

# Self Savior (feat. Chace Infinite)

Talib Kweli

New Chace Infinite, Talib Kweli, yeah\*  
Music courtesy of, Maurice 'Mo Betta' Brown  
Mo Betta, makes it mo' better, yeah Preacher's playing foul in the system now listen now  
It's more hate in the religious now ain't it foul  
Gotta be a better way to figure out  
How to be a self savior plus help my niggaz out  
These pigs playin foul in the system now listen now  
Every poor person is a nigga now  
There's gotta be a better way to figure out  
How to get this paper cause they lockin all my niggaz down  
How do expect to live? Dealin with savages is damagin  
Somebody gotta lose although you play to win  
You know these niggaz hate, despite the color of your face  
When I say nigga I'm just speakin on your mental state  
Life ain't a game if it is I can't participate  
Maybe I've changed but my mind is in a different state  
Cause now it seems more like a plan  
I'm strivin for perfection, so that's where I'll begin  
Your tallies and peaks and valleys can't describe who I am  
This music is therapeutic, I define who I am  
Through the actions I portray as a man - in combination  
With impressions I leave on people through things that I've said  
I've had it up to here with the bullshit  
So when I rap I sound like I'm in the pulpit  
Yeah; they say that I be preachin too much  
But I know that through the music's how you teach it to us  
It's all real  
True indeed Chace; they tried to get rid of me (say word)  
But they can't write me off, I'm not a charity  
That's a parody right? You kiddin me  
There really ain't no challenge, my authenticity  
Virtually guarantee me a flawless victory, you kiddin me?  
I'm lethal, I'm from a people who was forced into captivity  
Original man, there was often a facsimile  
I give a little more than your metaphors and wack similes  
Thousand yard stare, say a prayer for my enemy  
I'm international, half of these rappers laughable  
It's tragic how the other half so vaginal  
They put the style over substance, they counsel bother me  
My style married my substance and now they livin in harmony  
But any substance can be abused  
Especially when the style is so seductive the substance consider leaving you

You gotta get back to your essence  
Use your gifts and share your presence  
Don't count your dollars 'til you count your blessings

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