

(Text break where the beat changes)

-Talib Kweli-

We got the Eternalists Talib Kweli on the microphone

DJ Cipa Sounds on the turntables

This is some real hip-hop shit right here

Here I am, come on, R-A-W

Always down to keep the shit up like a ?bubble goose?

Brother who, bring trouble to the industry

With colorful metaphors and similes

I'm sunnin you, what you wanna do

Get rid of me, Cuz I take you back to history

Like when Niggas hung from a Noose

Yo I'm sucker-proof, plus I never do what others do

Thugs running loose, kickin nursery rhymes like Mother Goose

Which one of you(s) want it first

Yo I'm running through your front line

While you still tannin in my sunshine

I got pistol-whip, smack, kick and punchlines

Represent your block, muscle-shot one time

I got rhymes like the Bronx got ?Bohequa?

Soundbombing in your speakers

Rock for the mama citas

Hate to see the party looking like the Promise-keepers

Niggas sword-fighting and shit and wanna cock the heaters

We get retarded like we on the short school bus

Let the legacies of past emcees live through us

Big Pun, Big L, Big and Pac just to name a few

I'm sure there's niggas in your crew too

Shout they name out right here true

But then we always bang out

Slang Ton,Freaky Tye, I never got a chance to hang out with these niggas

But I feel 'em in the spirit, they still here

So my death, I'm a never fear it

Even though I can't stop it

Even though I can't stop it

Even though I can't stop it

Brooklyn where y'all at

See I'm from Flatbush

Where cats rush dancehalls and blacks bust

Shots in the air for the phat cuts and black dust

Burned on the street, I-TAL is how we eat

And we ride dollar vans smoke tree from ?fantaleaf?

Whether crown height, the park slope, the nineties

The fourth green, the Bedstuy

I used to cut Tec when I was fourteen to get high at ??? party

Leavin no evidence for ma dukes

?llashkee? kid from off the President

Niggas settling in the residence

That make the ghetto mentality have relevance

Pack metal shit but never for the hell of it

Searching for heaven until we find the truth

The kind I never got from no reverend

And the truth is the Cipa Sounds get nuff props

These other DJ cats is sweet like gum drops

Some got the fly shit that keep the slums hot

Catch a fire like Bob Marley this is just one drop

In a bucket of treats, whether the club or the streets

From cats with the bucket of seeds

To the cats that got nothing to eat

We up in this piece

Fuck the Police and tuck in the heat

Niggas bucking at beast

Really fighting for love and peace

But don't know where to aim at

Mental slaves can't see where the chains at

Ignorance is pop without no entertainer

The nations economy is a situation comedy

Corporations are making money while

The people are facing poverty

I rep for the spiritual rich, lyrically rich

Y'all niggas stand for nothing and fall for anything

Cuz you really be bitch

You feeling me kid, than turn it up a bit

You think you hot I'll shut your heat down like New York Knicks

Word is Bond

Yo, I'd like to take this opportunity right now to big up my man hi-tek

Kweli and hi-tek, reflection eternal for real

But I got one more

'Bout to let this rhyme out on probation

You like a fresh fish thrown to population

Don't give a fuck if I get rocked on your station

I got many ways to spread information
From the Black Star tour I rock nations
My moms runs the whole book store operation
Even underground niggas sell they soul to satan
And I've met commercial niggas who be hating
So I don't fall for the separation
These people are gonna grow up, I got patience
When you're ready to be free, I'll be waiting
Then every hand can go up in celebration
Get 'em up, what?!
Get 'em up, what?!
Get 'em up, what?!
Get 'em up, what?!
Yeah