

## Talib Kweli "Distractions"

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You wish it was you, don't you " why you asking?  
Try to break the law of attraction  
Get a piece of my attention like a fraction of a ration  
Or a measly little morsel  
They suck your blood and you believe in the immortals  
We nocturnal like a sleeping disorder  
See the water drawing away from the shore  
This ain't no ordinary storm  
We fighting for a humanitarian cause  
But have yet to show up in Darfur  
The Arab Spring is what it's called  
But they looking at the pride before the fall  
They say it ain't about the spoils of war  
But turn around and tell you how much more the oil will  
cost  
Steal the land from the Native American and make our  
missiles Tomahawks  
Make him a mascot, dress up like him for sport  
As a final assault to his beautiful culture  
Scavengers, feasting on the dead like a vulture  
Snacking; how you keeping up with my rapping?  
You barely keeping up with Kardashian  
You caught up in distraction  
It's the living proof " you try to make the truth elastic  
as Mr. Fantastic  
We recycling these rappers  
Truthfully, these dudes is plastic  
Coming through the front door blasting  
I ain't talking bout them e-mails  
That you always send to the masses  
That somehow end up in my trash bin  
The game is distraction  
Give a fuck if the President wear a flag pin  
Rhyming is deep as holes Chilean miners are trapped  
in  
Or the cracks in the earth under Asia Minor causing  
disasters  
Deep cuts way above your minor infractions  
Talk to people like children cause that's how they  
acting  
Hold their hands like minors in traffic  
The captains of industry and the leaders of status quo

Have a deep-seeded fear of change  
For them it's strange " they wanna go  
Back to the 50s, they asking for a return  
But them days is much blacker, for lack of a better  
term  
We adapted to this culture, but this culture we had to  
learn  
Came about as as natural as a perm on a pachyderm  
These fascists have had their turn  
We passing them German burners, them Lugers  
The next shooters waiting for Superman, they get  
nothing but Lex Luthor  
America's nightmare, vivid as Fred Kruger  
Our heroes are dead to us  
Spirit that bled through us  
Endear us with the spirit but the flow is so foolish  
What you hearing is precision  
The people so thirsty, what they seeing is mirages  
But this passion Photoshopping and your YouTube  
collages  
Coming through like Collossus  
Exposing the false prophet  
Taught how to do the knowledge so I'm never off-topic  
A lie is like a potion  
First it gets you open  
Then you swallow whole straight for the truth  
Fuck the chaser, skip religion and the politics  
And head straight to the compassion  
Everything else is a distraction

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