

Soon the New Day

Talib Kweli

Here we go like
Yes yes yawl
To the beat yawl
Ain't no sleep yawl
To the break of dawn
5 o'clock in the morning
We keep rockin on
The workin people runnin like the stop clock is on
We got it poppin in the meat market
Chicks take a seat, park it
By the bar so they can meet the Vick with deep pockets
And them dudes
Buy them cars that turn 'em in to sweet objects
of desire
Big rims and them tires
We finna drop it like it's heavy as hell
The clan of the cavebear
Used to use the club to hit and drag her by the hair
Still use the club to get her a martini or a beer
Try to get her home and put the smell of sex in the air
Come through like the cable guy
Get 'er done
That 'ole hit 'n run
Turn into bitter ones
Tonight is catch me if you can
You can taste the ginger bread
Ain't nothing like wakin' up with a stranger in yur bed
Nope!

Soon the new day, breaks the dawn
Tomorrow I'll be like
Were am I?
Whets your name?
Gotta go, I'm glad you came
But tonight you, will be so fun
Maybe you're the one!
Soon the new day, breaks the dawn

Puttin on some Airs
King For a Day
Hard to face your fears we wear the mask like Cory McKay
You have a ball today
It's all a masquerade
Shorty paint her face like a clown but can't take away the frown
Found under the make up
I asked her "What's your passion?" answered "What's the paper" she sleep
and they don't want her to wake up
Maybe they should realize their own beauty
Baby you a star and not just a star on some dudes home movies

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Steppin out, I got my best outfit on
Gotta get it in. I'm slippin in the darkness like most of the day is gone
We up all night I wonder if can hang
We used to hang from a tree
Now we hangin behind the rope we V.I.P.
We do it
B.I.G.
Ain't no need to See I.D.
Thee entire scenery
Shrouded in mystery
Clouded with greenery
Six girls to every three dudes
So you have half a chance
If you ask to have a dance
The ones ready to freak off don't need no romance
They belong to the sisterhood of the traveling pants
They got them
Hungry eyes you know sensual trance
At a glance
The alcohol got you sexually advanced
The truth is so boring you gotta pretend a little; the antidote is more
colorful the rainbow and the Skittles
And the quest to trap the cat
The game is the Tinder Fiddles to get the bruce to say the sky's fallin
like your Chicken Little.
Come on!

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