

# Work It Out

Talib Kweli

The temperature got tempers flaring people sweat, the weather hot  
They argue and they fret a lot, then set up the plot, to wet up the block  
Whether or not the blood is red up in the gutter  
Music is my bread and butter  
I got a show in Brooklyn 'cause the ghetto love us  
Pulled up in Mtulu's truck, I'm suited up, I'm cool as fuck  
Security tripping on my baseball hat promoter knew what's up  
Plus Chaps had on some Denim shorts and white T-shirt and  
I told the bouncer they being disrespectful 'cause like you we working  
I ain't a custy or a patron and trust me no one would be paying  
To come in this crusty ass club, if I ain't playing  
He's like "I'll put you the fuck out"  
And when you put your words like that  
It's like third strike black you struck out  
His man tried to rush me from behind Chaps stuck out a size nine  
Seen him trip, face first into the line  
Cats is cowards with no spine and they power tripping too  
The next level is the violence, so what y'all niggaz wanna do?  
Work it out, we should try to work it out  
People lie, people cry, people die to work it out  
Read the book, pray to God  
Look inside to work it out  
We should try to work it out  
Yo what y'all ladies wanna do?  
Work it out, to get fly she work it out  
People lie, people cry, people die to work it out  
Read the book, pray to God  
Look inside to work it out  
Show the love, lose the hate  
Work it out, work it out  
People placed in situations they can't take' what they facing  
Is the trials and tribulations to make them say  
The Lords forsaken them  
Their loved ones intervening but they always blaming them  
For problems they don't realize what they part is in creating them  
Like men who so insecure they think they women cheating on them  
And women who think the proof  
That they man love them is they beating on them  
Keep sleeping on them soon they partner creeping on them

Committing crimes of passion they in caskets mothers weeping on them  
With her head in her hands  
There's only one thing that the dead understand that it's better to be alive  
Now what you gonna do stick your head in the sand  
You probably the type to fall for anything  
And take that instead of a stand  
Now that's a mouse instead of a man  
I cherished the role as the head of my fam  
And on the road I meet incredible fans

I rock with singers an a DJ instead of a band  
We at a theatre near you  
So what y'all niggaz wanna do?  
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Stay civilized when they try to kill my high  
I try to think through problems  
Bring honesty to rap like Cam'ron brought the Pink to Harlem  
You could be on the brink to stardom and suddenly you sink to bottom  
Tell the truth about the war and suddenly you linked to Saddam  
Hate the topic but the closest people, get to patriotic  
Is Red Bull white vodka mixed with the straight hypnotic?  
Paper prophets sell the revolution so they make a profit  
Trust they got it fucked up with your taxes started making rockets  
Take it off the top like politicians, speaking proper diction  
Stuffing dollars in they britches, like they do a lotta stripping  
Got the top position bitching about the quality of life  
All that bullshit get exposed as soon as Kweli sees the mic  
They cutting down the tree of life, the sun rays is running out  
The babies ain't eating right, the guns stay coming out  
See how they play the streets at night  
They slap the taste out your mouth  
To show you what they work about  
So what y'all niggaz want to do?  
Work it out, we should try to work it out

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