

# NY Weather Report

Talib Kweli

Come on, yeah  
I like to take this opportunity to thank everybody  
Who been riding with me so far, it's a been a long journey  
But they say your life's path is not about the destination  
It's all about the journey, I appreciate y'all It's my blood, sweat, tears, years  
Struggle, love, hate, fear, New York City  
You could make it here, you could make it anywhere  
I came prepare for the rain, hail, sleet, snow  
Whatever the weather we ride  
Let my people go to the place where knowledge is born  
We welcome you to the 3rd eye of the storm, check it out  
Futuristic lyricist, straight from the renaissance  
Top of the suffer chain, raps up a edge a lot  
My people suffering, slave to another chain  
This voyage is maiden like my mother, other name Is this your first trip to hell?  
Avenge a capitalist, if it's a product then we got it for sell  
When I first started to spell, my words fell into rhymes  
Turned into songs, everything else fell into line I paint the pictures, you could see the people  
bleeding my bars  
When I was a teen, I was mean, about to reach for the stars  
So if I fail or fell, write in the clouds, tighten the vowel  
Word, there use to be no biting allowed Now the gangsters, no grinding allowed  
Probably see a fight in the stage, 'fore you see a fight in the crowd  
I send this out to my people facing the storm  
Homie, we riding it out, you inspire what I'm writing about  
It's my blood, sweat, tears, years  
Struggle, love, hate, fear, New York City  
You could make it here, you could make it anywhere  
I came prepare for the rain, hail, sleet, snow  
Whatever the weather we ride  
Let my people go to the place where knowledge is born  
We welcome you to the 3rd eye of the storm check it out It's the 3rd eye of the storm  
It's the 3rd eye of the storm  
It's the 3rd eye of the storm  
It's the 3rd eye of the storm Check it out  
Check it out  
Check it out  
Been \*\*\* around I'm not a judge but I'm handing out sentences  
To political prisoners, regular inmates with no visitors  
\*\*\* in the streets outside to reach up for ministers  
Not those that say they spiritual but actual practitioners Rap listeners, we open the black  
businesses

This underground \*\*\* with samples to lack clearances  
 Once you get a past appearances, you could tell who \*\*\* is fake  
 And who's \*\*\* is based upon the past experiences We really been to war, hand to hand like \*\*\*  
 sales  
 Bill the man, the man they try to kill off the blackmail  
 Females left to raise up a son  
 From the day he was one Til' he twenty, and he raise up a gun  
 Get the blazin, fore the blaze of the sun  
 Smoke bracin' his lung  
 Young in his years and he's facing a ton None of his peers wanna share the road  
 Love the child, care to provider  
 But they hand a blunt and share saliva  
 You ain't a rider and you hustlin' backwards To many excess with imitating these crackers  
 So our kids looking up to drug dealers and rappers  
 Taking all the work away from the black actors Revelation is first and Armageddon is after  
 Tsunami's, hurricanes and natural disasters  
 Fast food culture be this, is always a factor  
 It's the gratification they want the cash faster It's my blood, sweat, tears, years  
 Struggle, love, hate, fear, New York City  
 You could make it here, you could make it anywhere  
 I came prepare for the rain, hail, sleet, snow  
 Whatever the weather we ride  
 Let my people go to the place where knowledge is born  
 We welcome you to the 3rd eye of the storm check it out It's the 3rd eye of the storm  
 It's the 3rd eye of the storm  
 It's the 3rd eye of the storm It's the place where knowledge is born  
 Check it out, check it out, check it out  
 Talib Kweli, that's what it is, break it down  
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>