

Talib Kweli "Millionaires"

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[Rubix]

Everyone is claiming riches

The finest bitches

Lexus' and Land's driving 'round without a plan

Everyone wants to go buck

But can you plant some food for yourself

When the land is looking rough?

This is the life

Equivanlent of the real

Don't live beyond your means

In this harsh-ass dream

Cause who will be 'round

When your life is looking down?

Be true to yourself

Plants your roots in the ground

[Talib Kweli]

The ghetto is desolate

But don't be forgettin'

Money exchanges hands like Off Track Bettin'

Project heat will keep ya sweatin'

Release energy through pores

Battles for thesis that held the project wars

Bullets never pour

Snatch your life from menacin crack-whores

By standing just outside of the limits of the law

On the face of human waste

Standin' out like cold sores

It's what Black kids embrace

So fuck a Cold War

If the Berlin Wall falls

What you be fightin' for?

Cause devils come together to oppress me some more

It's clear fuck a tactic that's old like menopause

Yo i get down for mines

Stay out my way gettin' yours

MC's who was just fakin'

You should stop now because

Real guns in your mouth

Cause shit in your drawers

And besides, you got much more to live for

Is hip-hop worth dying for?

Are you sure? Whenever I arrive Niggaz know my steez Au-revoir MC's Hit the floor and freeze All my sons waving guns in barbaric fashion Yo they children don't listen They just imitate they actions

Chorus (Talib Kweli)

There's mad millionaires in the ghetto All material things lose their value in time That's why you'll find I'm a millionaire of the mind I pack a million thoughts in every rhyme Another millionaire dies every day (x4)

[Rubix]

Effeminate character MC Miscommunicate, oppress us, distress us Relay the data like a messenger from Mecca How many men can testify to they treasure? Is this the neverland, the promised land? Sheep for slaughter Frontin' sons but ya can't feed your daughters What's your livin? Playin' to push a man for ¿Sam? Gettin' wired And these are the days, the last plague

Watch the fire

Sensation relation the physical manifestation Man's elation -- material accomadation Facin this world

Conglomeratin' corporations

Deeper than the thesis

Observation of creation

Money makes a man rule a nation

After greed is lust

And soon to follow is distrust

This ghetto paranoia is the reason that you bust

Caught up in the cipher

Having negative thoughts

There's one less millionaire every single day

And you could be the next

This life is rougher than the sex

Sex, sex

Chorus

[Talib Kweli]

Yo I wonder when I get the land cruiser and the lex (No sweats)

Dodgin' users from the other sex I wonder if my own people will be next I need respect that don't come with no weekly check I know ghetto millionaires They got cold chillin stares And drug-dealin airs They make hairs stand up on the backs of necks of ¿mayors? Who blow up fish markets and got various targets They sweepin' shit under carpets I move stealth through the chicken-heads With talcum on they chests Yo Malcom's gone And the elders ain't impressed with my struggle I try to make a profit and I'll flip it so it double Being poor just ain't worth the trouble Extension of my mansion Where I keep my stacks Deep in the study where my nerve endings react There ain't no stoppin me My feelings and thoughts I have monopolies Magnetic fields and fields of dreams is my property Poor people who are stupid die quickly I'm a millionaire that's carrying all my assets with me I go past the physical world like Sufis My people's was sold one-by-one like Lucy's These niggaz got grams but no lands yo you losin me Watch that first step, its a doozie

Chorus

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