Talib Kweli, The Truth

Pharoahe Monch-Verse 1:

Truth had me up against the ropes and semi-conscious without no boxing skills Fear of it makes hair on my neck grow like minoxodil 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*)