

The Roots "Apologize"

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[Chorus: (Dice Raw) Talib Kweli]

(I will not apologize) I will not apologize

(I will not apologize) I will not apologize

This is for all of my peoples who understand and truly recognize

Some won't get it for that I won't

(I will not apologize) I will not apologize

(I will not apologize) I will not apologize

This is for all of my peoples who understand and truly recognize

Some won't get it for that I won't apologize

[P.O.R.N.]

I'm so sick cause I'm infected but but I don't need a medic

Need a liquid anesthetic, let me show you how I get it

I don't got it but I bet it, I don't worry, I don't sweat it

You can bitch, you can dead it, you can take it there like FedEx

Nothing sweet diabetic, big dog can't pet it

Pack an L then I wet it then I fill it till it's pregnant

(Take the high back) face it everybody got a favorite

I embrace it like I date it but my grandma think I chase it

(Like oh yeah) I told her that her baby moving slower

Cuz the world is on his shoulders then I woke up out that coma

(And got right back) at it with a little black 'matic

Lay you down craft-matic, then I'm gone, black magic

(To the hideout) you don't want to gamble with the devil

Especially when them chewy blueys got me on another level

Cuz my teacher think I'm slow but my momma think I'm special

But even she know I'm coming back like an echo.

[Chorus: (Dice Raw) Talib Kweli]

[Dice Raw]

For the statements I'm about to make I will not apologize

Niggas talk a lot of shit, really need to stop the lies

Jewels rented, cars rented, homie that ain't authentic
Acting tough on TV but to me you seem a little timid
Don't blame the nigga, blame America, it's all business
Acting like a monkey is the only way to sell tickets
Shit I can dig it, niggas gossip silly digits
White kids buy it, it's a riot when we talking about
pimping
Or sipping on old English brew or whatever they think
we do
Spraying double Uzis cuz you know they think we live in
zoos
The problem is with this everyone seems to be real
confused
The niggas on the streets to the old people that watch
the news
And watch BET and the crazy shit they see
They associate with you do the same shit to me
When you look at me you see just a nigga from the
projects
But can't understand this nigga's mind set but still

[Chorus: (Dice Raw) Talib Kweli]

[Black Thought]

Yo, a revolution's what it's smelling like, it ain't going
be televised
Governments is hellified, taking cake and selling pies
I ain't got a crust or crumb, to get some I'd be well
obliged
Murder is comodified, felon for the second time
Never was I into chasing trouble I was followed by
Facing trouble with no alibi, had to swallow pride
Vilified, victimized, penalized, criticized
Ran into some people that's surprised I was still alive
Look into my daughter's eyes, wonder how can I
provide
Got to get from A to B but how can I afford to drive?
Messed around, tried to get a job and wasn't qualified
Had to see a pal of mine, got to get the lightning rod
Now I'm in the black Impala looking for the dollar sign
Palms get the itching man I got to get the calamine
Before I fall behind, guess the grind will be my 9 to 5
I will not be conquered by, I will not apologize

[Chorus: (Dice Raw) Talib Kweli]

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