

# Stand to the Side

Talib Kweli

Go right to left, left to right  
Middle passage connection  
Yeah, about to build  
Tell you which way to go

We go right to left, left to right  
If you fight to the death, what's left to fight  
Yo, here we go

I wanna write away  
I wanna write here  
I wanna write brave words to fight fear  
Write dreams and nightmares  
Might scare the folks stuck in the day  
But nothing to say,  
Well I'm way ahead by light years  
So beware we keep the lights on  
I wanna write the songs from right to wrong  
Right on  
Riding the light so you see in the dark  
So deep you gotta be still like your beating heart  
My words apply the pressure to make the bleeding stop  
See the art, living right, eating smart  
I wanna right to life, a right to death  
Police read your rights from right to left  
But I never write to remain silent  
I fight through police line  
Cops walk the beat that I write to  
I teach minds, write rhymes with the right sound  
Right now, journalists write up  
I write down

Party people put a hand in the sky  
Grab a cloud and squeeze til no man is dry  
We wet it up, go ask the people if they plannin to die  
Can't stay to live, consumers is plannin to buy  
Smoke death operators is standing by  
They take you order for the slaughter of the family why  
Do they make it so hard for a man to provide  
You better get wit it, or {stand to the side [X7]}

And the story line goes on  
Right to left, who's right who's wrong  
Fuck the politics and pride  
I just to try to stay alive  
To witness where the battle lines are drawn  
Speak my mind and sing my song  
I'm passin on the moral y'all  
This is ain't play  
True, you got to know the way  
It's hard now  
Open eyes  
See hopeful lives  
Sing it now

Making my way through life  
Talking to elders and taking advice

Ignoring their words and paying the price  
Living in the world where false preachers got us praying to christ  
Get with the young girls in the choir and laying the pipe  
No control of our soul we all wait at the light  
So comfortable they we hating to fight to make it right  
Late at night I'm controlled by the DJ on the mic  
I love hip-hop and every joint he playing is tight  
A day in the life is a brick in the foundation of like  
A maze in Egypt amazing when I'm creating a sight  
For the world to behold and the story to last  
So one day ghetto children can visit their glorious past  
After Pac and Notorious past what do we have  
Niggas worth more when they dead, it's so sad  
Started with the slavery we finish the plan  
But I broke the cycle, and became a man

Come on,  
I got my man Savion in the house  
We about to put it down  
Here we go