

Mos Def

"I Don't Like"

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First of all shout and respect to?
Shout and respect to lupe fiasco
Shout out to mr. west
Shout out to rasheed lonnie lin
King louie, l.e.p bogus
Whole chicago movement
Real recognize real

White supremacy, that's what I don't like!
Sugar-ass crackers, what I don't like!
The bank of america, I don't like!
When they lynch and cynicism, yeah I don't like!
I don't like, I don't like
The way the ghetto living
Man I don't like!

Got us strapped up in the system, man I don't like
Ain't too different from a prison jacket, ain't right
Ain't no freedom at the trap, hustler's everywhere
You could feel it in the air, pure despair
Hungry hands only take when they reaching out
Campaign, smoking, geek up, gun pow
Ugly politicians, new election year
Crying bout their care, they are not sincere
It's the greedy and the rich ones that make war
That the hungry, young, and poor ones paid for
The little homie stretched out in a coffin
They dying younger, and they dying more often
The rent too high, the wage too low
The top five stupid songs up on your radio
I don't like
All this cackling and caring on, I don't like
All this sucka-ness and scary shit I don't like
All these afri-coon americans, it ain't right
And that goes to crazy ass crackers
Small claim corp clowns, and strip club rappers
Out in broad day with they nipples out
With they stretch marks, blackheads and pimples out
Yuck, you suck, go away
You're always talking, and you never got much to say
Yuck, you suck, go away

YouÂ're always crowding space, fix your thirsty face
I donÂ't like
The way your shoulders looking sound, I donÂ't like
The way I see Â'em getting down, I donÂ't like
Make you wonder how they get around, it ainÂ't right
In the land where crooks get to write the laws
But people hide their eyes, and shut their jaws
Who the realest, nevermind
Who doing it for the best, there ainÂ't lies
What they wearing, who is that?
Ask yourself, why you care?
Somebody going ham on a gossip site
Catching feelings over rumors that are not your life
I donÂ't like
Sometimes I even hate
But not the people, they?
I donÂ't like, sometimes I even hate
Lord forgive, let us pray
For pussy posers, dummy greed
Polluted seas, them whacky weeds
Nazi police, wasted time
ItÂ's only recruitment, legal crime
I donÂ't like
Rebuke, forgive, and pray for these fake niggas

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