

Broken Glass

Talib Kweli

(Kweli)

Yeah, they wasn't expecting this, that's why ya

(Hahaha)

Gotta hope for the best and play 'em for the worst, c'mon

(Muhfuckers is history)

C'mon This the story of Lucy In The Sky Wit Diamonds

Ask her why she crying, she wanna live, she got no time for dying

Was a science, dreams too big for a small town

She gotta get to New York and watch a door fall down

Hopped off the Greyhound, gotta make her way now

She's sleeping on the park benches in the playground

But cash burn quick, don't wanna have to turn trick

Ready to quit 'til she met the super pimp Flashing his toothy smile that drove little Lucy wild

She quick to hop up on his dick straight Hoopie style

She let the fella hit but she sang, she sell-a-bit

He ain't buying that, she ain't selling it

She looking for love in all of the above

Believing videos, just trying to back up all on a thug

Who wanna put it in her, withdraw like a Citi card

But now she shake that ass for tips at the titty bar Broken glass, everywhere

(It's louder)

Louder than a bomb shattered in the air

(It's louder)

Try to hold back your tears baby

(It's louder)

Wait a second, what happens here baby?

(It's louder)

Broken glass, everywhere

(It's louder)

Louder than a bomb shattered in the air

(How many of y'all think you can do what we do?)

Yeah, wait a second

(One, two, three, c'mon) Dreams shattered like broken glass

Press ignore it and your hopes get broken fast

You complain for the life you supposed to have

But when you try to make plans God is known to laugh

Throw a song on the phonograph, and Lucy start wilin'

The trick start smiling, watch the loot start flying

The Gucci start pilling up, she live designer plush

Start lining up the coke so she could find a rushTime's up, she's about to turn 33

Her shit started to sag, she got surgery

Now cats are used to drive past her like a Church van
Acting on thirst, 'She Wants To Move' like a N.E.R.D. fan

Bigger house, 10,000 dollar purse fam

She let you in, she wanted rent by the 1st man

She the ring leader in a clique of birds

And they shadowy, like the silhouette behind the curtainBroken glass, everywhere

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(How many of y'all think you can do what we do?)

Yeah, wait a second

(One, two, three, c'mon)She was a small city girl with big city dreams

Niggaz try to figure how to get up in them jeans

Put her in them scenes, get her on the team

Hit her wit the cream 'til they figured out the schemes

Now she all up in the club looking for a new love

Really like Huey Lewis looking for a new drug

'Cause coke's getting old, started free basing

Graduated to crack, smack on occasionNot catching the bus, but back at the station

Back and forth pacing, acting all impatient

Last hundred dollars, she got to 'Get By'

Now gotta make a choice, go home or get high

Mommy and daddy miss her, she left for the fame

Now what's left is the dirt that's thrown on her name

She need a ticket home if it's the right course

Instead she bought a ticket to ride the white horseBroken glass, everywhere

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Yeah, wait a second

(One, two, three, c'mon)

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