

Videodrone

"Fly Till I Die"

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[Intro: Talib Kweli]

It's Talib Kweli in the place to be Brooklyn
Most definitely yaknowhatlmsayin Mount Vernon
And Pete Rock & C.L. Smooth (true) the brothers who
brought ya
Escapism, Return Of The Mecca, Straighten It Out, The
Creators
Yeah right about now we about to make history

[Verse 1: Talib Kweli]

The track make you nod like smack through the needle
Niggaz don't sell crack is they evil
America's build on the backs of my people
Cats say they packin' the heat but they actin' like Chino
Cause when it's time to bounce it back they fall back in
the field though
I went from crashin' the beat in the passenger seat
Drivin' like many straight trees don't even mix coke with
the henney
Flow with so many styles ladies open all night like Denis
24 hours party people soakin' in the Remy and Cris'
The video is directed by Benny and Chris
Treat a pager like a website with plenty of hits
I tell 'em this: you gotta be at least a dime for a piece
of mind
I deal with porters and keys just like the leachious mind
I like mature girls just now reachin' they prime
Know how to conversate to the man and don't eat no
swine
If you ready to roll than we can rock shit
My niggaz so cold we hot

[Chorus: C.L. Smooth]

Pete Rock murderville keep the joint on smash
See the don come through enough bray that cash
Talib Kweli he can speak to the mass
Why the great minds think alike cause we keepin' it fly
See we keepin' it fly till the day I die, and you can't
deny
Son we keepin' it fly how we keepin' this fly
Better master your eye cause we keepin' it fly

Bring it back to life

[Verse 2: Talib Kweli]

Psychedelic we sell it and niggaz jealous fellows
Go get your hate up get your weight up I'm tellin' you
straight up
You need to turn that frown upside down you use less
muscles
The smile is easier than it sound, it's true
Lookin' all crooked I be tellin' these dudes
They should Straighten It Out on a Pete Rock track like
C.L. Smooth
See we livin' in the Matrix way before the movie
Kids fiend before the camera screaming; just shoot me
Now they scream a million miles away from the sun
But you still feel the heat when we packed us the way of
the gun
Like tape digs raise kids to escape the slave ships
Instead they wanna pump weights not the state
Better exercise take from work the rest get left inside
And whips chicks and kicks money we specialize
I be the respirator so hip hop is kept alive
So many niggaz buggin' me I need a fuckin' pesticide

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Talib Kweli]

You put light back to life cause these rappers ain't
actin' right
Thinkin' they cut like Mack the knife, rap the fight
Battle right through the afterlife
Cause when you die make you look way past the life
And high sight I drop the type of rhyme
To give the blind sight, sparkle a shine bright like
lemonlime
Sprite up in the limelight, yeah
As we still at the track you feel it when the chorus tack
You deal it twist a cap back with a skillet official would
kill it
This is fake the way we sill it as the great Pete Rock and
Kweli
Got Pete to make you chicks knees knock to Pete Rock
my life
It's the soundtrack other niggaz sound wack
Like white kids tryin' to sound black
I spit on mics wet up the essence where L drowned at
This Guerilla Monsoon Rap first comb rap
Soon rap come through a crossroads, and all these lost
souls
Will stand out with stress signals like morse code

[Chorus]

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