

Reflection Eternal, Ghetto Afterlife

(Talib Kweli)

These niggaz ain't thugs, the real thugs is the government
Don't matter if you independent, democrat or republican
Niggaz politickin the street, get into beef
Start blastin, now a new cat is executive chief
With a, passion for heat you get, blast in yo' seat
Die before you crash in yo' Jeep, never passin in your sleep
like an old man, you ain't a fool you got a whole plan
to conquer territories like Europeans who stole land
The future of your whole fam' hang in the balance
You the king, and your block is the palace
Y'all niggaz is the parliament, untouchable, spot unrushable
Keep your weight wet, call in collect to save a buck or two
Get mad, who the fuck are you? What you gonna do?
Exactly what I thought - NOTHIN, in the sport of frontin
you the undisputed champion, I'm in a class you can't be in
My words is flesh like Jesus, the aquarian

(*scratched* "Let's stop right here)
("So you think that I'm a fool..")
("Ayy man.. (??)")

(Chorus) (Talib Kweli & Kool G. Rap)
(T) It's just a chapter of the night, in the ghetto afterlife
Where you just seen or heard about or gonna have to fight
(K.G) Where they sacrifice the life and niggaz see flashes of light
When you trapped up in the heights but clappers aimin at the wife

(Talib Kweli)
Yeah, dudes gettin money is still thuggin
Chicks gettin money is still ghetto
Still livin the whole thuggish stilleto
Your team let the metal burst before you take an L
you raised in hell, let the dust settle first
Then you ask the question, snatchin the life of the innocent
Shit happens huh, a man's respected by his actions
It's the karma of the street, you try to meet the karma
while the karma sleep, yo it's deep, but the karma can't be beat
You don't know your enemy, so you fightin with yourself
Relate to rap niggaz cause they writin what you felt
You got top shelf connects you gettin seasoned like a veteran
We suck the venom out the snake bite, without the medicine
We benefit from niggaz in tenements, dyin for benjamins
So bad that they know they own coffin measurements
Ghetto eloquence, in the moment of truth, don't be hesistant
or fall victim to the element, word is bond

"So while y'all keep on fakin the funk,
we gonna keep on walkin through the darkness carryin our torches"
-> DJ Premier
scratched "I'ma give-give-give it to-to you straight"
"Straight up and down!" -> DJ Premier

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(Kool G. Rap)
Niggaz get caught up in the struggle
End up in court in trouble, sportin a bubble
Ford azure bubble, importer smuggle, forcin a rumble
Hit the blocks with a portion to double

Flip and get tossed in the huddle
Police with one piece short of the puzzle
It's a hustle, peep the street life, they movin muscle
and the G's'll make your knees buckle
Tussle with heat until your feet stand in a pee puddle
Cheese double but all the speedy niggaz bleed puddles
Make the headlines; some try to escape the fed time
Phone taps on direct lines - tec-9's with the red shine
Jake climbin through the bedroom blinds
Tryin to bring you to your deadline, it's slippery when wet signs
Red time, wipe the sweat around your neck time
One shot spill out your red wine, rock shots to deafen your prime
Pieces of hot lead left in your mind
One slug to the left of your spine
Forever late to rest on the shrine

("So you think that I'm a fool..")