

Talib Kweli

"Hostile Gospel, Pt. 1"

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"Hostile Gospel, Pt. 1 (Deliver Us)"

[Intro: singers (Talib)]

Deliver us, deliver us (Yeah)

Deliver us, deliver us (What? Yeah)

[Talib Kweli]

And what the people say? We wanna live it up

And what the people want? Please deliver us

And what the people need? Hey...

I got that, yeah

[Talib Kweli]

I call these rappers baby seals, cause they club you to death

I could call 'em Navy SEALs, cause they government feds

What become of the vets? They drugged up, they fucked up, they in debt

There ain't no love and no respect, it's like a gang it's like a club or a set

Hip-Hop's the new WWF

What do you rap or do you wrestle? Niggaz love to forget

We got til it's gone, you think you on, you still hustlin backwards

Your topical norm a tropical storm, it's a fuckin disaster

Back to the topic we on, it all started at Rawkus

They couldn't find the words to describe me so they resort to the shortcuts

Is he a backpacker? Is he a mad rapper?

An entertainer or the author of the last chapter

We living in these times of love and cholera

Synonymous with the apocalypse, look up the clouds is ominous

We got maybe ten years left say meteorologists, shit

We still waitin for the Congress to acknowledge this~!

[Chorus: Talib Kweli & singers in the background]

What the people want? Please deliver us

We wanna live it up, please deliver us

Th-th-this is the, th-th-this is the, this is the hostile
gospel
I'm reaching through the fire - please deliver us
I'm preaching to the choir - please deliver us
Just keep it real with us, you scared to spill your blood
Your words rung hollow, we need someone to follow

[Talib Kweli]

You ain't promised tomorrow, so get your paper up
You can't always just borrow and asks for favors bruh
Stand on your own two, never covet thy neighbor's stuff
Karma's a bitch so watch your mouth and what you
sayin bruh
I start a conversation based on general observation
Hip-Hop is not a nation, take it to population
Niggaz got a lot to say when locked inside the belly of
Satan
Awaitin trial debatin how the hell I got placed in this
system
Am I a victim or just a product of indoctrination?
They exploit it and use me like a movie with product
placement
You hear the congregation; this is the hostile gospel
The truth is hard to swallow it'll leave you scarred
tomorrow
Keep it honest our motto, these niggaz keep it bottled
I'm the writer who reach the fighters like speeches by
Cus D'Amato
DJs stickin to vinyl like "Fuck Serato"
Suppliers who ride around the block, in the custom
models
Ballin like the struck the lotto you know who the
cleanest is
A nigga keep it reeich with the stitch and greedy
geniuses
I'm not a hipster, but I flip it like a sneaker pimp
Expose the game, treat it like a bitch
Smack fire out these hoes, cause they snitch and tap
wires while I plead the fifth
You can't trust a soul in the biz, so be careful who you
eatin with
and sleepin with and also who you chiefin with
You never know they might've added in secret
ingredients

[Chorus]

[Talib Kweli]

Freedom's a road that's seldom traveled, watch hell
unravel
Right before the eyes of the soldier who fell in battle

The single mother who raised her daughter to bear the
sacred water
And not take the hand of every man who make a offer
To black kids wishin they white kids, when they close
they eyelids
Like, "I bet they neighborhood ain't like this"
White kids wishin they black kids, and wanna talk like
rappers
It's all backwards it's identity crisis
The industry inside us is vipers with fangs trying to bite
us
Drug suppliers is the health care providers
We cakin, makin narcotics outta household products
We ain't workin out 'til we exorcise the demons that's
inside us
Plus they seem to just provide us with enough rope to
hang ourselves
Enough dope to slang ourselves, enough toast to bang
ourselves
It's officially nigga season, these niggaz is bleedin
That's why I'm spittin freedom we had enough of
trigger squeezin

[Chorus]

[Outro: singer]

In these tryin days and times
All I need is to be free
I can't do it on my own
Lord can you deliver me?
There are trials still to come
It's salvation that I need
So I'm reachin to the sky
Lord can you deliver me?
Deliver us...
Deliver us, yeah
Deliver us, ohhhhhhhhhh
Oh, deliver us
Deliver us
Ohhhhh Deliver us yes
Deliver us, deliver us, deliver us
Yeah yeah yeah, ohhhhhhhhhh... *[ad libs to fade]*

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