

# Ghetto Afterlife

Hi-Tek

[Talib Kweli]

These niggaz ain't thugs, the real thugs is the government  
Don't matter if you independent, democrat or republican  
Niggaz politickin the street, get into beef  
Start blastin, now a new cat is executive chief  
With a, passion for heat you get, blast in yo' seat  
Die before you crash in yo' Jeep, never passin in your sleep  
like an old man, you ain't a fool you got a whole plan  
to conquer territories like Europeans who stole land  
The future of your whole fam' hang in the balance  
You the king, and your block is the palace  
Y'all niggaz is the parliament, untouchable, spot unrushable  
Keep your weight wet, call in collect to save a buck or two  
Get mad, who the f\*\*k are you? What you gonna do?  
Exactly what I thought - NOTHIN, in the sport of frontin  
you the undisputed champion, I'm in a class you can't be in  
My words is flesh like Jesus, the aquarian

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{*scratched* "Let's stop right here for an amen and a right on"}  
{"So you think that I'm a fool..."}  
{"Amen, right on..."}
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Chorus: T. Kweli and Kool G. Rap

[T] It's just a chapter of the night, in the ghetto afterlife  
Where you just seen or heard about or gonna have to fight  
[K] Where they sacrifice the life and niggaz see flashes of light  
When you trapped up in the heights but clappers aimin at the wife

[Talib Kweli]

Yeah, dudes gettin money is still thuggin  
Chicks gettin money is still ghetto  
Still livin the whole thuggish stilleto  
Your team let the metal burst before you take an L  
you raised in hell, let the dust settle first  
Then you ask the question, snatchin the life of the innocent  
Shit happens huh, a man's respected by his actions  
It's the karma of the street, you try to meet the karma  
while the karma sleep, yo it's deep, but the karma can't be beat  
You don't know your enemy, so you fightin with yourself  
Relate to rap niggaz cause they writin what you felt  
You got top shelf connects you gettin seasoned like a veteran  
We suck the venom out the snake bite, without the medicine  
We benefit from niggaz in tenements, dyin for benjamins  
So bad that they know they own coffin measurements  
Ghetto eloquence, in the moment of truth, don't be hesistant  
or fall victim to the element, word is bond

"So while y'all keep on fakin the funk,  
we gonna keep on walkin through the darkness carryin our torches"

-> DJ Premier

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{*scratched* "I'ma give-give-give it to-to you straight"
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"Straight up and down!" -> DJ Premier

Chorus: T. Kweli and Kool G. Rap

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[Kool G. Rap]

Niggaz get caught up in the struggle  
End up in court in trouble, sportin a bubble  
Ford azure bubble, importer smuggle, forcin a rumble  
Hit the blocks with a portion to double  
Flip and get tossed in the huddle  
Police with one piece short of the puzzle  
It's a hustle, peep the street life, they movin muscle  
and the G's'll make your knees buckle  
Tussle with heat until your feet stand in a pee puddle  
Cheese double but all the speedy niggaz bleed puddles  
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