

Black Star, Thieves In The Night

[Talib Kweli]

Yo Dee (What?)

Come on (Yeah..)

What? What? Come on

(Yeah)

"Give me the fortune, keep the fame," said my man Louis
I agreed, know what he mean because we live the truest lie
I asked him why we follow the law of the bluest eye
He looked at me, he thought about it
Was like, "I'm clueless, why?"
The question was rhetorical, the answer is horrible
Our morals are out of place and got our lives full of sorrow
And so tomorrow comin' later than usual
Waitin' on someone to pity us
While we findin' beauty in the hideous
They say money's the root of all evil but I can't tell
You know what I mean, pesos, francs, yens, cowrie shells, dollar bills
Or is it the mindstate that's ill?
Creating crime rates to fill the new prisons they build
Over money and religion there's more blood to spill
The wounds of slaves in cotton fields that never heal
What's the deal?
A lot of cats who buy records are straight broke
But my language universal they be recitin' my quotes
While R&B singers hit bad notes, we rock the boat
of thought, that my man Louis' statements just provoked
Caught up, in conversations of our personal worth
Brought up, through endangered species status on the planet Earth
Survival tactics means, bustin' gats to prove you hard
Your firearms are too short to box with God
Without faith, all of that is illusionary
Raise my son, no vindication of manhood necessary

[M.D.] □ Not strong

[T.K.] □ Only aggressive

[M.D.] □ Not free

[T.K.] □ We only licensed

[M.D.] □ Not compassionate, only polite

[T.K.] □ Now who the nicest?

[M.D.] □ Not good but well behaved

[T.K.] □ Chasin' after death

□ so we can call ourselves brave?

[M.D.] □ Still livin' like mental slaves

[both] □ Hidin' like thieves in the night from life

□ Illusions of oasis makin' you look twice

[both] □ Hidin' like thieves in the night from life

□ Illusions of oasis makin' you look twice

[Mos Def]

Yo, I'm sure that everybody out listenin' agree

That everything you see ain't really how it be

A lot of jokers out runnin' in place, chasin the style

Be a lot goin' on beneath the empty smile

Most cats in my area be lovin' the hysteria

Synthesized surface conceals the interior

America, land of opportunity, mirages and camouflages

More than usually -- speakin' loudly, sayin' nothin'

You confusin' me, you losin' me

Your game is twisted, want me enlisted -- in your usary

Foolishly, most men join the ranks cluelessly

Buffoonishly accept the deception, believe the perception

Reflection rarely seen across the surface of the lookin' glass

Walkin' the street, wonderin' who they be lookin' past

Lookin' gassed with them imported designer shades on
Stars shine bright, but the light -- rarely stays on
Same song, just remixed, different arrangement
Put you on a yacht but they won't call it a slave ship
Strangeness, you don't control this, you barely hold this
Screamin' brand new, when they just sanitized the old shit
Suppose it's, just another clever Jedi mind trick
That they been runnin' across stars through all the time with
I find it's distressin', there's never no in-between
We either niggaz or Kings
We either bitches or Queens
The deadly ritual seems immersed, in the perverse
Full of short attention spans, short tempers, and short skirts
Long barrel automatics released in short bursts
The length of black life is treated with short worth
Get yours first, them other niggaz secondary
That type of illin' that be fillin' up the cemetery
This life is temporary but the soul is eternal
Separate the real from the lie, let me learn you
Not strong, only aggressive, cause the power ain't directed
That's why, we are subjected to the will of the oppressive
Not free, we only licensed
Not live, we just excitin'
Cause the captors.. own the masters.. to what we writin'
Not compassionate, only polite, we well trained
Our sincerity's rehearsed in stage, it's just a game
Not good, but well behaved cause the ca-me-ra survey
most of the things that we think, do, or say
We chasin' after death just to call ourselves brave
But everyday, next man meet with the grave
I give a damn if any fan recall my legacy
I'm tryin' to live life in the sight of God's memory
Like that y'all

[Mos Def]

A lot of people don't understand the true criteria of things
Can't just accept the appearance
Have to get the true essence

[Talib Kweli]

They ain't lookin' around

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[Mos Def (singing)]

Stop hidin', stop hidin', stop hidin' yo' face

Stop hidin', stop hidin', 'cause ain't no hidin' place