

## Tommy Stinson

### "Day By Day"

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[Talib Kweli]

Yo you think that, it's crazy man?  
This brother from South Africa told me that there's like  
A Tupac tribe, and a Biggie tribe right?  
And heads got like AK-47's and machine guns and  
And and and Africans killin each other  
Over some East coast/West coast, knahmsayin?  
I mean that we deaded it a long time ago man  
But lives is bein lost, yaknahmsayin?  
Over some bullshit, yaknamsayin?  
I don't really understand it yo

[Wordsworth]

Yo, reality is life and death, full of fights and threats  
Murders, burglars, prostitutes search the night for sex  
Rollin dice on steps, take advice from vets, brains are  
bright in death  
And you can have accounts that never bounce from  
writin checks  
Life and tecs, there ain't really much here  
Either sports video games you deal or cut here  
Jeeps or Porshes, a portion of dreams in fortune  
Intercourse that I'm stressed to keep it or abortion  
My topics full of plans, on profit from this land  
A pocket full of grands to have your optics full of fans  
I'm tired of dollar bands, shoppin carts pushin cans  
And jobs ain't callin back, you better off pullin scams  
To rack props, cops harass black blocks  
Parents addicted, kids on they colors from crack tops  
For jacktops, pistols instead of tissue muscle to bust  
you  
You got a choice, either b-boy or drugs can rush you

[A.L.]

Life is too short, that's why I strive to live it to the fullest  
Half my brothers are locked up, the other half a caught  
a bullet  
To pull it, it's kinda strange like every night I got a full  
moon  
I used to pull boom, hopin one day I'd drop a jewel  
soon

But hard to see that, with so many problems in my  
picture  
My car? that, I try to soft it with the liquor  
We're dissolvin quicker, my streets are hotter than  
Cancun  
Backstabbers'll shank you, say more than thank you  
and prank you  
They're brainwashin us, that's why I never use the  
shampoo  
The game knockin us, that's why I'm clever when the  
cam zooms  
So what's the reason for the treason who you pleasin  
when you skeezin  
Bullets breezin every season leavin bodies freezin  
Forget excuses, puttin the blame up on the flamer  
Hip-Hop is useless, when entertainers hit containers  
Simple and plainer but crime is gettin stranger  
Wrinkles my gainer, but in time we'll live in danger  
No remainders in my chamber my eras are filled with  
toxicant  
Lyrics my oxygen I get the spirits from my moccassins  
My mouth is where I dropped my gem, I made the glock  
my friend

No peace in the East, little kids is throwin rocks again

[Chorus: Talib Kweli]

It's only one life to live so I sacrifice  
But nobody came back from the afterlife  
Life and death is the fate of the streets  
Take it day by day, pray before I eat, pray before I  
sleep  
One life to live so I sacrifice  
When nobody came back from the afterlife  
Life and death is the fate of the streets  
Take it day by day, pray before I eat, pray before I  
sleep

[Talib Kweli]

The survivor of slavery, definition of bravery  
Flowin like Brooks bust Nines in Deep Space like Avery  
With rhymes made to be complete like A to Z  
Or the number nine the months of pregnancy, what can  
you say to me?  
Call up the travel agency, book a flight to the end of  
time  
When the wicked get refined, the righteous kick a  
rhyme livin divine  
Rewind, to the present state of mind right now  
Where beef will have you dead like the first man to

catch Mad Cow

Life is full of too much trifeness to chill and be enjoyin  
I be in the inner city like asbestos and lead poison  
My memories within the cannon of history  
Ready aim spit-fire my artillery, in the faces of cats who  
grillin me  
(Yo what you lookin at?) Quick to touch up cats who ain't  
feelin me  
With the ability, to plug you in, like auxillary  
Livin digitally, the only condition is critically  
You still the man physically but I'm sunnin you  
spiritually  
Consider me far from average, lyrical rites of passage  
Rhymes comin out my cabbage, cold light up a savage  
Take you back to baby carriage, yo, for what it's worth  
Drop a master verse before they cleaned up the  
afterbirth

[Punchline]

Aiyyo since I was teethin, I was labelled a heathen  
A demon, my pops must have had bad semen  
Now all eyes peepin, the man with the raps  
Been kickin since the womb and my moms felt that  
Train of thought off track, cause I couldn't F widdit  
I taught myself to hold ground on one pivot  
And never be timid, call me the rap God  
A slave to the game just like Amistad  
I rap eager, a daydreamer  
I seen cats dance for crack, like Gator in Jungle Fever  
While the thugs bust shots til it just don't stop  
I'll have a fat knot, controllin finances through the  
laptop  
Enhancin your mind, at night when I rhyme  
I spit gems that shine havin you thinkin it's daytime  
I be the final sign, at any rate, opposin debate  
For all rappers with militant mindstates

[Chorus]

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