

# Cold Rain

Talib Kweli

[Intro]

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?[Talib Kweli - Verse 1]  
This is for all the day-trippers and the hipsters  
Whores and the fashionistas  
Spiritual leaders practicing all the laws of attraction  
The teachers who read the passages  
From the back of a G?  
That be bustin off Dalai Lama's 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, alive  
You be tellin, peddlin' to consumers I'm helping them to see through it  
get with this new movement,

Let's move it![Hook]

Feel the cold rain  
Still I'm standing right here  
Even the winter summer days[Talib Kweli - Verse 1]  
Yeah I'm a product of Reaganomics  
From the blocks where he rocking a feds like J Electronica  
drop and make this a lock  
if he promises where the heart is  
whether Jesus or Mohammad  
regardless of where the Mosque is (word)  
They hope for the Apocalypse like a 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 trending topic  
You take away the freedoms that we invite in the game  
Then you disrespect the soldiers; you ask them to die in vein  
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, that's why they lovin' you  
This is the book that Eli that start with a K-W.[Hook][Talib Kweli - Verse 2]  
I do it for the trappers, other rappers  
the Backpackers, the crackers  
the n-ggas, 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 ?  
For my block, my borough, my hood, my city, my state, yeah  
My obligation is 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 with all they're weak and they're lame  
The bozo's and joker's, promoting when they're speaking my name[Hook]

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