

Inner Monologue

Talib Kweli

Remember, whatever discipline you're in
Whether you're a musician or a photographer
A fine artist or a cartoonist, a writer, a dancer
A singer, a designer " whatever you do
You have one thing that's unique
You have the ability to make art. Sometimes life is hard
Things go wrong " in life and in love
And in business and in friendship and in health
And when things get tough, this is what you should do
Make good art This about to be the realest shit you ever heard
I lynch rappers, got them hanging on my every word
These bitch rappers be claiming they slinging heavy word
Really snitch rappers, niggas singing like every bird
Rich rappers, nah, I don't know them niggas
Niggas don't get rich rapping, they selling clothes or liquor
My flow is sicker cause I flow with vigor
I'm no beginner, peep the whole agenda
Control my center cause I gravitate with Gravitass
This my inner monologue
Burning down your party cause our cocktails is molotov
My crime mob make you stop, lock and drop, don't get wollywop'd
Actually battery in my back like a copper top
Got it popping, started on the B-side of Body Rock
Direct to fan, I'm running my shop like my mom and pop
Modern day slavery today to be an artist, watch
They treat them like a product and try to mount like a hot 'n tot
Molly pop, niggas not caring if they body rot
Partying like Mardi Gras, get the cream like HÃ¸agen-Dazs
Golly gosh, this is Utopia, cornucopia
I'm known to start revolts against the Romans like Zenobia
Hoping to keep coping copious amounts of opiates
Tried to start a union, but they blocked me like a Soviet
I hope they get it, I'm sick of explaining history
I'm rolling with a circle of winners, we claimin' victories
It ain't a mystery, the hate'll make it bittersweet
They hate when I engage to debate 'em like Wale's Twitter feed
Who I'm kidding? I'm the great debater
My crew stay winning, we stay innovating
Your circle is rotten as great tomatoes

They get high with you then start dry snitching like Jose Canseco
Prosecco, I'm sipping vino with a vivid hue
Haberdasher rocking Borsalinos like Hasidic Jews
Pitiful, rappers never stand up to the ridicule
That's why I had to get at you
Wear it if it fit the shoe, nigga
(Baby, just shine your light
If you've gotta dim yours, so they can shine brighter
Just stay bright, so shine your light) We're in a transitional world right now because
The nature of distribution is changing
The distribution channels that people have built
Over the last century or so are in flux
The print, the visual artist, the musicians
which on the one hand intimidating and on the other
Immensely liberating. The rules, the assumptions
The now-we're-supposed-tos of how you get your
Work seen and what you do then, they're breaking down
The gatekeepers are leaving their gates
You can be as creative as you need to be to get your work seen
The old rules are crumbling. And nobody knows what the new rules are
So make up your own rules

Songwriters

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