

# Talib Kweli, Nature

Intro:

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

Verse 1:

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

Chorus:

We gotta get back to what really matters  
We gotta search our soul to find out what we 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 nature of the world today  
The nature of the world today  
The nature of the world today

Verse 2:

Don't nobody talk no more they on text message  
Driving and typing not paying attention  
Missing they next exit depending on navigation  
Never knowing where they going they staying stuck

On one spot they not growing Im so over crying waiting  
And hoping playing the blame game  
The game changed me into a  
different world like Dwayne Wayne  
Getting high just to maintain  
Take my music like a drug and drop the  
Needle in the same vein  
I get a rush like I'm tweeking off blow  
Except it aint via the nose it's from deep in my soul  
The street slang I be speaking in code  
Kicking the door, freaking the flow til they speakers explode  
We in control the people know I speak the truth  
The power and my roots  
Is thicker than sour \_\_\_ and Im strongly busting out the flower pot  
Family tradition is to tell them you love them  
While your family living from granny and the kitchen \_\_\_\_\_

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Justin:  
I'm just trying to get back to what really matters  
I'm trying search my soul to find out what I'm 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  
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