

## Talib Kweli % Hi Tek "Stupid Muthafuckas"

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[Intro]

Yes my name is Clarice  
My husband I think he is fuckin the Avon Lady  
that comes through every day  
Could you tell me how can I not be a stupid bitch?  
{Fuck the mail man, you stupid muthafucka }

Where my bitches at?

Chorus: Lil Dap (repeat 3X)

These stupid muthafuckas wanna fuck with me, fuck  
with me  
And get that ass torn up see  
Cuz my success, rings from the top of hip hop  
One day, will rule the game, in the game of hip hop

{Lil Dap }

You 3 times around the world, were we plannin the  
mark  
Settin the art, niggas gettin torn apart  
Cuz my CD flow through your blood stream yo  
Cuz niggas is shook to see a little nigga come back  
Blowin holes in your tracks, watching freaks react  
Let's take it back, in the Group Home talkin with mack  
These hoes with tracks, can't fuck around with Lil Dap  
Yo 30 minutes to war, and we ready to get it on  
These bati boy, jet like niggas beefin for rap  
Grab my nina from the back, smack that shit outta her  
black  
Ready to attack, Group Home is strong like that  
Watch your back, cuz you made it on like that

Chorus 3X

{Melachi The Nutcracker }

Aiyo I break date, concentrate on how to make  
One million straight, by the Y2K  
Eight mob, puttin suckas on their jobs  
People got robber trying to flash jewels at bars  
Roster farayan yellin "Go select a"

I'm the Nutcracker, and you know I teach ya  
Comin from the burks, of street regulator  
Rhymes out the ash, I dig in my stash  
Punks through the dash, cuz you get slashed fast  
12 O'Clock mass, kneel down and pray  
Like my man Ray, I got the right one ba-bay  
So say what you say, or say it in my face  
I'm like an open case, with no clues to trace  
Face your defeat, I would like you to meet  
This punk ass clown who walk down the street

Chorus 2X

{Lil Dap}

Yo niggas really don't wanna fuck with me  
Stains like jeans, to tear that ass out the front key  
My history of rap, got me comin back with the gat  
I sing on tracks, my ghetto audience they react  
When I rap, these 89 niggas they bring it back  
Like dippin in the club, you and your team you rub a  
dub  
Press prehub, watch these niggas run the fuck out  
Without a doubt, I hope these niggas ate there pea  
sprouts  
Comin from Brooklyn, yo we explore to get it on  
Comin from different boroughs and we flauntin the shit  
If these niggas try to act up, we be packin shit  
Diggin the drop, the dread set watchin this  
Walk the streets, serious, but understand this  
My halomic swing got them kinda lost in The Source  
These are the days, the 90's and we got to get paid  
On my niggas, we shine like diamonds on a ring

Chorus 4.5X

[Outro]

Straight like that, straight like that  
Uh, straight like that

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