

Hamster Wheel

Talib Kweli

I see, Yeah I see, see, I'm lookin right at you, I eye-contact you
You see me, and I'm a beamie, Uh
First, I'm sayin Hi, then I'm wavin Bye-bye
We get in, we get in
Girl. you're so fly, you're so fly

Yo, these swallows is horny like Charley Parker
Be cutting em cause I'm studying these birds like ornithology
Follow em when they tweeting, holler instead of speaking
Give it a name, she played the wicked games every weekend.
Broke up with a dude for almost ending a life,
Came over for a closure, ended up spending the night.
That cosy in this apartment, wine bottles started popping,
Put scratches up on his back, they question him where he got them.
Forgot it was her, she threaded him, fingers was like machetes,
The fucking was so static, she shaded him like a faddic,
Every single chick, shes like enough already,
I need to be with someone else, this stuff is so petty
She once reacted to things he did in the past,
Thinking it was no safe, he couldn't say no to the ask,
The heavy so rash, she gave up all her power,
He boarded out on the street, nowhere to live, nowhere to shower.
How she gonna make it through the night?
How shes so accepting all this tension in her life?

She always carrying a baby with her,
Her spitting image just like looking at her baby pictures.
Afraid to say cause she dependent on man for real,
How she running these streets but always standing still.
She need to get up off the hamster wheel,
She need to get up off the hamster wheel,
How she running the streets but still standing still,
She need to get up off the hamster wheel,
She need to get up off the hamster wheel.

Battery in the back, popping up with the cop,
Top popular with the acid, the hot attack.
Niggas whooping the holla out the drama
The way she passing the barber shop
Only job that's an option McDonalds or TeleMarket.
Often her asking together, this ain't the Beatles.
She need is a man like she going under needle.
She doing so much cotton, it's a wonder she living
The money was so seductive, no wonder she ain't leaving.
First time she fell like a woman was when a dude screamed
Nice ass out the car window driving past.
Nobody showed her how to live so all she do is dream
They call her rocket cause the make-up is like the mash-bomb
Scars proeminently large on her frontal lobe
Behind bars for credit cards scheme she pulled a month ago.
First she getting high, now we waving bye-bye.
Shes waiting out the station
Just the same as shes waiting out the station late at night for a train that
never came.

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