

## Talib Kweli "Theives In The Night"

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[Talib Kweli]

Yo Dee (What?)

Come on (Yeah..)

What? What? Come on

(Yeah)

"Give me the fortune, keep the fame," said my man  
Louis

I agreed, know what he mean because we live the  
truest lie

I asked him why we follow the law of the bluest eye  
He looked at me, he thought about it

Was like, "I'm clueless, why?"

The question was rhetorical, the answer is horrible  
Our morals are out of place and got our lives full of  
sorrow

And so tomorrow comin later than usual

Waitin' on someone to pity us

While we findin beauty in the hideous

They say money's the root of all evil but I can't tell  
Youknowhatlmean, pesos, francs, yens, cowrie shells,  
dollar bills

Or is it the mindstate that's ill?

Creating crime rates to fill the new prisons they build  
Over money and religion there's more blood to spill  
The wounds of slaves in cotton fields that never heal  
What's the deal?

A lot of cats who buy records are straight broke  
But my language universal they be recitin my quotes  
While R&B singers hit bad notes, we rock the boat  
of thought, that my man Louis' statements just  
provoked

Caught up, in conversations of our personal worth  
Brought up, through endangered species status on the  
planet Earth

Survival tactics means, bustin gats to prove you hard  
Your firearms are too short to box with God

Without faith, all of that is illusionary

Raise my son, no vindication of manhood necessary

[M.D.] Not strong

[T.K.] Only aggressive

[M.D.] Not free  
[T.K.] We only licensed  
[M.D.] Not compassionate, only polite  
[T.K.] Now who the nicest?  
[M.D.] Not good but well behaved  
[T.K.] Chasin after death  
so we can call ourselves brave?  
[M.D.] Still livin like mental slaves  
[both] Hidin like thieves in the night from life  
Illusions of oasis makin you look twice  
[both] Hidin like thieves in the night from life  
Illusions of oasis makin you look twice

[Mos Def]  
Yo, I'm sure that everybody out listenin agree  
That everything you see ain't really how it be  
A lot of jokers out runnin in place, chasin the style  
Be a lot goin on beneath the empty smile  
Most cats in my area be lovin the hysteria  
Synthesized surface conceals the interior  
America, land of opportunity, mirages and  
camouflages  
More than usually -- speakin loudly, sayin nothin  
You confusin me, you losin me  
Your game is twisted, want me enlisted -- in your usary  
Foolishly, most men join the ranks cluelessly  
Buffoonishly accept the deception, believe the  
perception  
Reflection rarely seen across the surface of the lookin  
glass  
Walkin the street, wonderin who they be lookin past  
Lookin gassed with them imported designer shades on  
Stars shine bright, but the light -- rarely stays on  
Same song, just remixed, different arrangement  
Put you on a yacht but they won't call it a slaveship  
Strangeness, you don't control this, you barely hold  
this  
Screamin brand new, when they just sanitized the old  
shit  
Suppose it's, just another clever Jedi mind trick  
That they been runnin across stars through all the time  
with  
I find it's distressin, there's never no in-between  
We either niggaz or Kings  
We either bitches or Queens  
The deadly ritual seems immersed, in the perverse  
Full of short attention spans, short tempers, and short  
skirts  
Long barrel automatics released in short bursts  
The length of black life is treated with short worth  
Get yours first, them other niggaz secondary

That type of illin that be fillin up the cemetary  
This life is temporary but the soul is eternal  
Separate the real from the lie, let me learn you  
Not strong, only aggressive, cause the power ain't  
directed  
That's why, we are subjected to the will of the  
oppressive  
Not free, we only licensed  
Not live, we just excitin  
Cause the captors.. own the masters.. to what we writin  
Not compassionate, only polite, we well trained  
Our sincerity's rehearsed in stage, it's just a game  
Not good, but well behaved cause the ca-me-ra survey  
most of the things that we think, do, or say  
We chasin after death just to call ourselves brave  
But everyday, next man meet with the grave  
I give a damn if any fam' recall my legacy  
I'm tryin to live life in the sight of God's memory  
Like that y'all

[Mos Def]

A lot of people don't understand the true criteria of  
things  
Can't just accept the appearance  
Have to get the true essence

[Talib Kweli]

They ain't lookin around

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[both] Hidin like thieves in the night from life

Illusions of oasis makin you look twice

[Mos Def (singing)]

Stop hidin, stop hidin, stop hidin your face

Stop hidin, stop hidin, cause ain't no hiding place

\* repeat 2X\*

(Ad libs to fade)

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