

# Work It Out

Talib Kweli

[1st Verse]

The temperature got tempers flaring people sweat when the  
weather hot

They argue and they fret a lot then set up the plot  
To whet up the block

Whether or not the blood is red up in the gutter  
Music is my bread and butter

I got a show in Brooklyn cause the ghetto love us  
Pulled up in Mtulu's truck I'm suited up I'm cool as fuck  
security tripping on my baseball hat promoter knew what's up  
Plus Chaps had on some denim shorts and white tee shirt and  
I told the bouncer they being disrespectful cuz like you we

working

I ain't a custy or a patron and trust me no one would be paying To come in this crusty ass club if

I wasn't playing

He's like "I'll put you the fuck out"

And when you put your word like that its like third strike black  
you struck out

His man tried to rush me from behind Chaps stuck out a size nine Seen him trip face first into  
the line

Cats is cowards with no spine and they power tripping too

The next level is the violence so what y'all niggaz wanna

[Hook]

Work it out

We should try to work it out

People lie, people cry, people die to work it out

Read the book, pray to god

Look inside to work it out

We should try to work it out

Yo what y'all ladies wanna do

Work it out

To get fly she work it out

People lie, people cry, people die to work it out

Read the book, pray to god

Look inside to work it out

Show the love

Lose the hate

Work it out

Work it out

[2nd Verse]

Peolpe placed in situations they cant take and what they facing Is the trials and tribulations to  
make them say the lords

forsaken them  
Their loved ones intervening but they always blaming them  
For problems they don't realize what they part is in creating  
them  
Like men who so insecure think they women cheating on them  
And women who think the proof that they man love them is they  
beating on them  
Keep sleeping on them soon they partner creeping on them  
Committing crimes of passion they in caskets mother weeping on  
them  
With her head in her hands  
There's only one thing that the dead understand that it's better  
to be alive  
Now what you gonna do stick your head in the sand  
You probably the type to fall for anything and take that instead  
of a stand  
Now that's a mouse instead of a man  
I cherish my role as the head of my fam  
And on the road I meet incredible fans  
I rock with singers an a DJ instead of a band we at a theatre  
near you  
So what y'all niggaz wanna do[Hook][3rd Verse]  
Stay civilized when they try to kill my high I try to think  
through problems  
Bring honesty to rap like Cam'ron brought the pink to Harlem  
You could be on the brink to stardom and suddenly you sink to  
bottom  
Tell the truth about the war and suddenly you linked Saddam  
Hate the topic but the closet people get to patriotic  
Is red bull white vodka mixed with the straight hypnotic  
Paper prophets sell the revolution so they make a profit  
Trust they got it fucked up with your taxes started making  
rockets  
Take it off the top like politicians speaking proper diction  
Stuffing dollars in they britches like they do a lotta strippingGot the top position bitching about  
the quality of life  
All that bullshit get exposed as soon as Kweli sees the mic  
They cutting down the tree of life the sun rays is running out  
The babies ain't eating right so the guns keep coming out  
See how they play the streets an night slap the taste out your  
mouth  
To show you what they work about  
So what y'all niggaz want to do[Hook]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>