

Talib Kweli, Lonely People

[Hook: The Beatles sample (Michelle Williams)]
All the lonely people, where do they all come from?
All the lonely people, where do they all belong?
I look at all the lonely people (I look at all the
lonely people)
I look at all the lonely people (I look at all the
lonely people)
I look at all the lonely people (yeah)
I look at all the lonely people

[Intro: Talib Kweli *over hook*]
Yeah I like to go out to clubs
Las Palmas, you know
She this envy if I wanna get grimey wit' it at
Bungalow Eight
Opium down in Miami
But when I walk in, I look around and I think..

[Verse 1: Talib Kweli]
Yo, I'm headin' out, 'bout to do some flesh and now
I know my flesh endowed with somethin' to prove
I'm settin' out on a trip to Heaven's mile
Yeah, I'm steppin' out in the name of love
Who knew the Devil could slow dance?
We have pathological romances with technological advance
Infatuated with infatuation and
Intellectual masturbation with premature ejaculation
Make a baby mama's all bastardization and
Lonely people all through the city
They club hoppin' and they love shoppin' and they thug posturin'
Thugs be lockin' horns with Crips on them drug blocks
And them dollars flow right out of the 'hood
When you tryin' to make paper out of the wood
You know that money don't grow on trees
For paper people change colors like leaves
And they fall off in the mud like a filthy pig
Makin' you and your dogs who store all call off
That much deserved ass whippin'
He snitchin', he twitchin', he bitchin', he all soft
Never work with his hands
Little kid on the block who always ran
At all costs, gotta be in the club
Lookin' for happiness or the meaning of love
Then it hit him, out the blue like a vision
All of a sudden he don't like the way he been livin'
And wanna be forgiven
How I know? Cuz I'm right there wit' him
Yo, yo

[Hook: The Beatles sample (Michelle Williams)]
All the lonely people, where do they all come from?
(oh)
All the lonely people, where do they all belong? (oh)
I look at all the lonely people (I look at all the
lonely people)
I look at all the lonely people (oh I look at all)

[Verse 2: Talib Kweli]
Tattoos tell 'em who you are
Plastic Surgery coup d'etat the God
Uh, lasers to remove the scar
And then you are, you a supastar, supastar
It's your birthday and you in the club

Talkin' "Holla back" and "Nigga what";
So much cleavage and asscrack
If pussy were a stock it would plummet on the Nasdaq
Blank stares like nobody care
In a room so exclusive nobody there
But really, truth is that nobody there
Cuz it's feelings inside that nobody share
I want God to smile on me
But see, fame is a drug and you wild on E
Celebrities decorated like Christmas trees
God complex like they want a Christmas Eve
Sing a song to yourself and you stand alone
Get nominated for a gold gramophone
Walk the red carpet, left your man at home
Security snatchin' people camera phones
You got rose gold yellow bottles, pink Cashmere
So ahead of the trend, that's so last year
Last month, last day, last hour, last minute
Your pursuit of crew is so passionate
Doin for the cash in it, laugh in his face
If it's def or anybody who don't stay in his place
So popular can't go no where, folks stoppin' ya
Might want to check a thermometer
When you go to a movie heat rises
Surrounded by people still lonely, that's why you need disguises
Probably

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{*Michelle Williams harmonizes with the beat*}

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