

## Talib Kweli

# "Hostile Gospel, Pt1 (Deliver Us)"

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Intro:

Deliver us, deliver us (yeah)  
Deliver us, deliver us (what, yeah)

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

Verse 1:

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? Niggas 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:

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

Verse 2:

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  
Niggas 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 niggas 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 rich 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:

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

Verse 3:

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 an 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 niggas is bleedin'  
That's why I'm spittin' freedom, we had enough of  
trigger squeezin'

Chorus:

People wanna live it up, 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

Outro (sung):

In these trying 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 reaching to the sky

Lord can you deliver me?  
Deliver us  
Deliver us, yeah  
Deliver us, ooh  
Oh, deliver us  
Deliver us  
Deliver us  
Deliver us, yeah yeah yeah

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