

(woman: just give me a try!)

[Verse 1]

(what we gon' do? yeah)
We gon' work, we gon' play
We gon' lead the way
We gon' say everything that we need to say
Then get ghost in the breeze to blow the leaves away
MCs today, it's like they throwin' our seeds away
But that ain't for me to say, right?
It ain't got to be this way
We gon' take charge, make gods out of men
We gon' raise bars, show y'all how to win
Hit the rally, hit the riot, get the party started
Respect the words you herbs, it's the Kwelity artist
I solemnly promised the knowledge will demolish your college
Admonishes scholars, you acknowledge the dollars (yeah)
Want me to payola? Man I don't even know that boy, I'm takin' over
Keepin' it fresh like bakin' soda in your fridge
I keep Brooklyn like Jamaica so ???

[Hook]

That's how it is, "say la wi, ooh la la wi wi"
Please, excuse my French, nigga ridin' the bench
Sayin' "Coach, let me in, yo I know we can win"
(woman: just give me a try!)

[Verse 2]

Yeah I see y'all flossin' like you got shit on your teeth
'Til I get up on the mixtape and I shit on your beat
Well ever since I came back niggas ain't gettin' no sleep
Why beef? NayNay shit on the street
Come on, my words man hit like pure 'caine/+Cane+, ask +Abel+
I got more lines than cokeheads on a glass table
Roll with a thorough crew, everybody follow through
Brooklyn where on the street we either swallow you or hollow you
You know how my borough do
Cats'll pull the ratchet out, start blackin' out off funny style
Cats nothin' to laugh about (ha)
It's hood politics, the hood economics
You get exploited, even your +Daddy-O+ like Stetsasonic
Kweli the best alive, my words spray like pestacide
You niggas keep on buggin' me
When they gonna exercise their right to exit right now

And keep it movin'?

I'm the solution, niggas shootin' to salute

[Hook]

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Please, excuse my French, nigga ridin' the bench
Sayin' "Coach, put me in, yo I know we can win"
(woman: just give me a try!)

[Interlude]

B.K. in the house, what you wan' do?
L.A. in the house, what you wan' do?
BaBOO in the house, what you wan' do?
West Coast throw your W

[Verse 3]

I'm comin' through like MCs are my students and I'm the sensai
You need to fuck with your boy, fuck what your friends say
It's like my shits are so tight, I need some Ben Gay
I like the energy right, they call me feng shui
Men pray to their false gods and lost God a while ago
And crack up like the ???
No smile, know their inner-child can grow
Go out strapped with the calico
At a party ready to set it, wetted his throat
Had him better to smoke
His eyes red and he ready to let go
Yo oh, and then the DJ threw it on
A nigga like that's my shit, word is bond

[Hook]

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{*DJ scratching*}