

Mos Def, Theives 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

YouknowwhatI 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.]