

Talib Kweli, My Weather Report

C'mon, Yeah

I like to take this opportunity, to thank everybody who been riding with me so far
Its a been a long journey
But they say your life's path is not about the destination
Its all about the journey
I appreciate y'all

It's my blood, sweat, tears, years
Struggle, love, hate, fear
New york city!
You could make it here, you could make it anywhere
I came to prepare
For the rain, hail, sleet, snow
Whatever the weather, we ride
Let my people go!
To a place where knowledge is born
We welcome you to the 3rd eye of the storm
Check it out!

Futuristic lyricist, straight from the renaissance
Top of the suffer chain, raps up a edge a lot
My people suffering, slave to another chain
This voyage is maiden, like my mother of the name
Is this your first trip to hell?
Avenge a capitalist, if its a product then we got it for sell
When I first started to spell, my words fell into rhymes
Turned into songs, everything else fell into line
I paint the pictures, you could see the people bleeding my bars
When I was a teen, I was mean, about to reach for the stars
So if I fail or fell, write in the clouds, tighten the vowel
Niggaz word, there use to be no bitin allowed
Now the gangsters no grindin' allowed
Probably see a fight in the stage, fore you see a fight in the crowd
I send this out to my people facing the storm
Homie we riding it out
You inspire what I'm writing about

Its the 3rd eye of the storm
Its the 3rd eye of the storm
Its the 3rd eye of the storm
Its the 3rd eye of the storm

Check it out!
Check it out!
Check it out!

Been fucking around!

I'm not a judge, but I'm handing out sentences
To political prisoners, regular inmates with no visitors
Niggaz in the streets outside to reach up for ministers
Not those that say they spiritual, but actual parishoners
Rap listeners, we open the black businesses
This underground shit, with samples to lack clearances
Once you get a past appearances
You could tell who shit is fake and who's shit is based upon the past experiences
We really been to war, hand to hand like crack sales
Bill the man, the man they try to kill off the blackmail
Female left to raise up a son
From the day he was one
Til' he twenty, and he raise up a gun
Get the blazin, fore the blaze of the sun
Smoke bracin' his lung
Young in his years and he's facing a ton

None of his peers wanna share the road
Love the child, care to provider
But they hand a blunt and share saliva
You ain't a rider
And you hustlin' backwards
To many excess, with imitating these crackers
So our kids looking up to drug dealers and rappers
Taking away all the work away from our black actors
Revelation is first and armageddon is after
Tsunami's, hurricanes and natural disasters
Fast food culture be this, is always a factor
It's the gratification
They want the cash faster!

It's the 3rd eye of the storm
It's the 3rd eye of the storm
It's the 3rd eye of the storm
It's the 3rd eye of the storm
It's the place where knowledge is born!
Check it out! check it out!
Talib Kweli!
That's what it is..
Break it down