

## Hostile Gospel Pt. 2 (Deliver Me)

Talib Kweli

Deliver me oh my father  
Haha, Amadea (C'mon!)  
Sizzla Kalonji (Yeah, this the one right here!)  
Talib Kweli

(Deliver me oh my father)  
What? What? Yeah  
Deliver me from temptation, a weakened man facin  
You put the spirit in me, I feel the sensation

Die on my feet before I live on my knees lord  
Deliver me from point A to B like livery  
Nothin is free, you got to be a hero to save  
They got you working like a slave from the crib to the grave  
A minimum wage can barely keep a job for a home  
A car or a phone, forget about gettin a loan  
You starting to moan, your bank account is getting withdrawn  
It's pitiful how we becomin slaves to things that we own  
They en-slavin the brains with the whips and the chains  
End up in the coffin chasing the fortune, chasing the fame  
Slave to the rhythm, slave to the night, slave to the day  
They hop aboard the Underground Railroad and run away  
Pray for the day niggas don't get taken away  
For makin a way to stop their baby's stomach aching today  
I sip a whiskey straight, no chase  
It's hard to take a man away from the sin when it's inside of him  
Please

(Deliver me oh my father)  
Yes, yes  
Deliver me from the evil that's all around me  
Jamaica to King's County, God  
(Deliver me oh my father)  
Yes, yes, yes  
Deliver me from temptation, a weakened man facin  
You put the spirit in me, I feel the sensation

Dance through my soul and let my days go right  
He can preserve me all the days of my life  
With the strength to wake through another day so bright  
Oh! Kalonji, Talib  
They say nothing's wrong with doing sin in your mind  
I reach myself and see what's there for my kind  
And look around and see, don't be acting blind  
This is the birthing of us, it's just not kind  
Now what's the worst thing a man could ever price  
Pay his life for something he didn't do like the missing mice  
Listen up, you know growing up I'll tell you something  
He won't like you in the deepest of dungeon  
Take away from my periods, leave me by myself  
Life is like a dot com, but the blue in my eyes  
Aired by your love from but your feuds are hopeless!  
You got a lot of bid, that's how it went

(Deliver me oh my father)  
What? What?  
Deliver me from the evil that's all around me

Jamaica to King's County, God  
(Deliver me oh my father)  
Yes, yes, yes  
Deliver me from temptation, a weakened man facin  
You put the spirit in me, I feel the sensation

Plug in the mic like I'm gunnin a bike  
Front if you like, I'm movin fast, my life is runnin the lights  
I give my son some advice  
Eyes on the prize, keep more with the one in your sight  
Won't win the gunfight if you brung you a knife  
I'm drawin blood from the rock and keep floodin the block  
With rhymes that are sharper than the razor that be cuttin the box  
For sure I gotta move niggas with rocks in their socks  
The prostitutes sellin the shit right in front of the cops  
Under the street lamp, walking through the rain until our feet damp  
Single moms all line at the office because they need stamps  
Your cousin out of jail, he spent his time finding God  
With a felony kinda charge it's kinda hard to find a job  
He gotta make a decision, the situation he's placed in  
As he's gotta get that gainful employment for his probation  
Otherwise he's just another part of the scenery  
Just because you got out of jail, that don't mean you free

(Deliver me oh my father)  
What? What?  
Deliver me from the evil that's all around me  
Jamaica to King's County, God  
(Deliver me oh my father)

Gotta survive and sustain and that ain't right  
And everywhere you go they want to give you a fight  
Gotta survive and sustain and that's for sure  
And every minute sees I'm coming at the bar  
Oh yeah...  
I got to reach out and look  
And keep my seed by my side  
Uh, yeah  
Life's a reality  
Sizzla Kalonji, Talib Kweli