

Asheru f/ Ken Starr, Talib Kweli

"If"

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[This is Insomnia] [Chorus] If it wasn't for this and it wasn't for that Oh, this would be a better world [x2]
[Talib Kweli] Yes, ladies and gentlemen You do have Ken Starr in the house, and Asheru Talib Kweli [Ken Starr] If it wasn't for the way that we live Too many single mothers raisin' our kids Too many brothers caged in the pen Engaged in the bid, enslaved by the pigs If it wasn't for crooked cops that pop shots raisin' our wig That send slugs reckless Plus these thugs with a death wish That take your life for that ice that flooded your necklace The blood of the helpless and innocent If it wasn't for so-called friends that turn Benedict Snakes in the grass and crabs in the lake Cause I'm black and it's late, get harassed by the jake And blasted with eight times five plus one Lethal deposit, reach for your wallet, they bust guns That why I trust none and I keep to myself I can't blame cats that pack heat in they belt And quick to clap, never givin' in If it wasn't for this and that It'd be a better world that we livin' in [Chorus]
[Asheru] If it wasn't for a mic check I wouldn't have a check at all Nowadays you can't live that way The market's way too unstable There's too many pimp labels Playin rappers like a ho, manhandlin' the dough Demandin' them to go run the track to bring the loot back Now you playin' for the team and the captain is cream You got the dream to push a mean two-seater With a diva ridin' shotgun just to say you got one You make the songs but labels only want the hot ones Send you back to the drawin' board until you got some Now I guess we got problems Even your all-creative mind ain't enough to try an' solve 'em The doors revolve and younger cats are starvin' They want it more than you, might go to war wit' you To reap the heap of gold that's at the end of the rainbow You can't be mad, man, that's how the game go [Chorus] [Talib Kweli] Yeah, come on, yeah, here we go, yeahâ€¦ I'm 'bout to show you what this black power is It's the red, black and green on the wrist, how I live In the cold world, where we bust off the black llamas Every winter where we lose more sun than black mamas If hip hop got seasons, right now it's spring Life when e'rybody sellin' death, kiss the ring

(yeah) You know how it go, people change colors like
autumn Kids learn through experience, fuck what a
teacher taught 'em Puff a woolie for boredom, rough or
at least accordin' To parents who paid enough
attention to at least ignore 'em Blowin' up mics,
throwin' up signs, but how, nigga Is you confusin' it with
crime? When they write the history books History looks
past prisoners of war That's what my listeners are for
We turn a tide on this fuckery(?) Ride on this fuckery(?)
Shoulda never let me in this industry You stuck with me

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