

Talib Kweli "Ghetto Show"

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Ghetto to ghetto, backyard to yard
We tear it up y'all, bless the mic with the Gods, come
on
Precious metals round our necks and arms
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Whatever's in your heart is where you wanna be
My hood is the ghetto
Even when you look, it's never what you see
My hood is the ghetto

I've been down before, up is just a reach
'Cause my hood is the ghetto
Catch a second wind, then begin again
My hood is the ghetto

Black magic in the hood, it's tragic but understood
Crack addicts, crack windows, crack wood
Even what's bad becomes good, status becomes stood
Upon the pedestal welcome to the ghetto show

Federal buildings, pissy hallways filled with children
pushin' children
Fiends lips peelin', shit seems real and
What's real is the estate of mind that we're in
The situation feels great

My man peels weight, so we can fill plates
You might get love but you still feel hate
Through and chain plates, we communicate
Chicago to Brooklyn, niggas real ones do relate

If lyrics sold then truth be told
I'll probably be just as rich and famous as Jay-Z
Truthfully I wanna rhyme like common sense
Next best thing I do a record with common sense

'Cause it's the music, the blues, it's the jazz, it's
acoustics
Soul, rock and roll, the hip hop that we producin' yea
It's the gear, it's the flare, it's the stare
Nowadays they'll shoot you where they used to shoot
the fair

Remember the lost soldiers, pour a beer, shoot the air
We got our own elected officials, no matter who the
mayor
I know you know what I'm talkin' about, from New York
to the South
Take off your shoes when you walk in the house

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Yo, I grew up where they're playin' skele in the parkin'
lot
And sell paintings of Aaliyah, BIG and Pac up in the
barbershop
Buildings too big so you don't really see the stars a lot
But rappin', drinkin', and goin' to prison you see them
bars a lot

I feel the spirit in the dark and hear it in my heart
And always keep my ears to the block till I dearly
depart
Hip hop is really the art, we have to express the part of
ourselves
That make us want to martyr ourselves

It ain't harder to tell when somebody stick you up
And put the hammer to you
They want them dead presidents like Stickman and
Mutulu
With a gun to your jaw, these kids don't run anymore
Kicks is a hundred or more

A man in front of the store, beggin' for money and
mercy
I told him say a prayer under his breath, he cursed me
Niggaz is thirsty, I heard it's a drought

Up early, servin' from their grandmother's house

Sometimes the ghetto feels desolate
The eyes of the hood, yo, is desperate, effected by the deficit
Times and lessons get hard, either get by or get God
But you try to get by, it's like the block keep blockin'

You try to make moves, it's like the car just keep stoppin'
We shorties in the court, need Cochran, yea
I tell them why the weed seeds poppin', in the game you need options
No time for feet watchin', me and Kwe keep rockin' for the ghetto

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It's the, it's like the world is ghettos, ghettos 'round the world
Be rockin' for the universe and the world, yea
For me personally I feel like, you know I see
I travel from city to city, state to state
Heavy rock gold and check out, the hood
You know I'm sayin' it's like the ghetto show

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