

Talib Kweli "Work It Out"

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The temperature got tempers flaring people sweat, the weather hot
They argue and they fret a lot, then set up the plot, to wet up the block
Whether or not the blood is red up in the gutter
Music is my bread and butter
I got a show in Brooklyn 'cause the ghetto love us
Pulled up in Mtulu's truck, I'm suited up, I'm cool as fuck
Security tripping on my baseball hat promoter knew what's up
Plus Chaps had on some Denim shorts and white T-shirt and
I told the bouncer they being disrespectful 'cause like you we working

I ain't a custy or a patron and trust me no one would be paying
To come in this crusty ass club, if I ain't playing
He's like "I'll put you the fuck out"
And when you put your words like that
It's like third strike black you struck out
His man tried to rush me from behind Chaps stuck out a size nine
Seen him trip, face first into the line
Cats is cowards with no spine and they power tripping too
The next level is the violence, so what y'all niggaz wanna do?

Work it out, we should try to work it out
People lie, people cry, people die to work it out
Read the book, pray to God
Look inside to work it out
We should try to work it out
Yo what y'all ladies wanna do?

Work it out, to get fly she work it out
People lie, people cry, people die to work it out
Read the book, pray to God
Look inside to work it out
Show the love, lose the hate

Work it out, work it out

People placed in situations they can't take' what they
facing
Is the trials and tribulations to make them say
The Lords forsaken them
Their loved ones intervening but they always blaming
them
For problems they don't realize what they part is in
creating them
Like men who so insecure they think they women
cheating on them
And women who think the proof
That they man love them is they beating on them
Keep sleeping on them soon they partner creeping on
them
Committing crimes of passion they in caskets mothers
weeping on them

With her head in her hands
There's only one thing that the dead understand that
it's better to be alive
Now what you gonna do stick your head in the sand
You probably the type to fall for anything
And take that instead of a stand
Now that's a mouse instead of a man
I cherished the role as the head of my fam
And on the road I meet incredible fans
I rock with singers an a DJ instead of a band
We at a theatre near you
So what y'all niggaz wanna do?

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Stay civilized when they try to kill my high
I try to think through problems
Bring honesty to rap like Cam'ron brought the Pink to
Harlem
You could be on the brink to stardom and suddenly you

sink to bottom
Tell the truth about the war and suddenly you linked to
Saddam
Hate the topic but the closest people, get to patriotic
Is Red Bull white vodka mixed with the straight
hypnotic?
Paper prophets sell the revolution so they make a profit
Trust they got it fucked up with your taxes started
making rockets

Take it off the top like politicians, speaking proper
diction
Stuffing dollars in they britches, like they do a lotta
stripping
Got the top position bitching about the quality of life
All that bullshit get exposed as soon as Kweli sees the
mic
They cutting down the tree of life, the sun rays is
running out
The babies ain't eating right, the guns stay coming out
See how they play the streets at night
They slap the taste out your mouth
To show you what they work about
So what y'all niggaz want to do?

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