

# Lost Desire (featuring Malik B. & Talib Kweli)

## The Roots

[Chorus: x2]

It's the lump in your heart  
Or the pain in your mind  
No one cares what the truth is  
Cause a fortress built on lies[Malik B.]  
I'm exhausted but never ever forfeit  
Y'all just bullshit while I knock a nigga off quick  
Y'all start speaking in tongues and reaching for guns  
A militant will put this heat in your lungs  
The street and the slums, the weekend is done  
The local class always show you what the heat has become  
The seasons are done, and reasons are none  
People dyin' bullets flyin' cause they squeezin' for fun  
It's all of a nightmare, that's right there  
They hopin' that somebody in the hood just might care  
With all this protestin' and rallyin'  
Death toll tallyin'  
Foul smells around them pells in the alley and  
Corner filled with teddy bears, cause they killed a child again,  
They sing about murder, so it ain't a song it's hollerin'  
Get off the choir with your soft attire,  
Niggas out here don't give a fuck, cause they lost desire[Chorus: x2][Talib Kweli]  
My city's full of heart breakers and stargazers  
Who puff gosh vegas  
So they gone with the wind, like Clark Gable,  
Breathin' like Darth Vader, believin' in dark angel  
Yeah, we got flags, but they not star-spangled  
We not patriotic, the heroes are not them,  
Ghetto griots like rims, you stop, they still spin,  
Tall tales at the bar, witnessed after dark,  
And we still stop in and chicken and brown timbs  
And listen to Rakim  
With the where that y'all been  
For realla, I hadn't been schemin' or plottin'  
You fear us? Fear is self, personified  
Payin' homage to homicide  
Prayin' to the dollar sign  
It's idol worship  
The rebel forces

Bodies lie at the foundation of the fortress  
This is war, we expect some losses  
And we comin' for the heads of the bosses[Chorus: x2][Black Thought]  
We on some casualties of war shit,  
What you stand for, kid?  
We in the city where they definitely lost it  
You open your eyelids and capped in the ribs  
Your funeral they have your 12th grade portrait  
Pretty corpse in casket, bell-shaped orchids  
Said he 19 and left a self-made fortune  
And left three orphans  
Now he in a box with the same chain and watch  
That never came off him  
It's a shame what it cost him  
Where he come from it ain't nothin'  
It's a everyday thing, that's a problem  
It's chambers revolving  
Bustin' like Russian roulette  
With a full set, then change what the odds is,  
Flames in the mosque, and  
People held hostage  
Everyday I struggle, try to get up out the mosh-pit  
Homicide for profit, tell me how we not sick?  
This shit is out of control, they can't stop it[Chorus]

Songwriters

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