

Talib Kweli % Hi Tek

"Some Kind Of Wonderful"

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What's next?
These chicken neck MCs get me vexed
My rhymes be blowin' up chat rooms all over the
internet
And causin' collisions on the highway of information
And then I head back to my prior engagement
In the nation of Brooklyn
Land of Trinis, Haitians, Jamaicans and Bejans
It's amazin' how lickin' shots is the proper
representation
Soon they gonna need wack MC reservations
Cause I endanger the motherfuckers, they needin'
preservation
Carry 'em home on the top of a truck like a trophy
Niggas still sleepin' like I'm Jay Z in the video for
Hawaiian Sophie
It's cool I stay low key, keep a low pro
Come out crushin' shit just for fun like Co Flow
Yo yo yo yo yo yo here we go
Ridin' on the sound waves out your stereo
In the procession to your burial
Callin' Hi Tek little Leon the professional
I got the special flow listenin' to estero
Puffin' vegetables and now I'm red to go
The illest rhyme animal like Chuck
Burn leech niggas like salt when i lay in the cut
Think you about to blow when you continue to suck
The shit I've been through
Make me run up in your venue like What!
I snatch the mic and ask the crowd what are y'all waitin'
for?
They say nothin' but that fat shit
I got you, say no more i laid the law and all them
Crab rappers played the floor I called them out
A couple of them steeped up and I ate 'em raw
Some more wack niggas tried to spray the door but
had no aim
Later for them corn balls
On the way out smacked them in they face with a
methaphor
For better or for worse you better call the nurse

Before I send a cleaner and he get to your hospital
room first

(Chorus)

What you wanna do? I'm runnin' through your front line
Your whole plan is catcha tan in my sunshine
One time 'cause it's some kinda wonderful
Don't stand there lookin' stupid, what you wanna do?
(repeat)

I'll take your style and embarras it with
Words beautifully written like Arabic
Got niggas on the run 'cause the fire like chariot
Introduce pen skills to ill deliveries and married it
Put it in your face like big gats and carried it like Harriet
Various crews tried to bury us
But we shut 'em down like Sagiterious with
That wack shit money you can't be serious
You niggas is hilarious actresses
Runnin around the club pissy like ghetto mattresses
That's why I smack these kids back to reality
And how it be in actuality
With ready to battle MCs who skip the fuckin'
formailties
We spark it in any club or meat market
Sweet artists don't come on the block they become
street targets
If you want it I got it, come get it I'm with it
Your career will be shorter than a midget
And the world will know who did it
I smack up these ho ass MCs like a gorilla pimp
You comin' out the box like a gimp, money you still a
wimp
My shit blow out filaments and light fixtures
With the right mixture of words used as colors
To paint the right picture
Graphic masterpieces your whole shit is smashed to
pieces
Make you look at your man who rhyme and be like, "you
not nasty like he is"
Believe this when you see this, and don't fuck with
Me either, 'cuz you'll be down where my feet is
Curled up in the fetus
Cryin' from the kicks, watch when I flip
People gonna be buyin' my shit like fiends dyin' for a
hit, so...

(Chorus)

What you wanna do? I'm runnin' through your front line
Your whole plan is catcha tan in my sunshine
One time 'cause it's some kinda wonderful

Don't stand there lookin' stupid, what you wanna

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