

Talib Kweli "What I Feel"

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Black man aint allowed a moment of weakness
the crew aint got no room for those who flee when the
beef hit
cause they don't want no beef like people who only eat
fish
you get the third degree like my society secret
n***ers run so much we spend a grip on them
sneakers
i'd rather stand and fight there's no respect for the
meek shit
i'm trying to get this cheese like a pizza that's deep
dish
the sensitive shit you can keep it.. what i feel

all through the night and for when it's right, as long as
it's tight
it'll demand to get performed on the mic
and hopefully become a song that you like, and it
probably will
cause what i spit is what so real, it's based on what i
feel
all i did was take a lil moment, homie i'm giving you
notice
last days that they predicted upon us
n***ers stick it to be sitting on corners, n***ers do
what you will
it's your life, it really don't matter what i feel

[chorus]

when i pick up the mic, and spit what i write
go and sign myself so i can give you a sight
into this tunnel of this court doing quarter to life
until the end you finally see the light
what i feel
don't matter trying to get what you need
when you gotta cut yourself just to see if you bleed
you need the pain in your life,
without the pain you can't tell if it's real
it's a hell of a deal
this is what i feel
[/chorous]

all throughout my heart and my soul
affect my memory like an actor before the start of a
role
i represent my community and part of a whole
pop your balloon mindstate, it make it harder to blow
you in the front row trying to diss, you make it part of
the show
the right fist will make you part of the flow
no question i'm the answer for this,
i'm harder than a n***er with a cancerous prostate
tryin to pimp
i got the real version of lyrics that you tryin to kick
yeah i'm crossing n***ers out, like what im writin to spit
but on the flip son, everything im writing is hits
like the stick of green canabis that we twist then we
stick to our lips
end your carreer with a flick of my wrist, death stroke
with the pen
then i'm flipping the bitch
do what i want, whenever i want, never gunna front
give it to you whether you want it or not

[chorous]

everybody's a critic, people be hating even talking
under their breath
they got me hotter than mating season
this hater nation but the nature of the hate is changing
like the government deciding who's our faviorite nation
you know it aint them hatians
or anybody we call terrorist, even if the world hate
americans
our foreign policy destroy they country properly, we
demonstrate our power
to stimulate our economy
new york is my city
sort of like vice city
up all night, to to sky, pink like white titties
making the classic rthym, i'm having visions
and when i attack the track you get dwarfed like sado-
masichism
send the voice of activism now n***ers aint eating like
ghandi
defeating the british with pacifism
and the people love it, see what i mean haters
i got my love like radio rahim

[chorous]

