

Talib Kweli, The Truth

Pharoahe Monch-Verse 1:

Yo

Truth had me up against the ropes
and semi-conscious without no boxing skills
Fear of it makes hair on my neck grow like minoxidil
Watchin the clock is ill when, faced wit the truth
Parallels observing, amateur video tapes of
Twenty-one top notch NYPD cops get ill
Fill they minds not to kill still son, never revealed
True feelings, we speakin on the truth right now in itself is healing
See The Creator, created existence and balance
At right angles, unless it was conceived and stated
So whoever shall stray away from right lives wrong
The deliverance of the word false opposite of truth off course
Sure as my slave name sending
Troy Donald Jamerson paves the path, enabling truth
To stay stable and cling to EARTH!
Sorta similar to the way static electricity sting see
Truth brings light, light refracts off the mirror
Visions of yourself and error could never clearer
The truth is that you ugly, not on the outside
But in the inside on the outside you frontin you lovely
The discovery of these things and all are well-hidden
But when you in denial of self it is forbidden, that's the truth

(*In due time, we will find*)

Common-Verse 2:

Let the truth be told from young souls that become old
From days spent in the jungle, where must one go
To find it, time is real, we can't rewind it
Out of everybody I met, who told the truth? Time did
We find kids speakin cuz it's naturally in us
But the false prophets by tellin us we born sinners
Venders of hate, got me battlin my own mind state
At a divine rate, I ain't in this just to rhyme great
See the truth in the thighs of a stripper, the eyes of my nigga
If it's only one, then why should it differ
So constantly I seek it
Wonderin why I gotta drink a six pack to speak it
Took a picture of the truth and tried to develop it
Had proof, it was only recognized by the intelligent
Took the negative and positive, cuz niggas got to live
Said I got to get more than I'm given
Cuz truth'll never be heard in religion
After searchin the world, on the inside what was hidden
It was the truth

(*Truth, truth, truth, truth, truth, truth
In due time, we will find*)

Talib Kweli-Verse 3:

Check it, on my neck I still got marks from the nooses
The truth it produces, fear that got niggas on the run like Carl Lewis
The truth is my crew is the smoothest bits of saliva juices like the roots is
More organic than acoustics
Heavenly roll set you free and kill you in the same breath
That shit you gotta get off your chest before your death, unless
The way you speak is lighter than a pamphlet
Cuz the truth give the words the weight of a planet goddammit

I ran wit what God planted in my heart and I understand it
To be the bring the light to the dark, breathe some life in this art
This must be the truth (why?) cuz we keep marchin on (true)
The truth lay the foundation of what we rockin on (true)
You can't see it if you blind but we will always prevail (true)
Life is like the open sea, the truth is the wind in our sail
And in the end, our names is on the lips of dying men
If ever crushed in the earth, we always rise again
When the words of lying men sound lush like the sound of a violin
The truth is there, it's just the heart you gotta find it in

(*You will find*)