

Talib Kweli "Gutter Rainbows"

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Talib Kweli, yeah, hey, get with it, get with it
Here we go, here we go, come on, come on
Here we go, here we go, come on, come on, yeah
Blacksmith, it's the movement

Keep it moving, keep it moving
Here we go, here we go, come on, come on
Here we go, here we go, come on, come on, yeah
Blacksmith, pay attention, Gutter Rainbows, yeah

Watch me flip it like the Blacksmith logo
I shine a light through the darkness when the night is
black as Yaphet Kotto
All these rappers looking mad in photos
Saddest player braggadocio quality make up for all the
lack of promo

You say you blast a fo-fo, you don't shoot
It's more like you shot me an email but forgot to attach
vocals
Call 'em a bastard like they dad a no show
I'm too fast for slow pokes running on the track with
Yohji Yamamoto

This ain't fashion rap, I'm bringing the passion back
Find me where the trouble at that's my natural habitat
I take it with me in the booth
To deliver real respect to the dead, we only owe the
truth

So if somebody feeling disrespected
Even when his face is smilin' his heart rate escalatin',
violence
Lookin' for trouble, juggling drugs
Using, abusing, beautiful struggling, used to be
bubblin'

It's the voice of the voiceless, hope for the hopeless
Spit game way too real, they don't promote it
'Cause the way I approach it from another angle
I stay in the streets and notice the gutter rainbows

It ain't no pot o' gold, it's where the product's sold
It's where we lock and load and cop the rock and roll
So turn it up loud and turn it up now
Turn it up loud, turn it up now

Welcome to my 'hood where the rainbows is in the
gutters
The pain that you will discover is making the angels
shutter
There's sex in the city but we never claimed to love her
I know you heard of us we're more murderous than
Cain famous brother

Living with death, smoking blunts with the Grim Reaper
Snitch niggas known to blow the whistle like a gym
teacher
This gum flapper, swear he a gun clapper
Nah somethin' backwards, he really a dumb rapper

The trap on the corner with the oil spilling
Mixed with the dirt and the water collected in the gutter
'til the colors brilliant
I paint pictures so legendary
I been doing this, your history is as short as the month
of February

In a leap year, what do we fear?
Dead bodies lying on the ground, nothing to see here
Be clear, don't ever cross me like police lines
'Cause libertarians will be not invited to tea time

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Feel that warm whip around the building to form a
corner tornado
Finding nature in the city, we cover our feet in Gators
Bugatti's to bodegas they selling rotten tomatoes
Stacking chips and I don't mean potato, there go
another one

Graduated from quarter waters and Butter Crunch
Tuxedo nice with a gun tucked in his cummerbund
He get it from his mama, he ain't nothing but his

mother's son
She used to get it popping like bubblegum

Peddling poison was often better employment
The ghetto destroying any sense of self she was
enjoying
Survival of the fittest by any means necessary
Got us calling drug dealers revolutionaries

You say he kill his people, he say I feed my family
And you ain't kicking in, you'll never understand me
You just stand in my way, now you an obstacle
And obstacles end up in the hospital

It's the voice of the voiceless, hope for the hopeless
Spit game way too real, they don't promote it
'Cause the way I approach it from another angle
I stay in the streets and notice the gutter rainbows

It ain't no pot o' gold, it's where the product's sold
It's where we lock and load and cop the rock and roll
So turn it up loud and turn it up now
Turn it up loud, turn it up now

Turn it up now
Turn it up loud
Yeah, break it down like
G-g-gutter rainbow

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