

Talib Kweli

"Hostile Gospel pt. 2 feat. Sizzla"

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[Sizzla/ Talib Kweli]

GO!

Deliver me oh, my father.

HAHA!

C'mon

Sizzla Koloji!

Yeah, this the one right here.

Talib Kweli!

Ahhhhhhhhh, Deliver me oh, my father.

[Verse 1: Talib Kweli]

What? What? Yeah,

Deliver me from temptation, the week a man facin

You put the spirit in me,

I feel the sensation.

Die on my feet before I live on my knees lord,

Deliver me from point A to B,

Like livery, nothing's free,

Gotta be a hero to save, got you workin' like a slave,

From the crypt to the grave, for minimum wage,

They barely keep a job from our home, for a car or a
phone,

Forget about gettin' along.

You startin' to moan, you're beggin' counters,

Gettin' padrone. It's pitiful how think we slaves,

In things that we own,

They enslavin brains with chips n' the chains,

They in the coffin chasin the fortune,

Chasin the fame. They slave to the rythum,

They slave to the night, slave to the day,

The hop on the underground railroad,

And run away, pray for the day,

Niggaz don't get takin' away,

Makin' the way to stop they babies stomach from achin'
today.

A simple wiz ski train no chase,

The take a man away from the sin that's inside a him.

Please!

[Chorus: Sizzla/ Talib Kweli]

Ahhhhhhhhh!

Deliver me oh, my father.
Yes, Yes,
Deliver me from the evil that's all around me,
Jamaica, the kings county guard.
Don't leave me!
Ahhhhhhh!
Deliver me oh, my father.
Yes, Yes,
Deliver me from temptation, the week a man facin
You put the spirit in me,
I feel the sensation.

[Verse 2: Sizzla]

Work in my soul and let the days go right,
Keep on preservin me all the days of my life,
Then get me sent away, to another day so bright.
Oh! Oh!
I heard ya Talib!
They say, nothing from resorting in your mind,
I see myself to get there unitl my time,
Look around and see, you'll be out and blind,
This is the first of just it's kind!
There was the worst thing a man could could ever face
(face!),
Locked up for something he didn't do like the fist and
fight (Yes),
Listen up, ya know growing up I'll tell you something,
They will lock you up in the deep stuff of dungeons.
While they leave little tyrians right by my side,
Life is all I got, come fuck it up through or else,
Everytime I live you come take out my accomlise
(accomplise)!
I didn't like what you did, that's so unfair.

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Talib Kweli]

Plug in the mike, like a gun in a bike,
Fun if ya like, I'm movin' fast,
MY life is runnin' the lights, to give my,
son some advice, the eyes on the prize,
keep more than one in your sight, Won't win a gunfight
if,
Ya only brung a knife.
I'm drawin' blood from a rock from the blood on the
block,
the ryhmes is sharper than the razor that be cuttin' the
box,
Sure I, got all the niggaz with rocks in they socks,
The prostitutes sellin' n' sh... right in front of the cops,
Under the streetlamp, walikin' in the rain until they feet

damp,
Sick of moms who line up at the office, 'cause they
need stamps.
Your cousin' outta jail spendin' time findin' god,
with his felony kinda charges it's hard to get a job and,
Make a decision in the kinda position he's placed in,
he's gotta make the game for his employment on
probation,
Otherwise he's just another part of the scenery,
just because you outta jail, that don't mean your free.
Uh ah!

[Chorus: Sizzla/ Talib Kweli]

Ahhhhhhhh!

Deliver me oh, my father.

What? What?

Deliver me from the evil that's all around me,

Jamaica, the kings county guard.

Don't leave me!

Ahhhhhhhh!

Deliver me oh, my father.

Oh, Life ain't a palace,

It just ain't right,

Everywhere you go, they always give you a fight.

Now there's a foul assistant, now that's for sure,

Everywhere they see you clownin' at the bar,

Oh, Oh! Yeaahhhh.

I got a Reason to love! (love)

I keep on singin 'bout my sorrow (yeah!)

Uh!!!x3

Yeah!!!x3

That's reality!!!x3

Sizzla Koloji!!!x3

Talib Kweli!!!x3

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