

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
We go right to left, left to right
If you fight to the death, what's left to fight
We go right to left, left to right
If you fight to the death, what's left to fight
We go right to left, left to right
If you fight to the death, yo, here we go I wanna write away, I wanna write here
I wanna write brave words to fight fear, write dreams and nightmares
Might scare the folks stuck in the day with nothin' to say
While I'm way ahead by light years so beware and keep the lights on
I wanna write the songs that right the wrong, right on
Ridin' the light so you see in the dark
So deep you gotta be still like your beatin' heart
My words apply the pressure to make the bleedin' stop I see the art of livin' right, eatin' smart
I wanna 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
Wet it up, go ask the people if they plannin' to die
Can't stay to live, consumers is plannin' to buy
Slow death operators is standin' 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
Stand to the side, stand to the side
You better get wit it, or stand to the side
Stand to the side, stand to the side
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 I 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 for hopeful lives, sing it now
Makin' my way through life, talkin' to elders and takin' advice
Ignorin' their words and payin' the price
Livin' in the world where false preachers got us prayin' to Christ
Get with the young girls in the choir and layin' the pipe
No control of our soul we all wait at the light
So comfortable they we hatin' to fight to make it right
Late at night I'm controlled by the DJ on the mic
I love hiphop and every joint he playin' is tight
A day in the life is a brick in the foundation, I'm like
A mason in Egypt, amazin' when I'm creatin' a site
For the world to behold and the story to last
So one day ghetto children can visit their glorious past
After Pac and Notorious passed, 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 'till no man is dry
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Slow death operators is standin' 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
Stand to the side, stand to the side
You better get wit it, or stand to the side
Stand to the side, stand to the side
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, come on
Stand to the side
Stand to the side
Stand to the side
Stand to the side
Stand to the side
Stand to the side
Stand to the side
Stand to the side

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