

Talib Kweli "Strangers"

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Becau-cau-cau
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Because I'm paranoid

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No boundaries, no borders
We're crossing many waters
Them haters can't ignore us
The government record us
They used to take our sons
And think it's fun to rape our daughters

No, our health care system pitiful
That's how hospitals profitable
They try to put the drugs inside of you
Lie to you, say that you gonna die tomorrow
So why pay? That's not logical
See the bullshit that they try to pull

They tapping laptops like a bad plot out of a bad movie
Obama say it ain't so, in a perfect world correlation
Of the willing is coalition of the rainbow
Who the enemy? Who the friend in need?
How do you choose your target
Who you aim for, what you aim for?

Damn, still running with the race
But I'm running out of pace
So fast just the last guy to let it go
Wondering if my concentration on the race misplaced
Take your marks, set, ready, go
Evolutionary flow, ever-luminary glow
When they show but the revolution never know

Shot to make you famous, we in your face with bangers

About to face some danger, I just misplace my anger
Violence entertainers, rappers took the place of Segas
Papa said, "Don't talk to strangers, don't talk to
strangers"

Gotta let the people know from the get go
Bun B is a product of the ghetto
Good or bad man I just can't let go
No I ain't a rich man but it's been set though
And I'm still on the grind trying to get dough
Why the government wanna keep me in debt for?
They wanna keep me in debt for?

Look at AIG and the bailouts
Stepping on the fish just so you can help the whale out
Got his ass out or should I say tail out
Need another job like a paper or a mail route
We the fresh, best in take the stale out
Make it rain, they see it I'm a put a pail out
Man, I'm a put a pail out know, what I'm saying?

'Cause I'm stuck in the mud like a tractor
I ain't gotta lie plus I'm not a good actor
Bullshit laws that they enact to keep us
Locked out the big game in the back bru
I got sacked, now I gotta get a sack to
Make ends meet cause the money is a factor
Oh yeah, the money is a factor

Damn, now I'm back on the block for the hustle
Used to be hot, now your boy just cold
Gotta build my bread up and my muscle
Haters talk down, sometimes it's a tussle
But the smoke gonna clear and the dust don't settle
Now it's like def jam wit no Russell
Like def jam wit no Russell, we'll be alright though

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