

# Lost Desire

## 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 I never ever forfeit

Y'all just bullshit while I knock a nigga off quick

Y'all start speaking in tongues and start 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 [?] is become

The seasons are done, and reasons are none

People dyin' bullets flyin' cause they schemin'[?] 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 [?] 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 [?

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 heartbreakers and stargazers

Who puff kush

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 [?]

And listen to Rakim

With the [?] that y'all been

For realla, I hadn't been schemin' to [?]ply in

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=====Chorusx2=====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 get 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 trey 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 nuthin'  
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=====

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