

Talib Kweli

"Makes No Sense"

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[Verse 1: Talib Kweli]

Real niggas say "church", catch the Holy Spirit
You can hear 'em testify, then I beat 'em with the
curse
This ain't baseball, we don't ever let it slide
Run through it like first, the tek'll spray
Then the pepper spray like pesticides and the crowd
disperse
Somebody on the floor is left to die, that's how it go
What you expect? There's metal detectors at the door
That's how you know that we in a prison
Whether it's the club, or the school, hospital or the
fuckin' airport
Take a trip when I'm on one
Gone in the head 'til the song's done, shit
You ain't nothin' but a blip on the screen
I remain the game for the long run, staying at the
forefront
No blinds - we gettin' sky high
We changing time zones, the hours fly by
The Europeans, mixing weed with their tobacco for
'em
I got it locked like the Scots with the shackles on 'em
Slave psychology, trade property if you want apologies
I'm a king, not in my genealogy
Origin of the word etymology
Eye of the pyramid like a Ponzi scheme
Pull my collar up, cooler than Fonzie be
And I rock, nigga, call me geology
I'm the top nigga, check the discography

[Verse 2: Freddie Gibbs]

Real niggas say "church", Mars, scent of God
Fresh pine box for you and your squad
28 grams and it came out hard
So I quite my job, got blessed in the market
Burnt, work, left in the dirt
Last year nigga in the came, don't perp
Gibbs be the nigga with the pounds and work
Bet you'll probably be the next rap nigga in a skirt
Get brake, scrape, put him in his place

Price on your head, got a dub in his face
All my dogs eat off the same plate
Shoot a nigga, get a charge, get out the same day
And I know a nigga itching to do me the same way
What do it really matter? We livin' the same shit
Never looking forward to getting my brains lit
But it'll probably be a nigga I slang and hang with
Yeah, enemies come with smiles, but I see their
disguises
I done seen friends turn into straight frauds
So the fake shit don't surprise me
In the lab with a spoon and a hot stove
Most of y'all niggas couldn't survive me
.38, young goon with a snub-nosed
Born and raised on Gangster Alley

[Verse 3: Jon Connor]

I'm not giving a fuck, which means I'm not giving in
Enemy touched, keeping my virginity clutched, I'm
not giving it up
Spitting murder, I'm probably not somebody you want
to make an enemy of
Every syllable is killin' 'em, death is a minimum
Outcome when you lettin' Freddie with machetes in
your living room
I'm living through the visuals, I'm giving you connect
with every individual
And they're just saying that he's lyrical...
No, nigga, I'm the realest - raised in the jungle with
gorillas
Ain't too many heroes and there's way too many
villains
Niggas goin' crazy over money, probably need to be
committed
They committed to seeing these killings
And walking away like they don't know who did it
Time ain't on your side
So be happy when you see the other side of a minute
Half-aware niggas witness homicides when they
chillin'
Just another day in my city - just another day in Fly
City
Gonna be funny with another nigga's money
Better make sure a motherfucker die silly, it ain't
pretty
Poverty done got to me, no you can't take it out of me
Talk is cheap, motherfucker, it's like I just hit the
lottery
Got to be niggas spitting that comedy, not a nominee
Spitting a monopoly 'til I'm living like Tommy Lee
Shit too real - and these niggas too fake

It's my time - these niggas too late
My city too real - so I stay like that
And we don't give no fuck - 'cause we was raised
like that
Gone...

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