

# Radio Silence (feat. Amber Coffman & Myka 9)

## Talib Kweli

I know, we back  
We home, let's go  
I know, we back  
We home, let's go  
Check it out  
Born this way, the universe wasn't formed in a day  
Praise the lord and pray, we the children of God  
Better learn how to walk this way  
Try to walk with faith, but it's hard  
What more could I say?  
I feel I'm cursed, so I talk this way  
Gotta write what I'm livin' in graffiti  
It's the hood hieroglyphics  
So I'm lookin' for a wall to spray  
You could picture me rollin'  
You could picture me holdin'  
You could never picture me foldin'  
Refuse to beholden to your racist image of a Black man  
Kiss my entire colon  
Great mind, even though the legacy is stolen  
It's all for the silver and gold  
You can tell you in the ghetto from the litter in the road  
Man this middle-of-the-road shit really getting old  
Which one is the Real You?  
I don't know it's still you  
How can I tell if you under a spell  
Did the Fake You kill you?  
Better pass the mic in the afterlife  
If so let me spit flows  
Good enough to offer to God as a sacrifice  
Born again like I passed away  
Castigated for being honest  
Caught bail like a Castaway  
Because I feel like I'm swimmin' on an island  
When I'm gettin' introspective: that's radio silence  
When I'm fuckin' up program directives: that's radio violence  
You were the one who wants to slow me down  
I'm a criminal when you're around  
What makes me think you would love me?  
What makes you want to attack me?

Born this way, woke up like this  
The midpoint between science and religion  
Is tryna find out what the meaning of life is  
October 3rd, '75, my birth is a blessing  
Ain't no spoken word could ever describe how the flow get better  
I live on the edge, I'll send you a postcard  
Fuck a phone, I got a chip on my neck that's a close call  
Turn the lights off, see how we glow in the dark  
Or we growin' apart or tryna survive the flood like we in Noah's Ark  
We battin' down the hatchets and we set sail  
Tryna get far away from inhalin' them chemtrails  
My intel says they makin' people out of the stem cells  
The gun's our sunflower seed - we love to spit shells  
When them super soakers get let off it don't end well  
I ain't know you like to get wet, dog, like Denzel  
They hype it up like marketers, sparklin' like a fish scale  
Till' you chasin' a high like Captain Ahab after that big whale  
It's criminal  
You were the one who wants to slow me down  
I'm a criminal when you're around  
What makes me think you would love me?  
What makes you want to attack me?  
Born this way, Capricorn, L.A  
On the day of January 15  
Dr. King his dream torn from a warm womb  
Formed from the clay existing  
Shifting from the essence uplifting in the presence  
Just drifting, gifting through this mortal coil  
With mystic lessons from the sage  
California spoiled a blessing  
Blissed up my first breath in outer space  
I kissed death in the face  
No identity complex, it gets left in its place  
I'm proud to say no aborted torment to my rejection  
Miffed, dismayed, and somewhat befuddled  
I struggled to hustle and come up when the blood corpuscle boils  
I'm pressin' issues, its business that's mixed with pleasure  
It's plizness to play and get paid  
During this clone war for dna  
You should know more about the donors confessing my dulah from prenatal  
I'm off fire, water, elixir of liquor, with soft or hard core drugs in my system  
Sicker desire to be delivered wisdom  
Pour black white sexy texture of lovers like jungle fever  
Wild zebras to make this fetus brother  
The son of my father, I want to hear my one Shawki

And my daughter Aja lecture selections in musical meters  
In physics you should explore and visit more  
Exquisite shores and districts, take a breather  
Believe in your epic eye memory  
You are descendant of natural leaders extended from before the nephilim  
Bethlehem, even eden and mu testaments heaven-sent  
Energy, books, messages read them scriptures  
Look at the various sizes of giants in Egyptian pictures  
Stonehenge endured the mathematics of Mayans  
And megalithic structures evidence frequencies vedas  
We're just the latest reproduction created out of pure star dust  
And made in his image but God is greatest!

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