

# Alright

Stat Quo

[22 seconds interlude]

[Stat Quo:]

Muhfuckas ain't gave me shit! - I earned mine! (mine!)  
Street certified, I'm just serving my time.  
Ain't tryna be a killer, just a trill-ass nigga.  
Born and raised in the gutta. - Don't ask me why I'm bitter!  
Got love for Obama but I know what the bidness is (know what the bidness is!  
)  
On my momma America on some sneaky shit. (whooh!)  
Got niggas fooled, - dazed and confused  
You let your guard down and they finna switch the rules.  
Pay attention to the clues - 'fore you end up on the news (news!)  
The whites control the blacks, we all slaves to the jews. (YEAH!)  
Little kids ain't readin' - they rather watch the toons (YEAH!)  
Gettin' manipulated by somebody else's views!  
Somebody else's history, somebody else's view  
Choking on this bullshit we bit off more than we can chew!  
Our information infected with AIDS and Swine Flu (Flu!)  
Now I heard they cloning people. - What this world coming to?

[Chorus: Stat Quo]

Lost in the night - looking for light.  
Runnin' from death. - Searching for life.  
Damn, I lost my sight! - Tryna turn wrong to right.  
But momma said it's gon' be alright!

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[Talib Kweli:]

I don't just take it, I abuse it! - Create my illusion!  
State of the union in a state of confusion.  
Form the snakes to the jakes to the fakes in the movement  
I put the truth on the track and make 'em face the music.  
My man sling the white girl. - Hannah Montana  
While I sit and zone out to the keys on the piano.  
The only difference is  
The entertainers treated like his words gotta vent more significance.  
Now I'm gettin' - tucked in the bed, chains get tucked in alot  
Ain't no love in the home so we stuck - huggin' the block,  
Duckin' alot! - Couple of shots  
Afterparty celebrating but I snook in the Glock.  
That's just how it go! - Act up, I show you just how it blow.  
Wanna quit but got the power to grow?! - It's powerful, yo!  
I'm just a product of events of my life.  
My momma said there'd be days like this. - But she didn't mention the night.  
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[Chorus]

[Stat Quo:]

I gotta right to be hostile (hostile!) - as a child (child!)  
I saw my dawg get his head blown off. (miss you dawg!)  
And a dollar ain't a dollar no more!

So I'm sittin round - wonderin': "What I need it for? "  
Go to the store like it's a stick-up. - My son gotta eat.  
Put the clothes food shoes in the cars then hit the street! (whoo!)  
Hit the gas station fill up. - And left the trunk beat!  
Middle finger to the cops, nigga come test me! (test me!)  
Lawless! - Mind on the harvest. (harvest!)  
Fuck yale! Fuck Harvard! Fuck college! (YEAH!)  
I graduated jobless - confused and in debt  
Credit score low balancing hellafied cheques!  
Can't rest the? on my neck  
Tryna pay this gas bill shit, real in the jets!  
Lost in the fastlane, rock and roll, drugs and sex!  
Walkin' around with blood diamonds tryna floss for respect! - What you expect?  
t?

[22 seconds interlude then beat fades out]