

NY Weather Report

Talib Kweli

Come on, yeah

I like to take this opportunity to thank everybody

Who been riding with me so far, it's a been a long journey

But they say your life's path is not about the destination

It's all about the journey, I appreciate y'all It's my blood, sweat, tears, years

Struggle, love, hate, fear, New York City

You could make it here, you could make it anywhere

I came prepare for the rain, hail, sleet, snow

Whatever the weather we ride

Let my people go to the place where knowledge is born

We welcome you to the 3rd eye of the storm, check it out Futuristic lyricist, straight from the renaissance

Top of the suffer chain, raps up a edge a lot

My people suffering, slave to another chain

This voyage is maiden like my mother, other name Is this your first trip to hell?

Avenge a capitalist, if it's a product then we got it for sell

When I first started to spell, my words fell into rhymes

Turned into songs, everything else fell into line I paint the pictures, you could see the people bleeding my bars

When I was a teen, I was mean, about to reach for the stars

So if I fail or fell, write in the clouds, tighten the vowel

Word, there use to be no biting allowed Now the gangsters, no grinding allowed

Probably see a fight in the stage, 'fore you see a fight in the crowd

I send this out to my people facing the storm

Homie, we riding it out, you inspire what I'm writing about It's my blood, sweat, tears, years

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Been *** around I'm not a judge but I'm handing out sentences

To political prisoners, regular inmates with no visitors

*** in the streets outside to reach up for ministers

Not those that say they spiritual but actual practitioners Rap listeners, we open the black businesses

This underground *** with samples to lack clearances

Once you get a past appearances, you could tell who *** is fake
And who's *** is based upon the past experiences We really been to war, hand to hand like *** sales
Bill the man, the man they try to kill off the blackmail
Females left to raise up a son
From the day he was one Til' he twenty, and he raise up a gun
Get the blazin, fore the blaze of the sun
Smoke bracin' his lung
Young in his years and he's facing a ton None of his peers wanna share the road
Love the child, care to provider
But they hand a blunt and share saliva
You ain't a rider and you hustlin' backwards To many excess with imitating these crackers
So our kids looking up to drug dealers and rappers
Taking all the work away from the black actors Revelation is first and Armageddon is after
Tsunami's, hurricanes and natural disasters
Fast food culture be this, is always a factor
It's the gratification they want the cash faster It's my blood, sweat, tears, years
Struggle, love, hate, fear, New York City
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It's the 3rd eye of the storm It's the place where knowledge is born
Check it out, check it out, check it out
Talib Kweli, that's what it is, break it down

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