

Talib Kweli, Broken Glass

(feat. Pharrell)

[Pharrell] Kweli!!!

[T. Kweli] Yeah! They wasn't expecting this! that's why ya

[Pharrell] Hahaha

[T. Kweli] Gotta hope for the best and play 'em for the worst, c'mon!

[Pharrell] Muhfuckers is history!

[T. Kweli] C'mon!!

[Verse - Talib Kweli]

This the story of - Lucy In The Sky Wit Diamonds
Ask her why she crying, she wanna live, she got no time for dying
Was a science, dreams too big for a small town
She gotta get to New York and watch a door fall down
Hopped off the Greyhound, gotta make her way now
She sleeping on the park benches in the playground
But cash burn quick, don't wanna have to turn trick
Ready to quit 'til she met the super pimp
Flashing his toothy smile that drove little Lucy wild
She quick to hop up on his dick straight Hoopie style
She let the fella hit but she sang she sell-a-bit [celebrate]
He ain't buying that, she ain't selling it
She looking for love in all of the above
Believing videos, trying to back up all on a thug
Who wanna - put it in her, withdraw like a Citi card
But now she shake that ass for tips at the titty bar

[Chorus - Talib Kweli (Pharrell)]

Broken glass - everywhere! (IT'S LOUDER!!)
Louder - than a bomb shattered in in the air (IT'S LOUDER!!)
Try to hold back your tears baby! (IT'S LOUDER!!)
Wait a second, what happens here baby? (IT'S LOUDER!!)
Broken glass - everywhere! (IT'S LOUDER!!)
Louder - than a bomb shattered in in the air, yeah
(How many of y'all think you can do what we do?!)
Yeah! Wait a second (One! Two! Three! C'mon!)

[Verse - Talib Kweli]

Dreams shattered like broken glass
Press ignore it and your hopes get broken fast
You complain for the life you supposed to have
But when you try to make plans God is known to laugh
Throw a song on the phonograph, and Lucy start wilin
The trick start smiling, watch the loot start flying
The Gucci start pilling up, she live designer plush
Start lining up the coke so she could find a rush
Time's up, she's about to turn 33
Her shit started to sag, she got surgery
Now cats are used to drive past her like a Church van
Acting on thirst, 'She Wants To Move' like a N.E.R.D. fan
Bigger house, 10,000 dollar purse fam
She let you in, she wanted rent by the 1st man
She the ring leader in a clique of birds
And they shadowy, like the silhouette behind the curtain

[Chorus]

[Verse - Talib Kweli]

She was a small city girl with big city dreams
Niggaz try to figure how to get up in them jeans
Put her in them scenes, get her on the team
Hit her wit the cream 'til they figured out the schemes
Now she all up in the club looking for a new love
Really like Huey Lewis looking for a new drug

Cause coke's getting old, started free basing
Graduated to crack, smack on occasion
Not catching the bus, but back at the station
Back and forth pacing, acting all impatient
Last hundred dollars, she got to 'Get By'
Now gotta make a choice, go home or get high
Mommy and daddy miss her, she left for the fame
Now what's left is the dirt that's thrown on her name
She need a ticket home if it's the right course
Instead she bought a ticket to ride the white horse

[Chorus]