

# Demonology (feat. Big K.R.I.T. & Gary Clark Jr.)

Talib Kweli

I see 'em, I see 'em  
You don't see 'em?  
For real?  
Look around, son  
Look around, son Take a trip, I got you floating on this real spit  
I rock the boat so much you get nauseous and start to feel sick  
Too many house niggas, I'm taking 'em on a field trip  
Your fate is sealed: a life that come with a kill-switch  
My wife said I've got demons I've yet to deal with  
But I ain't trying to hear her though, my music is my mirror though  
They like to put me on a pedestal for conscious rap  
My flesh is edible, it's hard to keep the monsters back  
The polar opposite of too emotional  
Got feelings and emotions, just hoping I don't overdose  
And miss the moments trying to control 'em til I'm on overload  
Or hard to handle, we get dismantled and now I'm home alone  
I power trip like I'm sampling Hubert Laws no more  
I got honor, face my karma like a Buddhist law  
I got my own demons, what I'm supposed to do with yours?  
I got my own demons, what I'm supposed to do with yours? Too many demons in the dance hall  
And they stomping on what you stand for  
Dorothy Parker in the tub with her pants on  
Ready for a night at the opera with the phantom  
They live in the shadows of the angels  
The punchlines of the rap battles to entertain you  
Proof that evil words can maim you  
Proof that evil words can maim you Demons want a pound of my flesh, it's quite accurate  
It's tragic when you feel like your lawyer the devil advocate  
Legal-ese ain't a language, they made it up  
No wonder I'm losing blood, everybody taking a cut  
Speaking in tongues, they depleting your funds  
Beating the drums of war to fry lines to your fortunate sons  
You think boys point guns when they run to the sun?  
A decoy, Pink Floyd, cause they're comfortably numb  
Word, wrapping ourselves in denial like it's a warm blanket  
Trying to go native like faces that get war painted  
Pac shot in Las Vegas of all places  
Fighting dark sides of the Force like he was Lord Vader  
Y'all haters develop and lead the role

When they start to give 'em parts of your life and feed the trolls  
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 Proof that evil words can maim you This feel like church, save that soul  
 That cry "good God, oh me, oh my!"  
 I got to save them all  
 Pray the Lord forever call on him  
 For setting the screen for evil things, then letting me ball on them  
 Pick and move, or you could die, nigga  
 Chuck and jive to stay alive, nigga  
 Propane flames burn your boots like strange perms  
 Some think "Don't take, will"  
 But fuck it, you live and learn  
 Beware of the roots and salty looks  
 Voodoo they put on you, baby doll could leave you shook  
 Pens and needles, hoes and blokes  
 When it cracking, come snapping out even, kept them feelings afloat  
 I know, cause my folks lost souls off coast, never found  
 The triangle ain't just an ocean, it's on the ground  
 Take heed of the sign, dodging demons that find forgiveness  
 Young Krizzle Too many demons in the dance hall  
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 Dorothy Parker in the tub with her pants on  
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 The punchlines of the rap battles to entertain you  
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Songwriters

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