard to find a job He gotta make a decision, the situation he's placed in As he's gotta get that gainful employment for his probation

Otherwise he's just another part of the scenery Just because you got out of jail, that don't mean you free

[Hook: Talib Kweli] + {Sizzla} {Deliver me oh my father} What? What? Deliver me from the evil that's all around me Jamaica to King's County, God {Deliver me oh my father}

[Sizzla]

Gotta survive and sustain and that ain't right
And everywhere you go they want to give you a fight
Gotta survive and sustain and that's for sure
And every minute sees I'm coming at the bar
Oh yeah...
I got to reach out and look
And keep my seed by my side
Uh, yeah
Life's a reality
Sizzla Kalonji, Talib Kweli

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