

# Joy

## Talib Kweli

Wooaahh! yeah  
On top of the world  
Yeah, that's how my seeds got me feeling' right now  
On top of the world  
Yeah, you ever felt like you could do anything, (Yeah)  
On top of the world  
I'ma hold y'all down for real, (Gotcha!) It was 1996, fourth of July, looking off in the sky  
Dealing with thoughts inside, when something caught my eye  
It was a silhouette of a beautiful woman, bright with life  
Carrying my first seed, looking like she gone bear fruit tonight  
We at the African street festival, and she walking around  
Talking about the midwife said, that bring the baby down  
I'm about to be a father, the sights and sounds,  
Seem brighter around me  
And for starters, I know I'ma work harder, word  
We got home at three in the morning, I was beat  
Them contractions started coming as soon as I fell asleep  
Three oh five, like every five minutes, then the water broke  
We on the go, yelling at the cabbie, cause he's sort of slow  
You know them hospitals all trying to get paid, no questions  
Hear come the doctor's with they drugs, trying to do see-sections  
But my baby stay's strong, in labor for y'all long  
Eight-pound baby boy, to carry my name on, joy! Huh, yeah  
I know how you feel, Kweli I know how you feel  
(That's the sound of joy)  
See my brother, I know how you feel, Kweli, I know how you feel  
(That's the sound of joy)  
So when you, have a seed, come in the world, say dog that shit's real  
(That's the sound of joy, y'all)  
Huh, Kweli, yo I know how you feel, Kweli, yo I know how you feel My baby girl June 10th, 1999, I been on the  
grind  
Since the birth of my son, it's been about, way more than rhymes  
Baby on the way, my lady glowing today, at least  
That's what the midwife said, on the phone  
Anyway, the music got me going away  
Like everyday, but it's a blessing, so I gotta have patience  
And she got pregnant on a Jamaican vacation  
So it's all good, this time we'll have the baby in a house  
I went the hospital route, I know what they all about (Never again)

So I'm out on tour, in Baltimore  
Get the call around four, when the water hit the floor (Damn!)  
I gotta rock my show, but I gotta go  
Got second thoughts about her not going, to the hospital  
I left the show early, Mos held me down, good looking (No doubt)  
Call the car service, like, take me straight to Brooklyn (Uh huh)  
Got the news in the car, stayed sorta calm  
But I cried tears of joy,  
When they put my daughter in my arms, how precious!Huh, yeah  
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(That's the sound of joy)  
So when you, have a seed, come in the world, say dog that shit's real  
(That's the sound of joy, y'all)  
Huh, Kweli, yo I know how you feel, Kweli, yo I know how you feelI do it for the seeds y'all,  
In they formative years when they need y'all  
We gotta believe, in what we conceive y'all, it's deep y'all  
I give them the truth,  
So they approach the situation, with ammunition  
I keep nothing away,  
They hear everything, cause they know how to listen  
Teach them the game, so they know they position, so they can grow  
And make decisions, that change the world, and break old tradition  
They put kids in jail, for a life they ain't even get to start  
That's murder too, and it's breaking my heart,  
It's breaking our nation apart  
We gave the youth all the anger, it's just  
We ain't taught them, how to express it, and so it's dangerous  
You can't talk to them  
Unless your language is relating to what they going through  
So busy ignoring them, you can't see what they showing you  
And you wonder, why we called baby-daddy's and baby-momma's  
When we grow up, we can't act like adult mothers and fathers, yo  
I'm so blessed to have a boy and a girl,  
Everyday they bring joy to my worldHuh, yeah  
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