

Talib Kweli "Manifesto"

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Manifesto, this is what we want to see happen
For my peoples still breakin' graf writin' and rappin'
I rock the mic right and exact, my life's my sacrifice
Take my mic and I'm like a Chinese man with no rice

Oh yeah, we flippin' through the pages of time to find
design
Like Vaseline on the faces of Black Georgia
We shinin' deeper than petroleum jelly
We in the air like conversations on celly
And just appear like stretch marks on bellies

After givin' birth you had to let go, you playin' for life
The Manifesto, here comes the beat
Because I said so keep pushin'

I got the cushion for the seat of your soul
Back in the day they stole our smile
So we clothe our teeth in gold

And we frontin', from nigga to kid, to Son of God
It's wild dependin' on labels for man, woman and child
My style just is all that's seen and all that's heard
God gave us music so we play with our words

So when Tek be in constant meditation like a monk
While Kweli speaks in tongues to get your intellect
drunk
Yo, we bound to take over the 90% of your brain that
you ain't usin'
To us it's life or death, we keep you chosin'

Every shook eye ain't seen, every goodbye ain't gone
Ain't no rest for the weary yo, forever it's on
The Manifesto, establishes a hip-hop order
Movin' upon the face of the water like reflections

Aiyo all the real MC's can meet me outside
So we can decide how we gonna change the tide
Like the moon we on the earth takin' a ride around the
sun
Now son, we only just begun and the journey's far from

done

We all miss you, what your brain gone fishin' like
Walter Mosley?
There's an MC that can hold me, supposedly?
No one could come close to me, only the family really
know me
Hip-hop's last hope like Obi Wan Kenobi

Through your television I'm shinin' light like a train
Comin out like earthworms when it rains
Bringin' it like the C.I.A. be bringin' in crack
Cocaine bailin' out of planes

With the George Bush connections, I push reflection
Like I'm sellin' izm like a dealer buildin' the system
Supply and the demand it's all capitalism

Niggaz don't sell crack 'cause they like to see blacks
smoke
Niggaz sell crack 'cause they broke
My battle lyrics get conscious minds provoked
And ghetto passes revoked

'Cause we surrounded by the evil
You know that the people's minds is feeble
They believe in it
Even if it don't make sense, this makin' dollars shit,

Don't take a scholar to see what's goin' on around you
Either you widdit or you ain't is what it comes down to
Have you forgotten we pickin' 100% designer name
brand Cotton
They still plottin', my third eye is steady watchin'

Every shook eye ain't seen, every goodbye ain't gone
Ain't no rest for the weary yo forever it's on
The Manifesto, establishes a hip-hop order
Movin' upon the face of the water like reflections

Yeah, see that's what I'm talkin' about, it be the
slaughter, man
We need to break it down because these heads
They don't know what they talkin' about
Frontin' all this nonsense, yo, break it down

From open mics to solutions, I got a collage of answers
And a ten point program just like the Black Panthers
One, first respect yourself as an artist
If you don't respect yourself then your rhymes is
garbage

Two, make sure your crew is as tight as you
'Cause when them niggaz fallin' off, they gonna bring
you down too
Three, understand the meanin' of MC
The power to Move the crowd like Moses split the seas

Four, know your shit and don't ever be blunted
If you don't know what your words mean then your
rhymes mean nothin'
Five, kick facts in the raps and curse with clarity
What's a curse when language is immersed in vulgarity

Six, we gonna fix industrial politricks
Shit, they made an art form out of ridin' dicks
Seven, we soldiers for God needin' new recruits
So if you rhymin' for the loot then you's a prostitute

But eight, acknowledge that you need food on your
plate
In order to say your grace make sure your business is
straight
Nine, we buildin' black minds with intelligence
And when you freestyle, keep the subject matter
relevant

Ten, every MC grab a pen
And write some conscious lyrics to tell the children
I'll say it again, every MC find you a pen
And drop some conscious shit for our children

The Manifesto

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