

Talib Kweli

"5 AM In Brooklyn"

Visit "[5 AM In Brooklyn](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Y'all niggas soft, b, y'all niggas soft, b, you're spoiled
Used to be you had to go look for your hip hop
Now you served it on a silver fucking platter
So now y'all niggas overly concerned with how a nigga
look
What a nigga wear, who a nigga fuck

That's soft shit, b
What part of the game is that?
But I love these niggas
I approach all my niggas with love, man
I approach all these niggas, with love man
Why? Why?

Love never fails, fuck your fairy tales
I'm never scared, busting through this rap shit very well
I lay to hear my shit bang, turn the levels up
The party over for you niggas, time to settle up
All of a sudden y'all wanna know my opinion
But a nigga been official, I'm holding down my position
Looking for the answers, ain't no solution, there's not a
problem
They tryina turn up, my catalogue speaks volumes
When I say I'm a man of the people I really mean it
I don't just mean the people that I agree with
Now I could probably use some tact and some proper
diction
But that's why I'm an artist, not a politician
And that's why I'm the hardest regardless
If you think I'm a prisoner of conscious I illicit certain
responses
To make me the poorest choice to be backed by a
corporate sponsor
So I'm independent as fuck and my company flow get
working
Sometimes I get exhausted, there ain't no rest for the
weary
I never forfeit, I'm ill until the coffin
It's lower than to the ground, they say the lion left a
paw print
Body of work is so vast, so enormous

Y'all niggas ain't about shit, get your mouth split
Blood dripping all out your lip on your outfit
Talking all that loud shit, I'm thorough as you say you
are
Niggas twist your words so I gotta watch what I say on
blogs
These niggas leaving comments but they scared to at
me
Put in the work that I put in and then holla at me
I got love for every artist, I'm more than just a product
I've been to prison to see Mumia, I've been to Cuba to
see Assata
Way before Mr. and Mrs. Carter went on a dinner date
I had to send the lyrics ahead of time before I hit the
stage
So scrutiny is not new to me, I just usually
Only respect the opinion of those suggesting unity
Love hip hop, stop it, I don't believe you
And loving hip hop don't got nothing to do with either
Caught up in the gossip and rumors you not consumers
So I'm shitting on these niggas like Revenge of
Montezuma
If you demand it trust the market will supply it
They complain about the music but they never fucking
buy it
I kinda get it though, we asking them to cop it
And they probably like, 'Why? You waking up in a new
Bugatti'
Shout to Future, this for my chicks who rocking the
scots with the poodle
And party down like Addie Scott on Hulu
Set to wake these niggas up like cock-a-doodle-doo
'Cause my spit more ludicrous than Shaka Zulu
These pseudo-intellectual metrosexuals try to confuse
you
And knock you off your schedule putting death on a
pedestal
But rhyiming describes the times of rising, they send
the federal
Buildings by cowards capitalizing on our confusion
Now we trapped in speculation, the caterpillar, the
butterfly
Who get blinded by the light while they stripping us of
our rights
I'm not giving up on the fight or set 'em up with the left
Then knock 'em out with the right
I be rocking the shit for life, yeah

Prisoner of conscious
Javotti Media
5 AM in Brooklyn

Visit [Talib Kweli](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.