

# More or Less

Talib Kweli

Y'all hear that  
Whats that sound  
Ya know ya want it  
I'ma tell um what we need

More franchisin  
Less sanitizin  
More uprisin  
Less down sizin  
More enterprisin  
Less sympathizin  
More buildin  
Less destroyin  
More jobs  
Less unemployment  
Lets skip the devil  
Less enjoyment  
More originality  
Less bitin off Pac 'n' Big  
More community activism  
Less gigs  
More Blacksmith  
Def Jux  
Less Geffen then the rest  
Cause the west suck  
They got this shit all messed up  
More marijuana  
Less coke  
More accountablity for politicians  
Before we shoutin  
Let's vote!  
More schools  
Less prisons  
More freestyle  
Less written  
More serious shit  
Less kiddin  
More history  
Less mystery  
More Beyonce  
Less Britney  
More happiness  
Less misery  
More victory  
Less losses  
More workers  
We all bosses  
Of course its  
Reflections

More love  
Less hate  
More real  
Less fake  
More  
Less  
Less stunin

More fame  
Less talkin  
More change  
Less wishin  
More vision

God bless the hood  
Where my money always good  
I can get you taken now  
Dont think I couldn't when I could  
Son I live above the rim  
Crack is hope  
Niggas wishin  
Y'all wish a nigga crack a joke  
Like he wanna battle for the mic  
This is Brooklyn, the planet  
And y'all niggas is just satellites  
Revolvin round my every word  
I adress the crowd like  
Lincoln at Gettysburg  
Surrounded by the heavy herb  
The crowd is more or less wall to wall here  
For the pure  
Hip-hop thats how I'm rockin  
Got them droppin they jaw  
Fire marshall blockin the door  
This the shit the cops stoppin us for  
This the "Reign of the Tec" and the motherfuckin Beatnuts  
Slice like a nip-tuck  
Specalizin in deep cuts  
This the music that you ridin to  
Provided by Talib and Hi-Tek  
The livest two

The more I put into it  
The less it sound like the nonsense  
The more natural  
The less concious  
At the same time the more bomb shit  
The less the devil got a grip  
I'm gettin loose  
We gatta slip away  
The ghetto gatta git  
More for a dollar  
More fresh goods for purchase  
Less liquor stores  
Less churches lookin like they corner stores  
More rap songs to stress purpose with  
Less misogyn and less curses  
Lets put more depth in our verses  
Till they left on the surface  
While we stomp through the underground  
The cops dont come around  
You sorta hoppin for that reflection  
You sorta open  
I heed the call of the chosen  
I dont play with your emotions  
Stop actin so god damn emotional  
I give you these bars for free like it's promotional

This aint no marketin strategey  
It had to be from the heart in order to be reality  
Reflections

[Chorus-Dion]