

Stand to the Side

Talib Kweli

Go right to left, left to right
Middle passage connection
Yeah, about to build
Tell you which way to go We go right to left, left to right
If you fight to the death, what's left to fight
Yo, here we go I want to write away
I want to write here
I want to write brave words to fight fear
Write dreams and nightmares
Might scare the folks stuck in the day
But nothing to say
Well I'm way ahead by light years
So beware we keep the lights on
I want to write the songs from right to wrong
Right on
Riding the light so you see in the dark
So deep you gotta be still like your beating heart
My words apply the pressure to make the bleeding stop
See the art, living right, eating smart
I want to right to life, a right to death
Police read your rights from right to left
But I never write to remain silent
I fight through police line
Cops walk the beat that I write to
I teach minds, write rhymes with the right sound
Right now, journalists write up
I write down Party people put a hand in the sky
Grab a cloud and squeeze til no man is dry
We wet it up, go ask the people if they plannin to die
Can't stay to live, consumers is plannin to buy
Smoke death operators is standing by
They take you order for the slaughter of the family why
Do they make it so hard for a man to provide
You better get wit it, or stand to the side And the story line goes on
Right to left, who's right who's wrong
Fuck the politics and pride
I just to try to stay alive
To witness where the battle lines are drawn
Speak my mind and sing my song

I'm passin on the moral y'all
This is ain't play
True, you got to know the way
It's hard now
Open eyes
See hopeful lives
Sing it now Making my way through life
Talking to elders and taking advice
Ignoring their words and paying the price
Living in the world where false preachers got us praying to Christ
Get with the young girls in the choir and laying the pipe
No control of our soul we all wait at the light
So comfortable they we hating to fight to make it right
Late at night I'm controlled by the DJ on the mic
I love hip-hop and every joint he playing is tight
A day in the life is a brick in the foundation of like
A maze in Egypt amazing when I'm creating a sight
For the world to behold and the story to last
So one day ghetto children can visit their glorious past
After Pac and Notorious past what do we have
Niggas worth more when they dead, it's so sad
Started with the slavery we finish the plan
But I broke the cycle, and became a man Party people put a hand in the sky
Grab a cloud and squeeze til no man is dry
We wet it up, go ask the people if they plannin to die
Can't stay to live, consumers is plannin to buy
Smoke death operators is standing by
They take you order for the slaughter of the family why
Do they make it so hard for a man to provide
You better get wit it, or stand to the side Come on
I got my man Savion in the house
We about to put it down
Here we go

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