

My Life (feat. Big Remo & Digido Joe)

Talib Kweli

Yeah

Yes indeed, got 'em up to speed

We got what they need, yeah

Reflection Eternal

My life, my life, my life, my life

This is my life, my life, my life, my life

My life, my life, my life, my life

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Yo, what's the daily word?

You ever feel like giving everything up

And buying a boat so you can sail the world?

Aiyyo, what's really hood?

He got a gift with the lyrics

The beat is lifting your spirit when you ain't feeling good

Sometimes he feel like the whole world is turning on him

The people miserable and try to place they burdens on him

He revealing the truth like he a portal

A vampire sucked his blood, now he immortal

First he ignored then he worked the applause

He thirsty for more cause they loving how he perfectly flawed

Most of these rappers softer than the allure of Juicy Couture

And from the start he put his heart in every verse he record

Caused to perform for the corporation, he made a profit with Satan

Then got with the Beat Konducta for his Liberation

And for free at last till everybody started selling it

But him, he's like I need to see a piece of that

And get right with God, he knows his gift is a phenomenon

He catch it when it strike like a lightning rod

His rhymes are the spitting image he created us in

We getting paid in wages of sin

True, it's like death in a room

Every lie we ingest and consume

Is guaranteed to make us vegetables soon

Sometimes it's so hard, can't go on

Where did he lose his focus, where did he go wrong?

He should love his life, he got a loving wife at home

But still find himself roaming through the club at night

Kiss his children and they hug him tight

Gotta prove his love in family court tomorrow

'Cause he and they mother fight
These other artists really don't know what to make of him
So they afraid if him, they ain't breaking him
It's been over ten years since he gave you the blast
The ones that counted him out, they didn't do the math
The fans tell him he under-appreciated
Underrated and hated but he thankful they debated
Thankful that he made it to glory while some faded
Thankful that he keep it surreal while some fake it
Thankful for the skills that's keeping the family stable
Thankful for the meals he put on the family table
He pay the bills when he able and spend for pleasure when he can
This the true measure of a man
Some things he'll never understand, that's okay though
He know we're molded in the image of God like Play Doh
But still he wax philosophical like Aristotle
Maybe one day they'll come up with a better model
But till then, he the best there is
More than ten-thousand hours in
So that make him the specialist
Oh yeah, it's way more than relevance
It's classic, original, you remember this

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