

## Talib Kweli "Sharp Shooters"

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(stic.man)

Everything is politics, Kweli, people army, you know it

(M-1)

The white man came to Africa with rifles and Bibles

Heard the name, started changin the titles

Now instead of Chaka call me Nat Turner with the  
burner

Freedom fighter for this revolution, fuck a wave journeyer

See I be what John Wilkes Booth was to Lincoln, blam!

Sirhan Sirhan, peepin through the curtains with my  
eyes on a Kennedy

Dead prez, politic, know your enemy, keep your toast  
close

Because political power come from the barrel of it

We in a war, nigga leave it or love it

Since they got us in a scope like a P.E. logo

I watch for the po-po (woop woop) and train at the dojo

Not a gun Deniro but a working class hero

Takin a stand, like a panther with an M-1 Guran

Screamin know your gun laws, self defense is a must

When we set it off I'm a be the first to bust

(Chorus - dead prez)

Yo, I'm one with my gun, I love it like my first son

It protects me and makes sure the jakes respect me

Yo, I'm one with my gun, I love it like my first son

It protects me and makes sure the jakes respect me

(Talib Kweli)

What do you do

when the police kick in your door like 'get on the floor'

Shoot you in the back

cause who you are and where you at's against the law

You try to protect your home with the illest arsenal

possible

Learn how to heal yourself and stop fuckin with them

hospitals

Get with brothas down for the cause givin it all they got

But every brother ain't a brother (word), fuck around

and get shot

By these black kings that pack gatlings

to make a rat sing like Nat King  
Before they start blasting (blow!)  
With no accuracy, handling they beef in the public  
Now an innocent child got a bag for a stomach  
Property value plumb every time a shot is fired (c'mon)  
People feelin betrayed so they take the street to riot  
Cops fire shots and try to stop the spirit takin over the  
entire block  
Politicians say it's time to march  
But people is past that, ready to blast at whatever  
comin  
From the master or from the office, niggas is sick of  
runnin  
Yeah, all my soldier, raise it up, c'mon, now  
(Bust ya guns) yeah, Kweli with dead prez, c'mon  
(Blow blow)

(stic.man)  
I'm deep in the runs  
where all that niggas give a fuck about is stackin funds  
The black and young type that's packin automatic guns  
If any static comes sparatic shots'll ring out  
You get caught up, you get your fuckin brains blown  
clean out  
The killers reign supreme, survival of the illest brain  
and scheme  
For cream you know the game in my vein  
I feel the pain for all the niggas that passed away  
Tryin to get cash the fastest way we know how, the old  
fashion way  
Blastin, we actin like cock tecs and tenniments  
My squad flex if any shit pop, and put an end to it  
It's like hell, this planet I'm from consist of dilligent  
crack sale  
Assisting off the backs of young black males  
It's innocent, suspending in packed jails that benefit  
White well being, while niggas catch hell just for being  
You might as well have a life of crime, ain't nothin free  
in this life  
I stick a nine in ya spine for mine  
No time for talk, 'cause I walk when I talk  
Stalkin sidewalks of course with the eyes of a hawk  
Crack a quart to get away from this trife world and  
thought  
Puffin Newport's 'cause life's a bitch, and it's too short  
My crew sport leather, gold, camoflauge, rugged  
denim  
Deadly in venom, totin buckets with nothin in 'em  
But Rawkus, some ill mothafuckas for real  
Straight hustlas with nothin but a taste for kill

(Chorus) 4x

(Talib Kweli talking)

Yeah, c'mon, all my soldiers

Brooklyn where you at

Florida, Cincinnati where you at

Africa where you at, yo

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