

# 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