

Gutter Rainbows

Talib Kweli

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Get wit it get wit it
Here we go here we go come on come on
Here we go here we go come on come on
Blacksmith
It's the movement
Keep it moving keep it moving
Here we go here we go come on come on
Here we go here we go come on come on
Blacksmith
Pay attention
Gutter rainbows

Watch me flip it like the Blacksmith logo
I shine a light through the darkness when the night is black as Yaphet Kotto
All these rappers looking mad in photos
Saddest player braggadocio quality make up for what a lack a promo
You say you blast a fo-fo you don't shoot
More like you shot me an email but forgot to attach the vocals
Call em a bastard like their dad a no show
I'm too fast for slow pokes running on the track with Yohji Yamamoto's
This ain't fashion rap I'm bringing the passion back
Find me where the trouble at that's my natural habitat
I take it with me in the booth
To delivery or respect to the dead we only owe the truth
So if somebody feeling disrespected even when his face is smiling
His heart rate escalate to violence
Look at them tremble juggling drugs
Using abusing beautiful struggling they were usually bubbling

It's the voice of the voiceless hope for the hopeless
Spit game way to real they don't promote it
Cause the way I approach it from another angle
I stay in the streets and notice the gutter rainbows
It ain't no pot o' gold it's where the products sold
It's where we lock and load and and cop that rock then roll
So turn it up loud and turn it up now
Turn it up loud turn it up now

Welcome to my hood where the rainbows is in the gutter
The pain that you will discover is making the angels shutter
There's sex in the city but we never claimed to love her
I know you heard of us we're more murderous than Cain famous brother
Living with death smoking blunts with the Grim Reaper
Snitch niggas known to blow the whistle like a gym teacher
This gum flapper swear he a gun clapper
Nah sum'n backwards he really a dumb rapper
The trap on the corner with the oil spilling
Mixed with the dirt and the water collected in the gutter til the colors brilliant
I paint pictures so legendary
I been doing this your history is as short as the month of February
In a leap year what do we fear
Dead bodies lying on the ground nothing to see here
Be clear don't ever cross me like police lines
Cause libertarians will be not invited to tea time

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Saw that whip around a building to form a corner tornado
Finding nature in the city we cover our feet in gators
Bugatti's to bodegas they selling rotten tomatoes
Stacking chips and I don't mean potato there go another one
Graduated from quarter waters and Butter Crunch
Tuxedo nice with a gun tucked in his cummerbund
He get it from his mama he ain't nothing but his mother's son
She used to get it popping like bubblegum
Peddling poison was often better employment
The ghetto destroying any sense of self she was enjoying
Survival of the fittest by any means necessary
Got us calling drug dealers revolutionaries
You say he kill his people he say I feed my family
And you ain't kickin in you'll never understand me
You just stand in my way now you an obstacle
And obstacles end up in the hospital

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[Adlibs out]