

Talib Kweli

"Long Life"

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Talib Kweli warming it up:

Yeah, Blacksmith... thats the movement that we movin' with.

Hey yo I got a new name for these niggas this year (New name?) Yeah I call 'em lullabye-ass rappers know what I'm sayin?

They try to tock you to sleep thats what they try to do. They set you up for the fall, and then they go in for the kill...But you aint rockin me to sleep... Who, you?

You ain't ready for war, you got the wrong weapon.

Lookin' for beef, you in the wrong section.

Disrespectin' to my face, you wiling.

That's a problem that could escalate to straight violence.

'Til we cant wait to get to bangin' that heat, learn to express your anger man- its never that deep.

Whatever, piece man them carniovres got sharp teeth.

Police stalk our streets like animals, that's why we call cops beasts.

And they stay hungry for dark meat.

So if your talkin down spotty over beasts well then thats just not beef.

Whats beef?

Beef is where your kids hungry as they go to sleep, beef is when tanks rollin' down your street, and don't you hate when a nigga got some intellect to say some dumb shit on the internet?

But do I forgive him- yes.

I would never stop and checks you out to get

Just cause a nigga go to jail don't mean he Malcolm X.

Chorus: I pray you live a long life, so when I see you then I'll show you love on sight. Don't get it wrong though, I don't know if they told you: Front on me if you want- I WILL expose you. Do what you're told to.(x2)

Talkin, love languages from ghetto corners where love languishes, people always askin' what your angle is.

The hustle in my bones caused trouble in the home.

I document the struggle in my song.
Since the cord was cut from the navel, I been able to,
cut through the fables and the labels makin' deals up
under the table leavin' careers disabled.
I turn the tables and ressurect the Fable like baby Jesus
who was brought up from the stable.
Watch me rise from the ashes, like the flight of the
phoenix, like night through genius I wish you all could
see this.
I spit it like a young black leader,
Taxi cab confessions man, run that meter.
My peoples ain't the only ones either, Mexicans, they
call'em beaners like the Mind of Mencia, Indians they
stole they land are tryin to ban they casinos, man they
don't want us around but they know that they NEED us.

Chorus x 2

I'm Old School, show respect that I'm supposed to,
these fake rappers show you love when they approach
you, they get get around they little friends and try to
roast you, Why they so bitter, hostile, antisocial? Proof
that Hennessey don't go with Protools. Truth: I'm on the
fast track and makin' slow moves. I'm havin fun with
rhymin you stuck with guns and diamonds and empty
rows no one is buyin!

Chorus x2

Dela's sweet, smooth Instrumental to the end...

Thanks so much, TK

Zac T.

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