

Talib Kweli "Eternalists"

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Yeah, now here we go
Here we go, come on come on, now here we go
Here we go, come on come on, yeah

Stay strong this ain't for the faint hearted
My name's honored 'cause my style is insane retarded
Remain hottest from St. Marks to St. Thomas
Take game farther than the put-put planes charted

The same artist who smoke rain forest and bang
hardest
My brain smartest break a nigga like a lame promise
All city like train bombers
Check out the pictures we painted, yeah
More colorful than Kelis naked

Your skills is least debated and your album least
awaited
Even Big Tigger wouldn't let you in 'The Basement'
Face it y'all niggas face down with your legs kicking
They call your momma Roy Jones 'cause she raise
chicken

You're 'Down for the Count' like Rah Digga I'm straight
spittin'
Make pigeons say, "Uh uh", no they didn't
Yes, we did so God bless the kid yo
I got my own so I never stress his no

In this journey you're the journal I'm the journalist
Am I eternal or an eternalist?
Soon as we showed up, I sensed nervousness
As soon as we rolled up, y'all niggas burn to this

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Here we go

Yo we send this bullet straight towards your brain

We taking over like Moors in Spain there's more to gain
Runaways get aboard the train come on
You can't ignore the pain no
When it come down like the pouring rain

Caught the train of thought it clanked across the raw
terrain
The cold weather break your spirit like a water main
I looked in your eyes and I saw the shame
Y'all don't know that our greatness came before the
chains

No you can't imagine a future where this all can change
If one of us ain't free then we all to blame
So we attack each other fighting project wars and
thang
It's all the same across the board we fall for game

You wanna see through that shit then you can call my
name
Kweli I chop it up like raw cocaine
I drop gems at top ten, I'm not for the fame
You wanna test and I bet you get wrecked like lost
planes yo

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And there it is
Say what? Say what, say what, say what

I rock for the purists and I rock for the players
I rock for the fellas and I rock for the ladies, come on
I rock for the elders and I rock for the babies, yeah
I rhyme to the sirens that cry in the night, yeah

Live on the mic even though I've been dying to write,
yeah
Since the days of flying a kite and ridin' my bike, come
on
Open my eyes and keep the prize within my line of
sight, yeah
Now cat's drop out of school to get fiends high on a
pipe, word

Seem like that's the ghetto way of tryin' to fight
The system that's based on trying to stop you from
shinning your light
We dying in spite of getting rich
That's why I rhyme like a battle emcee
Battling the tragedies and fallacies

That be killing niggas quicker than infant mortality
They acting like what's going on now is distant reality
Behaving so casually that they become a casualty
Plus they don't wanna battle me anyway

They try to walk away but they stumble like Macy Gray
Cats hit the tunnel to rumble and say, "Hey DJ"
Make me wonder why they call Sunday the lazy day

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