

Saul Williams – Talk to Strangers (2004)

Nah I wasn't raised at gunpoint, and I've read too many books  
To distract me from the mirror, when unhappy with my looks  
And I ain't got proper diction for the makings of a thug  
Though I grew up in the ghetto, and my niggas all sold drugs  
And though that may validate me for a spot on MTV  
Or get me all the airplay that my bank account would need  
I was hoping to invest in, a lesson that I learned  
When I thought this fool would jump me, just because it was my turn  
I went to an open space cause I knew he wouldn't do it  
If somebody there could see him, or somebody else might prove it  
And maybe in your eyes, it may seem I got punked out  
Cause I walked a narrow path, and then went and changed my route  
But that openness exposed me to a truth I couldn't find  
In the clenched fist of my ego or the confines of my mind  
In the hipness of my swagger, or the swagger in my step  
Or the scowl of my grimace, or the meanness of my rep  
Cause we represent a truth son, that changes by the hour  
And when you open to it, vulnerability is power  
And in that shifting form you'll find a truth that doesn't change  
And that truth's living proof, of the fact God is strange

Talk to strangers, when family fails and friends lead you astray  
When Buddha laughs and Jesus weeps and it turns out God is gay  
Cause angels' and messiahs' love can come in many forms  
In the hallways of your projects or the fat girl in your dorm  
And when you finally take the time to see what they're about  
And perhaps you find them lonely or their wisdom trips you out  
Maybe you'll find the cycle's end, you're back where you began  
But come this time around you'll have someone to hold your hand  
Who prays for you, who's there for you, who sends you love and light  
Exposes you to parts of you that you once tried to fight  
And come this time around you'll choose to walk a different path  
You'll embrace what you turned away and cry at what you laughed  
Cause that's the only way we're going to make it through this storm  
Where ignorance is common sense and senselessness the norm  
And flags wave high above the truth, and the two never touch  
And stolen goods are overpriced and freedom costs too much  
And no one seems to recognize the symbols come to life  
The bitten apple on the screen and Jesus had a wife  
And she was his messiah like that stranger may be yours  
Who holds a subtle knife that carves through worlds like magic doors

And that's what I've been looking for, the bridge from then to now  
Just watching BET like, "What the fuck, son? This is foul"  
But that square box don't represent the sphere that we live in  
The Earth is not a flat screen, I ain't trying to fit in  
But this ain't for the underground, this here is for the sun  
A seed a stranger gave to me and planted on my tongue  
And when I look at you, I know I'm not the only one  
As a great man once said, "There's nothing more powerful than an idea  
Whose time has come."