

Talib Kweli "NY Weather Report"

Visit "[NY Weather Report](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Come on, yeah
I like to take this opportunity to thank everybody
Who been riding with me so far, it's a been a long
journey
But they say your life's path is not about the destination
It's all about the journey, I appreciate y'all

It's my blood, sweat, tears, years
Struggle, love, hate, fear, New York City
You could make it here, you could make it anywhere
I came prepare for the rain, hail, sleet, snow
Whatever the weather we ride
Let my people go to the place where knowledge is born
We welcome you to the 3rd eye of the storm, check it
out

Futuristic lyricist, straight from the renaissance
Top of the suffer chain, raps up a edge a lot
My people suffering, slave to another chain
This voyage is maiden like my mother, other name

Is this your first trip to hell?
Avenge a capitalist, if it's a product then we got it for
sell
When I first started to spell, my words fell into rhymes
Turned into songs, everything else fell into line

I paint the pictures, you could see the people bleeding
my bars
When I was a teen, I was mean, about to reach for the
stars
So if I fail or fell, write in the clouds, tighten the vowel
Word, there use to be no biting allowed

Now the gangsters, no grinding allowed
Probably see a fight in the stage, 'fore you see a fight
in the crowd
I send this out to my people facing the storm
Homie, we riding it out, you inspire what I'm writing
about

It's my blood, sweat, tears, years

Struggle, love, hate, fear, New York City
You could make it here, you could make it anywhere
I came prepare for the rain, hail, sleet, snow
Whatever the weather we ride
Let my people go to the place where knowledge is born
We welcome you to the 3rd eye of the storm check it
out

It's the 3rd eye of the storm
It's the 3rd eye of the storm
It's the 3rd eye of the storm
It's the 3rd eye of the storm

Check it out
Check it out
Check it out
Been *** around

I'm not a judge but I'm handing out sentences
To political prisoners, regular inmates with no visitors
*** in the streets outside to reach up for ministers
Not those that say they spiritual but actual practitioners

Rap listeners, we open the black businesses
This underground *** with samples to lack clearances
Once you get a past appearances, you could tell who
*** is fake
And who's *** is based upon the past experiences

We really been to war, hand to hand like *** sales
Bill the man, the man they try to kill off the blackmail
Females left to raise up a son
From the day he was one

Til' he twenty, and he raise up a gun
Get the blazin, fore the blaze of the sun
Smoke bracin' his lung
Young in his years and he's facing a ton

None of his peers wanna share the road
Love the child, care to provider
But they hand a blunt and share saliva
You ain't a rider and you hustlin' backwards

To many excess with imitating these crackers
So our kids looking up to drug dealers and rappers
Taking all the work away from the black actors

Revelation is first and Armageddon is after
Tsunami's, hurricanes and natural disasters
Fast food culture be this, is always a factor

It's the gratification they want the cash faster

It's my blood, sweat, tears, years
Struggle, love, hate, fear, New York City
You could make it here, you could make it anywhere
I came prepare for the rain, hail, sleet, snow
Whatever the weather we ride
Let my people go to the place where knowledge is born
We welcome you to the 3rd eye of the storm check it
out

It's the 3rd eye of the storm
It's the 3rd eye of the storm
It's the 3rd eye of the storm

It's the place where knowledge is born
Check it out, check it out, check it out
Talib Kweli, that's what it is, break it down

Visit [Talib Kweli](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.