

The Nature

Talib Kweli

Expect the unexpected
Yo

It's kind of hard to keep faith in the things that you do
When everybody turns they back on you It's kind of hard to keep faith in the
things that you do
When everybody turns their back...

Yeah I know a city that's surrounded by a beautiful beach
The economy boosted by the drugs they move in the street
More clearer than the crystal sky, blue as the beast
The people ain't got shoes for they feet, or food to eat
So they hurtin but what's for certain you can get you some heat
And over beef you laid to rest like you was gettin some sleep
Where the little kids get ammunition (word) you can't get no nutrition
Or any type of suitable living condition listen
They shoot you over that paper, its just survivalist human nature
to put you out of your misery like euthanasia (yeah)
Don't let them fool you we ain't different than the youth in Asia
Africa and Europe, it's a small world we truly neighbors
If they the third world then who the first to get to heaven
I know it's hard but who does God choose to go through it worst
Usually it's the prophets, ask a cat what really matters
Nowadays usually it's his pockets

We gotta get back to what really matters
We gotta search our soul to find out, what we're after
The more I find my voice the more they try to make it harder
Mom and dad don't forget, to warn your sons and daughters
About the-na-ture-of-the-world-to-day, the nature of the world today
The-na-ture-of-the-world-to-day, the nature of the world today

Word~! Don't nobody talk no more they all text message
Drivin and typin, not payin attention, missin they next exit
Dependin on navigation they ever know where they goin
They stayin stuck in one spot they not growin
I'm so over cryin, waitin and hopin playin the blame game
The game changed me into (A Different World) like Dwayne Wayne
I'm gettin high just to maintain (yeah)
Take my music like a drug and drop the needle in the same vein
I get a rush like I'm tweekin off blow
Except it ain't via the nose it's from deep in my soul
The street slang I be speakin in code
Kick in the do's, freakin the flow 'til the speakers explode
We in control, the people know I speak the truth
The power of my roots is thicker than sour sop
And they so strong they bustin out the flower pot
Family tradition is to tell 'em you love 'em
While your family livin from granny in the kitchen the little man in prison

I'm just tryin to get back, to what really matters
I'm tryin to search my soul to find out, what I'm after
But the more I find my voice the more they try to make it harder
So mom and dad don't forget to warn your sons and daughters
About the-na-ture-of, the world today, the nature of the world today
The-na-ture-of, the world today, the nature of the world today

Yeah, it's all natural baby
It's how we put it there
Yeah, Brooklyn to Tennessee
You goin up with me
Yeah, yeah, break it down