

Talib Kweli, Millionaires

[Rubix]

Everyone is claiming riches
The finest bitches
Lexus' and Land's driving 'round without a plan
Everyone wants to go buck
But can you plant some food for yourself
When the land is looking rough?
This is the life
Equivanlent of the real
Don't live beyond your means
In this harsh-ass dream
Cause who will be 'round
When your life is looking down?
Be true to yourself
Plants your roots in the ground

[Kweli]

The ghetto is desolate
But don't be forgettin'
Money exchanges hands like Off Track Bettin'
Project heat will keep ya sweatin'
Release energy through pores
Battles for thesis that held the project wars
Bullets never pour
Snatch your life from menacin crack-whores
By standing just outside of the limits of the law
On the face of human waste
Standin' out like cold sores
It's what Black kids embrace
So fuck a Cold War
If the Berlin Wall falls
What you be fightin' for?
Cause devils come together to oppress me some more
It's clear fuck a tactic that's old like menopause
Yo i get down for mines
Stay out my way gettin' yours
MC's who was just fakin'
You should stop now because
Real guns in your mouth
Cause shit in your drawers
And besides, you got much more to live for
Is hip-hop worth dying for?
Are you sure?
Whenever I arrive
Niggaz know my steez
Au-revoir MC's
Hit the floor and freeze
All my sons waving guns in barbaric fashion
Yo they children don't listen
They just imitate they actions

Chorus (Kweli):

There's mad millionaires in the ghetto
All material things lose their value in time
That's why you'll find I'm a millionaire of the mind
I pack a million thoughts in every rhyme
Another millionaire dies every day (x4)

[Rubix]

Effeminate character MC
Miscommunicate, oppress us, distress us
Relay the data like a messenger from Mecca
How many men can testify to they treasure?
Is this the neverland, the promised land?

Sheep for slaughter
Frontin' sons but ya can't feed your daughters
What's your livin'?
Playin' to push a man for Sam?
Gettin' wired
And these are the days, the last plague
Watch the fire
Sensation relation the physical manifestation
Man's elation -- material accomadation
Facin this world
Conglomeratin' corporations
Deeper than the thesis
Observation of creation
Money makes a man rule a nation
After greed is lust
And soon to follow is distrust
This ghetto paranoia is the reason that you bust
Caught up in the cipher
Having negative thoughts
There's one less millionaire every single day
And you could be the next
This life is rougher than the sex
Sex, sex

Chorus

[Kweli]

Yo I wonder when I get the land cruiser and the lex
(No sweats)
Dodgin' users from the other sex
I wonder if my own people will be next
I need respect that don't come with no weekly check
I know ghetto millionaires
They got cold chillin stares
And drug-dealin airs
They make hairs stand up on the backs of necks of mayors?
Who blow up fish markets and got various targets
They sweepin' shit under carpets
I move stealth through the chicken-heads
With talcum on they chests
Yo Malcom's gone
And the elders ain't impressed with my struggle
I try to make a profit and I'll flip it so it double
Being poor just ain't worth the trouble
Extension of my mansion
Where I keep my stacks
Deep in the study where my nerve endings react
There ain't no stoppin me
My feelings and thoughts I have monopolies
Magnetic fields and fields of dreams is my property
Poor people who are stupid die quickly
I'm a millionaire that's carrying all my assets with me
I go past the physical world like Sufis
My people's was sold one-by-one like Lucy's
These niggaz got grams but no lands yo you losin me
Watch that first step, its a doozie

Chorus