

# State of Grace (feat. Abby Dobson)

Talib Kweli

[Verse 1: Talib Kweli]

From the top, from the top, from the top, from the top  
From the top, from the top, from the top, from the top  
In a state of grace  
Where the talent is surrounded by the pain and the violence  
So the selling never safe  
At the same time snitching to the Jake  
Is the quickest way to be found at the bottom of a lake  
But the problem we face seems so great  
That we can't escape so we accept our fate  
So the sex and the money and the murder and the pictures we paint  
If an artist is a part of a community  
And got an opportunity to get that cake  
Would never come back to the hood, no immunity  
Usually a nigga like that so fake  
No different from a snake  
Nothing left to give cause you always wanna take  
If you ain't using all the talents God provided you with  
Would a better minuteman understand you ain't nothing but a waste?  
Look into the face of a young girl  
Raising up like a flag when it's unfurled  
Got game listening to her mother's pearls  
And she love Beyonce cause she run the world  
Her mama used to run this city  
Way back before the nigga Puff was Diddy  
When it came to the music then she got real picky  
From New York, but preferred 2Pac over Biggie  
No disrespect to Ms. Wallace, but she liked to do the knowledge  
And she felt that Pac was more lyrical  
Plus she never went to college  
But she called herself 'Earth' found rhythm with the gods more spiritual  
She God in the physical  
And it's only natural to pray for a little you  
Musical so she played the umbilical chords  
So her daughter was born it was a miracle  
Music is the light when it's dark  
And the way that you spit your dart is a big part  
She grew up loving hip hop  
Now all her daughter got is "Love & Hip Hop"

Nowadays niggas turn up for the sex  
Niggas turn up for the money, never turn up for the movement  
Ratchet reality stars that be looking so stupid  
Getting in the fights at reunions  
She used to be inspired by the writers, now she's tired of the biters  
No desire for the lying and the violence  
That's inflicted on the body in a so-called party environment  
Her body is politics  
Lost count of how many whores she was called today  
She won't do it no more, lost all her faith  
They say she exaggerate when she holler 'Rape'  
But it's only so much she can tolerate[Hook: Abby Dobson]  
Help me find my way to a state of grace  
Stir my heart, touch my soul  
Feed me freedom sounds you made  
Help me find my way to a state of grace  
Lift me up with your weight  
Pull me to the grace[Verse 2: Talib Kweli]  
She wanna to be the first in her family with a higher education  
Her entire graduation was a dire situation  
Did a paper on the state of the hip hop generation  
But no longer felt a part of the conversation  
Used to be I'm a "ride or die" chick  
B.I.G. with the "Me And My Bitch"  
No objections, being an object  
Major label seeing a profit  
She ain't never been a bitch or a ho  
But she used to sing along when she heard it in a song  
She used to be front row at the shows 'til she overdosed on the testosterone  
Her favorite rapper invited her backstage would have stayed  
But she felt like she really ain't belong  
When she wouldn't let him hit, this nigga called her a bitch  
She erased all her songs from the phone  
You are who you fuck with, so the guy that she stuck with  
You can bump it or dump it, the artist she trusted  
Just broke her heart, so misogynistic and disgusting  
She tried not to judge him  
In her heart she still loved him  
And the way that he lusting a part of his suffering  
And this young man clearly not ready for the harder discussion  
Female emcees acting more like a dude than a dude do, only if you knew  
I know a few who flow crazier than if you flew over the nest of the cuckoo  
But she never gonna hear them in the mix so the new attitude  
Taking cues from the radio playing that doodoo  
She on D'Angelo Pandora station playing that Voodoo, who knew?[Hook][Verse 3: Talib Kweli]

In the face of hate  
She'd be lucky for a balance cause the world is challenging her to be great  
I see lyrics as colors and shapes  
Put it on tape, let her know I could relate  
When you wish you could switch the way that you look  
And your nose was smaller and your hair was straight  
When you got no faith  
When you hate yourself, when you hate your race  
Let's get to the core  
Our sisters worth more than grinding on the wall half-naked  
She a bitch, she a whore  
And you rich and you shit on the poor  
In all of your records and ask 'em to buy it  
Why should I support music that constantly disrespects me?  
And make you dismissive of the efforts of those who get left  
With the charge of repping it correctly  
When it's free online or in a cloud  
Ain't no reason to touch the radio dial  
You wonder why you don't hear no sounds on the air  
And it's clear that your sales going down  
Down by law then you found the raw  
On a message board and you sounding off  
These niggas get the whole world, but what's the cause?  
No wonder why these niggas be sounding lost  
Rhyming is a memory  
The assembly line rap niggas is designed by the enemy  
Stop giving them your soul, gift wrap  
Prepackaged, fabricated shit rap  
Running through you like fast food; Big Mac's  
You don't want no problems, fix that  
All the time that you spent listening to that bullshit  
Now you ain't never gon' get back[Hook][Outro: Talib Kweli]  
She don't love it, no  
She don't love it no more

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