Talib Kweli, Nature

Intro:

It's kind of hard to keep faith in the things that you do When everybody turns they back on you It's kind of hard to keep faith in the things that you do When everybody turns they back on you It's kind of hard to keep faith in the things that you do When everybody turns they back on you It's kind of hard to keep faith in the things that you do When everybody turns they back

Verse 1:

Yeah, I know a city that's surrounded by a beautiful beach The economy boosted by the drugs they move in the streets More clearer than the crystal sky, blue as the beast The people aint got shoes for they feet or food to eat So they hurtin' but what's for certain Is that you can get you some heat And over beef you laid to rest like you was getting some sleep Where the little kids get they rendition, you cant get no nutrition Or any type of suitable living condition, listen They shoot you over that paper, its just survivalist human nature That put you out of your misery like euthanasia Don't let them fool you we aint different Than the youth in Asia, Africa, Europe it's a small world we truly neighbors, If they the third world then who the first to get to heaven I know its hard but who does God choose to go through it worst Usually it's the prophets asking a cat what really matters Nowadays its his pockets

Chorus:

We gotta get back to what really matters
We gotta search our soul to find out what we after
The more I find my voice the more they try to make it harder
Mom and Dad don't forget to warn your sons and daughters
About the nature of the world today
The nature of the world today
The nature of the world today

Verse 2:

Don't nobody talk no more they on text message Driving and typing not paying attention Missing they next exit depending on navigation Never knowing where they going they staying stuck

On one spot they not growing Im so over crying waiting And hoping playing the blame game The game changed me into a different world like Dwayne Wayne Getting high just to maintain Take my music like a drug and drop the Needle in the same vein I get a rush like I'm tweeking off blow Except it aint via the nose it's from deep in my soul The street slang I be speaking in code Kicking the door, freaking the flow til they speakers explode We in control the people know I speak the truth The power and my roots Is thicker than sour and Im strongly busting out the flower pot Family tradition is to tell them you love them While your family living from granny and the kitchen

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Justin:

I'm just trying to get back to what really matters
I'm trying search my soul to find out what I'm after
The more I find my voice the more they try to make it harder
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