

Purest Hearts (feat. Chris Webby & Joell Ortiz)

Talib Kweli

Where's God?
Find the purest heartsWhere's God?
Find the purest heartsWhere's God?
Find the purest hearts (it fills, it fills, it fills of blood)Every year they say I'm back
But I never left you
My shit is next level
I raise the threat level
I got a permanent spot in the top tenI live there, you corny niggas just drop in
You super lame, you don't really understand music
The truth remain
And you hate it because you cant do it
You transparent, they can't stand it, the fans boo it
Your chick the finish line, the whole hood ran through it
She try to act like Cinderella but that ho frontin'
End of the night her toes bunion, coach become a pumpkin
They wanna act like I owe em somethin', I don't owe em nothin'
Watch you niggas break fast like they toast butter
A perfect storm and the coast is flooded
Mos discovered that my flow is gutter
You posers sound like your growth is stunted
Rap snitches diggin' ditches, working undercover
Real recognize real, we don't know each otherWhere's God?
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Find the purest hearts (it fills, it fills, it fills of blood)It's that new guy, all I do is make trouble
On some pills, now it's soundin' like the face muffled
Just a normal dude, focused with a straight hustle
I'm down to Earth yo, Challenger space shuttle
Blue collar and cold as a Coolatta
I'm the king up in the burbs so they callin' me Mufasa
Kill it on the mic and I do what I do proper
Just watch when I'm rocking like bada-bing bada-boom mama
I'm an animal, ferocious, I don't suggest you approach it
Or provoke it, 'cause the last time the doctor gave a prognosis
He said I was out my fuckin' mind in case you hadn't noticed
So just pass me my bottle of Adderall so I can focus
And some bomb tree, 'cause it's C-Webby and Kweli
Here to drop heat, so the wack rappers they gwan leave
Baby watch me, 'cause until I'm on the top seat

I'ma kill 'em and no one can stop me, motherfuckererWhere's God?

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Find the purest hearts (it fills, it fills, it fills of blood)Y'all in trouble, I ain't even get my feet wet

You know how much sweet flesh my teeth get these beats just

Seasoning, no reasoning, primalistic defeat again

When we begin to walk leaves fall from all of the trees and then

Weaker men was raised their head to peek within the valley

Pterodactyl, beat screech, leeches swim and stampede begins

Me and them, same species different creature

When I bleed this pen just know you're breathing in Joell Ortiz and 'em

Occupy the top of the food chain, you bottom feeder

I'm on fire, they barely warm, koala fever

I ain't even at my hottest either, y'all been lally gaggin'

Poppin' molly, dressing drag, playing follow the leader

Me I've been bodying speakers, catching a body and beatin' em

Fuckining buffied up bodies and Bali on holiday weekends

Your bitches do karate, they chopped and you probably eatin' em

Nasty, niiggas

Songwriters

Christian Webster, Joell Ortiz, Talib Kweli GreenePublished by

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