

Gutter Rainbows (produced by M-Phazes)

Talib Kweli

Talib Kweli,
yeah, hey
Get wit it, get wit it
Here we go, here we go,
come on, come on
Here we go, here we go,
come on, come on Yeah blacksmith
It's the movement
Keep it moving, keep it moving
Here we go, here we go
come on, come on
Here we go, here we go
come on, come on Yeah, Blacksmith
Pay attention
Gutter rainbows Watch me flip it like the Blacksmith logo
I shine a light through the darkness when the night is black as Yaphet Koto
All these rappers lookin' mad in photos
Saddest player braggadocio quality make up for what a lack a promo You say you blast a fo-fo, nah you don't
shoot
It's more like you shot me an email, but forgot to attach the vocals
Call 'em a bastard like their dad, a no show
I'm too fast for slow pokes running on the track with Yoshi Yamamoto's This ain't fashion rap, I'm bringin' the
passion back
Find me where the trouble at that's my natural habitat
I take it wit me in the booth
To delivery we owe respect to the dead we only owe the truth So if somebody feelin' disrespected even when his
face is smilin'
His heart rate escalates to violence
Look at their trouble, jugglin' drugs
Using, abusin', beautiful strugglin' they were usually bubblin' It's the voice of the voiceless hope for the
hopeless
Spit game way to real they don't promote it
Cause the way I approach it from another angle
I stay in the streets and notice the gutter rainbows It ain't no pot o' gold it's where the products sold
It's where we lock and load and and cop that rock then roll
So turn it up loud and turn it up now
Turn it up loud, turn it up now Welcome to my hood where the rainbows is in the gutter
The pain that you will discover is making the angels shutter
There's sex in the city but we never claimed to love her

I know you heard of us we're more murderous than Cain famous brother
Livin' with death smoking blunts with
the Grim Reaper
Snitch niggas known to blow the whistle like a gym teacher
This gum flapper swear he a gun clapper
Nah sumthin' backwards he really a dumb rapper
The trap on the corner with the oil spillin'
Mixed with the dirt and the water collected in the gutter til the colors brilliant
I paint pictures so legendary
I been doing this your history is as short as the month of February
In a leap year, what do we fear?
Dead bodies lying on the ground nothing to see here
Be clear don't ever cross me like police lines
'Cause libertarians will not be invited to tea time
It's the voice of the voiceless hope for the hopeless
Spit game way to real they don't promote it
Cause the way I approach it from another angle
I stay in the streets and notice the gutter rainbows
It ain't no pot o' gold it's where the products sold
It's where we lock and load and and cop that rock 'n' roll
So turn it up loud and turn it up now
Turn it up loud, turn it up now
Feel that war whip around a building to form a corner tornado
Findin' nature in the city we cover our feet in gators
Bugatti's to bodegas they sellin' rotten tomatoes
Stackin' chips and I don't mean potato there go another one
Graduated from quarter waters and Butter Crunch
Tuxedo nice with a gun tucked in his cummerbund
He get it from his mama he ain't nothin' but his mother's son
She used to get it popping like bubblegum
Peddling poison was often better employment
The ghetto destroying any sense of self she was enjoyin'
Survival of the fittest by any means necessary
Got us calling drug dealers revolutionaries
You say he kill his people he say I feed my family
And you ain't kickin' in you'll never understand me
You just stand in my way now you an obstacle
And obstacles end up in the hospital
It's the voice of the voiceless hope for the hopeless
Spit game way to real they don't promote it
Cause the way I approach it from another angle
I stay in the streets and notice the gutter rainbows
It ain't no pot o' gold it's where the products sold
It's where we lock and load and and cop that rock then roll
So turn it up loud and turn it up now
Turn it up loud turn it up now

Songwriters

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