

Talib Kweli "My Life"

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Yeah
Yes indeed, got 'em up to speed
We got what they need, yeah
Reflection Eternal
My life, my life, my life, my life
This is my life, my life, my life, my life
My life, my life, my life, my life
This is my life, my life, my life, my life
Yo, what's the daily word?
You ever feel like giving everything up
And buying a boat so you can sail the world?
Aiyyo, what's really hood?
He got a gift with the lyrics
The beat is lifting your spirit when you ain't feeling
good
Sometimes he feel like the whole world is turning on
him
The people miserable and try to place they burdens on
him
He revealing the truth like he a portal
A vampire sucked his blood, now he immortal
First he ignored then he worked the applause
He thirsty for more cause they loving how he perfectly
flawed
Most of these rappers softer than the allure of Juicy
Couture
And from the start he put his heart in every verse he
record
Caused to perform for the corporation, he made a
profit with Satan
Then got with the Beat Konducta for his Liberation
And for free at last till everybody started selling it
But him, he's like I need to see a piece of that
And get right with God, he knows his gift is a
phenomenon
He catch it when it strike like a lightning rod
His rhymes are the spitting image he created us in
We getting paid in wages of sin
True, it's like death in a room
Every lie we ingest and consume
Is guaranteed to make us vegetables soon
Sometimes it's so hard, can't go on

Where did he lose his focus, where did he go wrong?
He should love his life, he got a loving wife at home
But still find himself roaming through the club at night
Kiss his children and they hug him tight
Gotta prove his love in family court tomorrow
'Cause he and they mother fight
These other artists really don't know what to make of
him
So they afraid if him, they ain't breaking him
It's been over ten years since he gave you the blast
The ones that counted him out, they didn't do the math
The fans tell him he under-appreciated
Underrated and hated but he thankful they debated
Thankful that he made it to glory while some faded
Thankful that he keep it surreal while some fake it
Thankful for the skills that's keeping the family stable
Thankful for the meals he put on the family table
He pay the bills when he able and spend for pleasure
when he can
This the true measure of a man
Some things he'll never understand, that's okay though
He know we're molded in the image of God like Play
Doh
But still he wax philosophical like Aristotle
Maybe one day they'll come up with a better model
But till then, he the best there is
More than ten-thousand hours in
So that make him the specialist
Oh yeah, it's way more than relevance
It's classic, original, you remember this

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