

Talib Kweli "Nature"

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Yeah, expect the unexpected

It's kinda hard to keep faith in the things that you do
When everybody turns their back on you
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When everybody turns their back

Yeah, I know a city that's surrounded by a beautiful
beach
The economy boosted by the drugs they move in the
street
More clearer than the crystal sky, blue as the beast
But the people ain't got shoes for they feet or food to
eat

So they hurtin' but what's for certain you can get you
some heat
And over beef, you laid to rest like you was gettin'
some sleep
Where the little kids get ammunition, word, you can't
get no nutrition
Or any type of suitable livin' condition

Listen, they shoot you over that paper, it's just
survivalist human nature
To put you out of your misery like euthanasia, yeah
Don't let them fool you, we ain't different than the
youth in Asia
Africa and Europe, it's a small world, we truly
neighbors

If they the Third World, then who the first to get to
Heaven?
I know it's hard but who does God choose to go
through it, worst
Usually it's the prophets, ask a cat what really matters,
nowadays

Usually, it's his pockets

We gotta get back to what really matters, word
We gotta search our soul to find out what we're after
The more I find my voice the more they try to make it
harder
Mom and dad don't forget to warn your sons and
daughters
About the nature of the world today, the nature of the
world today
The nature of the world today, the nature of the world
today

Word, don't nobody talk no more, they all text message
Drivin' and typin', not payin' attention, missin' they next
exit
Dependin' on navigation, they never know where
they're goin'
They're stayin' stuck in one spot, they're not growin'

I'm so over cryin', waitin' and hopin', playin' the lame
game
The game changed me into 'A Different World' like
Dwayne and Wayne
I'm gettin' high just to maintain, yeah
Take my music like a drug and drop the needle in the
same vein

I get a rush like I'm tweekin' off blow
Except it ain't via the nose, it's from deep in my soul
The street slang, I be speakin' in code
Kick in the do's, freakin' the flow 'til the speakers
explode

We in control, the people know I speak the truth
The power of my roots is thicker than sour sop
And they so strong they bustin' out the flower pot
Family tradition is to tell 'em you love 'em
While your family livin' from granny in the kitchen
The little man in prison

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I'm just tryin' to get back to what really matters
I'm tryin' to search my soul to find out what I'm after
But the more I find my voice the more they try to make
it harder
So mom and dad don't forget to warn your sons and
daughters
About the nature of the world today, the nature of the
world today
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today

Yeah, it's all natural, baby
It's how we put it, yeah
Yeah, Brooklyn to Tennessee
You goin' up with me
Yeah, yeah, break it down

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