

Cold Rain (Prod. by Ski Beatz)

Talib Kweli

Lets try something new
It's been a long time coming
Let me try something brand new
Hey yo Ski
What you ever do, man?
Come on
Yo, what we doing it for? This is for the day-trippers and the hipsters
Whores and the fashionistas
Spiritual leaders practicing law to laws of attraction
The teachers who read the passages
From the back of a G
That be bustin' off Dalai Lamas or flashing heaters
The last of the boosters With the shooting, the thugging and all the booning and spooning
And all the crooning, and cooning and auto-tuning, you laugh
You be tellin', peddlin' to consumers I'm helping them to see through it
Get with this new movement,
Let's move it Through the cold rain
Still I'm standing right here
Even on winter summer days Yeah I'm a product of Reaganomics
From the blocks where they rocking a feds like J Electronica
Drop and make this lock
If the promise is where the heart is
Whether Jesus or Mohammad
Regardless of where the Mosque is (word) They hope for the Apocalypse like self-fulfilling prophecy
Tell me when do we stop it?
Do they ask you your religion before you rent an apartment?
Is the answer burning Korans
So that we can defend Islamics?
The end upon us with a hash tag, a trended topic You take away the freedoms that we invite in the game
Then you disrespect the soldiers; you ask them to die in vain
In a desert praying for rain
The music's like a drug, and they tend to take it to vein
It ain't for the well-behaved The soundtrack for when you're great, but its more for when you've felt afraid
More than your average rapper
So you sort of felt the way
The brain is like a cage, you a slave and that's why they lovin'
This the book that Eli that start with a K-W Through the cold rain
Still standing right here
Even on winter summer days Through the cold rain

Still standing right here
Even on winter summer days I do it for the trappers, other rappers
The backpackers, the crackers
The niggas, the metal-packers
The victims of ghetto factories I do it for the families, citizens of humanity
Emcee's, endangered species like manatees
I do it for the future of my children
They the hope for the hopeless Karma approaches, we gon' be food for a flock of vultures
The end of the world
Ain't nothing left but the cockroaches
And the freedom fighters
We're freedom writers like Bob Moses The chosen, freedom writers like Voltaire
For my block, my borough, my hood, my city, my state, yeah
My obligation to my community is so clear
Yeah, we gotta save them, this opportunity so rare We do it so big over here that it's no bare
To the punks, bitches, the chumps, the snitches, the sneak in the game
We let them live although they're weak and they're lame
The bozo's and joker's, promoting when they're speaking my name Through the cold rain
Still standing right here
Even on winter summer days

Songwriters

DAVID ANTHONY WILLIS, TALIB KWELE GREENE Published by

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