

# Cold Rain (prod. Ski Beatz)

## Talib Kweli

Lets try something new  
It's been a long time coming  
Let me try something brand new  
Hey yo Ski  
What you ever do, man?  
Come on  
Yo, what we doing it for? This is for the day-trippers and the hipsters  
Whores and the fashionistas  
Spiritual leaders practicing law to laws of attraction  
The teachers who read the passages  
From the back of a G  
That be bustin' off Dalai Lamas or flashing heaters  
The last of the boosters With the shooting, the thugging and all the booning and spooning  
And all the crooning, and cooning and auto-tuning, you laugh  
You be tellin', peddlin' to consumers I'm helping them to see through it  
Get with this new movement,  
Let's move it Through the cold rain  
Still I'm standing right here  
Even on winter summer days Yeah I'm a product of Reaganomics  
From the blocks where they rocking a feds like J Electronica  
Drop and make this lock  
If the promise is where the heart is  
Whether Jesus or Mohammad  
Regardless of where the Mosque is (word) They hope for the Apocalypse like self-fulfilling prophecy  
Tell me when do we stop it?  
Do they ask you your religion before you rent an apartment?  
Is the answer burning Korans  
So that we can defend Islamics?  
The end upon us with a hash tag, a trended topic You take away the freedoms that we invite in the game  
Then you disrespect the soldiers; you ask them to die in vain  
In a desert praying for rain  
The music's like a drug, and they tend to take it to vein  
It ain't for the well-behaved The soundtrack for when you're great, but its more for when you've felt afraid  
More than your average rapper  
So you sort of felt the way  
The brain is like a cage, you a slave and that's why they lovin'  
This the book that Eli that start with a K-W Through the cold rain  
Still standing right here  
Even on winter summer days Through the cold rain

Still standing right here  
Even on winter summer days I do it for the trappers, other rappers  
The backpackers, the crackers  
The niggas, the metal-packers  
The victims of ghetto factories I do it for the families, citizens of humanity  
Emcee's, endangered species like manatees  
I do it for the future of my children  
They the hope for the hopeless Karma approaches, we gon' be food for a flock of vultures  
The end of the world  
Ain't nothing left but the cockroaches  
And the freedom fighters  
We're freedom writers like Bob Moses The chosen, freedom writers like Voltaire  
For my block, my borough, my hood, my city, my state, yeah  
My obligation to my community is so clear  
Yeah, we gotta save them, this opportunity so rare We do it so big over here that it's no bare  
To the punks, bitches, the chumps, the snitches, the sneak in the game  
We let them live although they're weak and they're lame  
The bozo's and joker's, promoting when they're speaking my name Through the cold rain  
Still standing right here  
Even on winter summer days

Songwriters

DAVID ANTHONY WILLIS, TALIB KWELE GREENE Published by

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