

Talib Kweli, Hostile Gospel, Pt. 1 (Deliver Us)

Intro:

Deliver us, deliver us (yeah)
Deliver us, deliver us (what, yeah)

And what the people say? We wanna live it up
And what the people want? Please deliver us
And what the people need? Hey
I got that, yeah

Verse 1:

I call these rappers baby seals, 'cause they club you to death
I could call em' Navy SEALs, 'cause they government feds
What become of the vets? They drugged up, they f**ked up, they in debt
There ain't no love and no respect, it's like a gang, it's like a club or a set
Hip hop's the new WWF
What do you rap or do you wrestle? Niggas love to forget
We got til it's gone, you think you on, you still hustlin' backwards
Your topical norm a tropical storm, it's a f**kin' disaster
Back to the topic we on, it all started at Rawkus
They couldn't find the words to describe me so they resort to the shortcuts
Is he a backpacker? Is he a mad rapper?
An entertainer or the author of the last chapter
We living in these times of love and cholera
Synonymous with the apocalypse, look up the clouds is ominous
We got maybe ten years left say meteorologists, shit
We still waitin' for the Congress to acknowledge this

Chorus:

What the people want? Please deliver us
We wanna live it up, please deliver us
Th-th-this is the, th-th-this is the, this is the hostile gospel
I'm reaching through the fire please deliver us
I'm preaching to the choir please deliver us
Just keep it real with us, you scared to spill your blood
Your words rung hollow, we need someone to follow

Verse 2:

You ain't promised tomorrow, so get your paper up
You can't always just borrow and asks for favors, bruh
Stand on your own two, never covet thy neighbor's stuff
Karma's a bitch so watch your mouth and what you sayin', bruh
I start a conversation based on general observation
Hip hop is not a nation, take it to population
Niggas got a lot to say when locked inside the belly of Satan
Awaitin' trial, debatin' how the hell I got placed in this system
Am I a victim or just a product of indoctrination?
They exploit it and use me like a movie with product placement
You hear the congregation this is the hostile gospel
The truth is hard to swallow, it'll leave you scarred tomorrow
"Keep it honest" - our motto, these niggas keep it bottled
I'm the writer who reach the fighters like speeches by Cus D'Amato
DJs stickin' to vinyl like "f**k Serato"
Suppliers who ride around the block in the custom models
Ballin' like the struck the lotto, you know who the cleanest is
A nigga keep it rich with the stitch and Greedy Geniuses
I'm not a hipster, but I flip it like a sneaker pimp
Expose the game, treat it like a bitch
Smack fire out these hoes, cause they snitch

And tap wires while I plead the fifth, you can't trust a soul in the biz
So be careful who you eatin' with and sleepin with' and also who you chiefin' with
You never know, they might've added in secret ingredients

Chorus:

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Verse 3:

Freedom's a road that's seldom traveled, watch hell unravel
Right before the eyes of the soldier who fell in battle
The single mother who raised her daughter to bear the sacred water
And not take the hand of every man who make an offer
To black kids wishin' they white kids when they close they eyelids
Like "I bet they neighborhood ain't like this"
White kids wishin' they black kids, and wanna talk like rappers
It's all backwards, it's identity crisis
The industry inside us is vipers with fangs trying to bite us
Drug suppliers is the health care providers
We cakin' makin' narcotics outta household products
We ain't workin' out til we exorcise the demons that's inside us
Plus they seem to just provide us with enough rope to hang ourselves
Enough dope to slang ourselves, enough toast to bang ourselves
It's officially nigga season, these niggas is bleedin'
That's why I'm spittin' freedom, we had enough of trigger squeezin'

Chorus:

People wanna live it up, please deliver us
We wanna live it up, please deliver us
Th-th-this is the, th-th-this is the, this is the hostile gospel
I'm reaching through the fire please deliver us
I'm preaching to the choir please deliver us
Just keep it real with us, you scared to spill your blood
Your words rung hollow, we need someone to follow

Outro (sung):

In these trying days and times
All I need is to be free
I can't do it on my own
Lord can you deliver me?
There are trials still to come
It's salvation that I need
So I'm reaching to the sky
Lord can you deliver me?
Deliver us
Deliver us, yeah
Deliver us, ooh
Oh, deliver us
Deliver us
Deliver us
Deliver us, yeah yeah yeah