

## Talib Kweli & Hi Tek "Ghetto Afterlife"

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These niggaz ain't thugs, the real thugs is the  
government  
Don't matter if you independent, Democrat or  
Republican  
Niggaz politickin' the street, get into beef  
Start blastin', now a new cat is executive chief

With a, passion for heat you get, blast in yo' seat  
Die before you crash in yo' Jeep, never passin' in your  
sleep  
Like an old man, you ain't a fool you got a whole plan  
To conquer territories like Europeans who stole land

The future of your whole fam' hang in the balance  
You the king, and your block is the palace  
Y'all niggaz is the parliament, untouchable, spot  
unrushable  
Keep your weight wet, call in collect to save a buck or  
two

Get mad, who the fuck are you? What you gonna do?  
Exactly what I thought nothin', in the sport of frontin'  
You the undisputed champion, I'm in a class you can't  
be in  
My words is flesh like Jesus, the Aquarian  
(Let's stop right here [unverified])  
(So you think that I'm a fool, ayy, man [unverified])

It's just a chapter of the night, in the ghetto afterlife  
Where you just seen or heard about or gonna have to  
fight  
Where they sacrifice the life and niggaz see flashes of  
light  
When you trapped up in the heights but clappers aimin'  
at the wife

Yeah, dudes gettin' money is still thuggin'  
Chicks gettin' money is still ghetto  
Still livin' the whole thuggish stilleto  
Your team let the metal burst before you take an L

You raised in hell, let the dust settle first

Then you ask the question, snatchin' the life of the  
innocent  
Shit happens huh, a man's respected by his actions  
It's the karma of the street, you try to meet the karma

While the karma sleep, yo it's deep but the karma can't  
be beat  
You don't know your enemy so you fightin' with yourself  
Relate to rap niggaz cause they writin' what you felt  
You got top shelf connects you gettin' seasoned like a  
veteran

We suck the venom out the snake bite, without the  
medicine  
We benefit from niggaz in tenements, dyin' for  
Benjamins  
So bad that they know they own coffin measurements  
Ghetto eloquence, in the moment of truth, don't be  
hesitant  
Or fall victim to the element, word is bond

So while y'all keep on fakin' the funk  
We gonna keep on walkin' through the darkness  
carryin' our torches  
(I'ma give, give, give it to, to you straight)  
(Straight up and down)

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Niggaz get caught up in the struggle  
End up in court in trouble, sportin' a bubble  
Ford azure bubble, importer smuggle, forcin' a rumble  
Hit the blocks with a portion to double

Flip and get tossed in the huddle  
Police with one piece short of the puzzle  
It's a hustle, peep the street life, they movin' muscle  
And the G's 'll make your knees buckle

Tussle with heat until your feet stand in a pee puddle  
Cheese double but all the speedy niggaz bleed  
puddles  
Make the headlines, some try to escape the fed time  
Phone taps on direct lines, Tec-9's with the red shine

Jake climbin' through the bedroom blinds  
Tryin' to bring you to your deadline, it's slippery when  
wet signs  
Red time, wipe the sweat around your neck time  
One shot spill out your red wine, rock shots to deafen  
your prime

Pieces of hot lead left in your mind  
One slug to the left of your spine  
Forever late to rest on the shrine  
(So you think that I'm a fool)

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