

# Roll Off Me

Talib Kweli

Yeah, back in effect, let's go  
Ahem, ayyo, e'rybody goes through feelin like  
the walls is closin in on you and you just stress the hell out (yeah they do  
)  
And you feel like you gon' explode, youknow'msayin? (uh-huh)  
This right here is for, all y'all to know that  
I know what y'all goin through man (yeah, yeah)  
I feel it myself (yeah, yeah I do)  
I could relate, yeah turn this one up

Sometimes life make you wanna attack and go off G  
You wanna step back and I let it roll off me  
Brooklyn, New York B, ain't nothin soft G  
Yeah I get stressed but I let it roll off me  
Flirtin with the fame but I let it roll off me  
They love it when I'm losin but I let it roll off me  
Dirt on my name but I let it roll off me  
Always keep it movin and I let it roll off me

Do it for my niggaz with letters, let's set it off B  
Cops don't protect us, protestors just get ignored B  
Played out like musical theater with best support  
The investors and bankers havin sex in expensive orgies  
I'm rappin on the corners like Abbey, Abdul and Common  
Born when they was robbin the grave at Tutankhamun  
Way before Bush the USA been bombin  
Cause whether ratchets or needles know the shootin ain't stoppin  
Niggaz lootin, we ain't coppin a thing  
And if I'm locked in the bing, a nigga not gonna sing  
I got a lot of things on my mind, dollar signs, life on the line  
What I write's so right for the time  
The revelation like sight for the blind like when God cypher divine  
hand you lessons; or when you in the church havin confession  
Or when you kneelin on the pew, catchin the Holy Ghost  
Or the cult, so fanatic they think suicide's the only hope (no)  
They used to ask you "Who ya master?" Now they ask you "Who your pastor?"  
It's your allegiance that they truly after  
They used to ask you "Who ya master?" Now they ask you "Who your pastor?"  
It's your allegiance that they truly after

That make you wanna go off B  
But I step back and I let it roll off me  
Brooklyn, New York B, ain't nothin soft G  
Yeah I get stressed but I let it roll off me

Talk the talk but to walk the walk is costly  
Niggaz got on they +Game+ face like Black Wall Street  
Every single move I make is ballsy  
Cause the shit it used to be a, silent movie now it's a talky  
The Feds cheesin like Milwaukee when shit is Brew-in  
When these niggaz stage a coup for the president I'm a shoo-in  
But, ain't no political aspirations I'm persuin  
I hate to ruin your dream but music is what I'm doin  
I've touched more people in a verse than you do in 20 speeches  
Whether state's blue like the water or redder than white people on sunny bea  
ches  
Sometimes I don't be understandin it

They looked at me and said that's why you the perfect candidate  
Standin at the pulpit with a full clip  
What I say real talk, turn around and walk away with your bullshit  
I'm like breed, yo I ain't to be fucked with  
Only write the realest, can't lie to the public

The sharp wick cut quick, killin 'em softly  
They try to take me there but you could never force me  
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[ad libs to the end]