

# New Leaders (feat. The Under Achievers)

Talib Kweli

Welcome to the new age where they're thirsty for that Kool-Aid  
Thirsty for first in that page, really thirsty just to be fake  
Be the first to hate what you say, trying to diss you calling you "gay"  
Such an urgent need to express yourself, but really nothing to say  
Don't fuck with us, we too tough, get high like you do drugs  
Like spit me out I'm chewed up my life is chopped and screwed up  
I know you up in this club, I know you don't give a fuck  
You told me what you don't like, you made that clear, now what do you love?  
There's gotta be more  
Some live the life of the rich, some people gotta be poor  
I've been through a door  
I will not sell you a dream, that's what the lottery for  
The music is clay, I shaped it, I molded it  
Like it was pottery or the mouth with the law  
Twist it like Robert Duvall, son, the godfather raw  
Free as the diamond you found on the floor  
Furnished the rhyme with the proper decor  
I burnished the nine in my mind with the galore  
So they burning with shaman, I'm popping the door  
To top off the law  
If your style is married to substance, you sound like you got a divorce  
That's why I'm blocking and unfollowing y'all  
I done forgot what I'm following for  
Enough about y'all, now back to me  
Ain't no academic leave, I'm not faculty  
These new slaves ain't ready for my masterpiece  
So when they hear me rap it's catastrophe  
Cause a casualty so casually they mistake what I do for having beef  
I don't actually wish anybody harm, now stretch your arms and clap for me  
x2  
Wake up cause no you're not dreaming  
Catch up with us cause we leaving  
Got enough followers  
I'm looking for some new leaders  
I'm looking for some new leaders  
I'm looking for some new leaders  
Got enough followers  
I'm looking for some new leaders Ever since the day I was born, that marks the day I was chosen  
To rise above them all and be a leader, I'm like Malcolm X when on the podium  
Martin Luther with a dream, Rosa Parks on the bus  
Though as funny as it seems it remind me of us  
Through the money and the fame ain't shit gon' change for the light we adjust

Do it for the children without a ceiling to live up under  
Times getting hard, that's why my niggas smoke that tropic thunder  
If all our people spreaded love instead of evil  
We would prosper our conscious to a level with no equal lethal  
Stay true, I gave you my oath  
What would the ancient God my nigga Thoth  
Through all the books and the screens I was taught  
I look at myself and pretend to learn the most  
Our leaders dead and gone, what's left for the believers?  
If you looking for the truth, one word: Underachievers, nigga  
x2As I change the so called predestined course of my life  
Advance my shit so now I travel at the speed of light  
Moving these intricate insecurities out of sight  
Moving myself onward from the darkness into the light  
I take flight, it's goodbye to all the negativity  
That plague millions of young innocent souls like me  
Gave me the genius mind state necessary  
To feast off of this unlimited figurative tree  
Of life, I tried to tell these niggas that our purpose is to move it  
Something like Darwin's beliefs of humans in evolutions  
As I fall asleep on these social forms of materialism  
I wake up and go through more colors than your normal prism  
Would you rest my soul, I'm blinding me to a blurry of visions  
In light of me on what to cut with such gifted precision  
And now I'm truly livin' (bless up, bless up)  
And now I'm truly livin' (bless up, bless up)x2

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>