

# Gutter Rainbows

Talib Kweli

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Get wit it get wit it  
Here we go here we go come on come on  
Here we go here we go come on come on  
Blacksmith  
It's the movement  
Keep it moving keep it moving  
Here we go here we go come on come on  
Here we go here we go come on come on  
Blacksmith  
Pay attention  
Gutter rainbows

Watch me flip it like the Blacksmith logo  
I shine a light through the darkness when the night is black as Yaphet Kotto  
All these rappers looking mad in photos  
Saddest player braggadocio quality make up for what a lack a promo  
You say you blast a fo-fo you don't shoot  
More like you shot me an email but forgot to attach the vocals  
Call em a bastard like their dad a no show  
I'm too fast for slow pokes running on the track with Yohji Yamamoto's  
This ain't fashion rap I'm bringing the passion back  
Find me where the trouble at that's my natural habitat  
I take it with me in the booth  
To delivery or respect to the dead we only owe the truth  
So if somebody feeling disrespected even when his face is smiling  
His heart rate escalate to violence  
Look at them tremble juggling drugs  
Using abusing beautiful struggling they were usually bubbling

It's the voice of the voiceless hope for the hopeless  
Spit game way to real they don't promote it  
Cause the way I approach it from another angle  
I stay in the streets and notice the gutter rainbows  
It ain't no pot o' gold it's where the products sold  
It's where we lock and load and and cop that rock then roll  
So turn it up loud and turn it up now  
Turn it up loud turn it up now

Welcome to my hood where the rainbows is in the gutter  
The pain that you will discover is making the angels shutter  
There's sex in the city but we never claimed to love her  
I know you heard of us we're more murderous than Cain famous brother  
Living with death smoking blunts with the Grim Reaper  
Snitch niggas known to blow the whistle like a gym teacher  
This gum flapper swear he a gun clapper  
Nah sum'n backwards he really a dumb rapper  
The trap on the corner with the oil spilling  
Mixed with the dirt and the water collected in the gutter til the colors brilliant  
I paint pictures so legendary  
I been doing this your history is as short as the month of February  
In a leap year what do we fear  
Dead bodies lying on the ground nothing to see here  
Be clear don't ever cross me like police lines  
Cause libertarians will be not invited to tea time

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Saw that whip around a building to form a corner tornado  
Finding nature in the city we cover our feet in gators  
Bugatti's to bodegas they selling rotten tomatoes  
Stacking chips and I don't mean potato there go another one  
Graduated from quarter waters and Butter Crunch  
Tuxedo nice with a gun tucked in his cummerbund  
He get it from his mama he ain't nothing but his mother's son  
She used to get it popping like bubblegum  
Peddling poison was often better employment  
The ghetto destroying any sense of self she was enjoying  
Survival of the fittest by any means necessary  
Got us calling drug dealers revolutionaries  
You say he kill his people he say I feed my family  
And you ain't kickin in you'll never understand me  
You just stand in my way now you an obstacle  
And obstacles end up in the hospital

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[Adlibs out]