

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/>