

# Around My Way

Talib Kweli

Around my way  
Around my way  
All the corners filled with sorrow  
All the streets are filled with pain  
Around my way Around my way  
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All the corners filled with sorrow  
All the streets are filled with pain  
Around my way People let me paint a picture, you know I ain't a Christian  
I ain't a Muslim, ain't a Jew, I'm losing my religion  
I speak to God directly, I know my God respect me  
'Cause he let me breathe his air and he really blessed me  
I ain't knocking you but I don't fuck with hospitals  
Spit the gospel, truly knowing Jesus like apostles do  
Return like the prodigal son to honor Mohamed too  
Stay away from Him, like Abraham, Lord I'll follow you  
Even when you took my man Chaka God and what I'm a do  
You gave the hood a modern day martyr in Brother Amadou  
I'm on the block, I'm tracing your footsteps, I keep the faith in you  
Your love, plus hard work and ambition, we gonna make it through  
My songs is psalms I'm spiritual when I'm lyrical  
This is for my soldier niggaz looking in the mirror who  
Sitting home scratching off serials eating cereal  
The way we find a way to survive, shit is a miracle We got mice in the crib and roaches in the  
toasters  
Rice in the fridge, bread in the oven by the roaster  
We be takin' gypsy cabs and chasin' 50 bags  
They be laced with shitty swag and it really get me mad  
The way we be saluting flags, wrapping them around our heads  
When niggaz ain't become American till 9/11  
Feeling like you gotta sneak into Heaven  
When the reverend looking like a pimp  
And the pimp look like the reverend  
Around my way  
Around my way  
All the corners filled with sorrow  
All the streets are filled with pain  
Around my way These conditions make us strong  
And we create our own businesses so later on  
Our children have things in their name that they can say their own  
A mix tape, freestyle become your favorite song  
No place like home

When the cops ask you, "What about your neighbors?"  
Beat on you, threaten to incarcerate you  
Till you spill your guys like you a Garcia VegaWe roll blunts not the papers  
Cop the greatest take it coast to coast  
L.A. to Chicago like smooth operators  
Cop the dro and cop the blacks  
Cop the four, cock it back  
Drop the flow, rock a hat on top a stocking capBe a doctor or a lawyer or make your Momma a  
promise that  
You'll finish school but when you got a dream you gotta follow that  
And make sure when you make it out the hood you always holler back  
Think about what you got from that and always put your dollars back  
On top of that, this is a legacy and we a part of that  
The hood is where my heart is at, catch me around my wayAround my way  
Around my way  
All the corners filled with sorrow  
All the streets are filled with hate  
Around my wayAround my way  
Around my way  
All the corners filled with sorrow  
All the streets are filled with pain  
Around my way  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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