

Talib Kweli

"Ridin'"

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I'm from a place
Where you gotta let yo' nutz hang
Where them crakas used to cut your stomach open
Just to let your fuckin' guts hang

Right there in front of the kids
I might as well split your wig
'Cause that's just what the master did

But now I'm the new Nat Turner
Spreadin' something to the kids
Like Sojourner, man, the truth

Fuck a 'Creek, I care
But you in doubts and go "Woof"
He ain't dead, what pledge
There's a stank up in the Bush

Or a stank up in the White House
Shootin' board bullshit, man, it's dead props
Here in Chicago but hit this hi-lo
Warriors come play, click the bottles

Cock them AK's, bust on KK's
With the knuckle boy or the other two and the Stic-Man
Given dead on your shirt like a wristband
You a grown man, nigga, stand tall

Don't it hurt, 'cause you really ain't a nigga, dog?
Don't it hurt, 'cause you really ain't a nigga, dog?
Don't it hurt, 'cause you really ain't a nigga, dog?

Country boys, city boys
Cadillacs, Rolly Royce
Whatever, long as we ridin'
Pretty girls, ghetto boos
On the boulevard, in the avenue
It's a long walk, now that we ridin'

Yo, niggas is not original
Niggas follow the radio

Niggas think if you blow
Then you gotta be on the TV show

Crackas is hypocritical
Crackas will rob and shit on you
'Cause see you do what they do
They know freedom is powerful

Niggas is very visual
If we see it, we think it's true
Very few niggas make a move
And even less'll see it through

Crackas make up the chemicals
Then they call us the criminals
Crackas make all the loot
And we just get the residuals

Niggas will rob and shoot on you
Crackas will drop a bomb on you
Niggas is having funerals
Crackas is having barbecues

Niggas sing the blues
That's reminicin' the spiritual
But when you say gawd is you
Niggas ain't really hearing you

Crackas like to capitalize
Them crackas a lie
They say if you don't unionize
Then you'll probably die

I hate callin' niggas, niggas
So I'ma take it backwards
But I got now love for Whitley
I love callin' 'em crackas

Country boys, city boys
Cadillacs, Rolly Royce
Whatever, long as we ridin'
Pretty girls, ghetto boos
On the boulevard, in the avenue
It's a long a walk, now that we ridin'

Yeah, I call myself real N I G G A
'Cause Kweli be showin' on the floor
And they policies, my philosophies
Show you that the block is a part of me

Freedom fighter like Richard Carter be

It's deep how the street knowledge beef
'Cause it ran like a code inside of me
It's practical, not scholarly

Now why do I call myself a nigga, you ask me
Who's got my back when the cops harass me
New York, L.A or Cincinnati
Can ride the train or with the Caddie

When they call you, nigga they scared of you
They fearin' you so actually
If crack is gone, be fearing niggas
Then that's what the fuck I have to be now

It's a badge of honor
And some say that shit's absurd
It's more than just a word
We flip the shit like it's a bird

Pass it down through generations
Then cuss you out and say it loud
The first generation of muthafuckas
To grab our nuts and say it proud

Country niggas or city niggas
Tupac niggas or biggie niggas
In the corridor, floor or door
And all my Mississippi niggas

We connected all throughout
The north, the east, the west, the south
And if a white boy say the shit
He'll still get punched right in the mouth

Country boys, city boys
Cadillacs, Rolly Royce
Whatever, long as we ridin'
Pretty girls, ghetto boos
On the boulevard, in the avenue
It's a long walk, now that we ridin'

All they got for you is a cell, my nigga
They want you dead or in jail without rebel, my nigga
In the streets, it's similar to hell, my nigga
But we gonna boss up and live well, my nigga

You see, all they got for you is a cell, my nigga
They want you dead or in jail without rebel, my nigga
In the streets, it's similar to hell, my nigga
But we gonna boss up and live well, my nigga

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