

## Talib Kweli % Hi Tek F/ Mos Def "Slappin' Suckas Silly"

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Smackin suckas silly, a remix  
Take two thousand, and seven, or is that eight  
(Hanna Barbera)

\*chorus\*

Well it's one two three of us, never ever solo  
It's one two three of us, never ever solo  
It's one two three of us, never ever solo  
It's one two three of us, never ever solo

[Jingle Bel]

I gets mad freaks to this beat, it's a pleasure  
grammar leisure, and start motivatin concentratin  
On the \*DJ cuts\*, can you hear it?  
Spin 4th diggin in nuff crates, so great  
Oh golly jesus snow is handed and demanded so I  
supply the  
one of da tings, to da vibe  
I'm fly, like Jimmy's snooker with ass like TJ Hooker  
So book em, Dano, voice soprano, break the glass  
on the mantle, cause my flow lasts for miles like the  
Nile  
Make the people say AOWWWWW!  
And I'm a black man Egyptian lover  
Pharoah bone dig digger, skirt tigger, this is butter  
Cause many bust with gimmicks so now I'm livid  
So now you're forgiven  
Cause way back Jack you came slack on the help  
why play yourself, go play somebody else!  
I got the rhymin skills and I gotta  
The super fat rhymes and lines and I gotta, bo bo  
for the niggaz who pop shit like gum  
Do come like a penis get kicked, in the anus  
Play famous, and you gets nowhere (uh-huh)  
Who cares about a punk who talks junk?  
You're silly

\*chorus\*

[Spin 4th]

Well it's the rippin rebel and ruckus sport the rhymin

rap 4th Spin

Uncanny most ability to split my verse at will  
I slam through the home like a photon phaser beam  
While fools decay like children's teeth on Halloween  
Straight from Princeton it's ridiculous rhymes live  
So get up off the beach, cause I'm coming high tide  
with the force of the fart of a flatulating Batman  
Obese I release vocal fury (nice sack man)  
Kick this in Cato, burn this in Waco  
Trippiest in potato, or maybe even microbe  
Silicon bass like a breast up in Cali  
Greedy like Rally's, cajun chicken meal  
Is this kid for real? Am I really ill?  
No, this is my regular flow  
So if I was to flip, you'd hear some CRAZY shit  
Like how, now brown, cow, wow I'll, pow  
Here is the face, come with the bass  
Face case and race, you're dead!  
Get away from the motherfuckin spin  
So you would ask when did this nigga, begin  
to get the freestyle, not really, not really  
Spin 4th fool, I'm smackin niggaz silly

\*chorus\*

[Damage]

Flavorific, to be specific hot damn I'm spicy  
There's four of us my dick is long a-bolish niggasaurus  
I absorb it cause I'm forest, sporest, fuck you  
I span the globe to storm like Hurricane Andrew  
Super rhyme ripper clipper break a nipple tweaker  
A friction equal when she meets the big heat seaker  
We could cruise booze when I swing my verbal news  
Extra extra lyrical setter tears your sneakers with no  
feature  
It's the creature from the swamp, as I romp on  
rabblers  
Trouble make us take a stand, as I command the  
sample houses  
We don't pillage and raid, we take a plate and then  
rotate it  
If it's rugged then we scoop it then truncate it then we  
loop it  
then we drag it, the kids from Cakalak are comin with  
force  
Mr. Spin the broken reigner, and my man from over the  
chorus  
And the man whose name stands for, massive wide  
destruction  
it's my instruction to combine incredible rhymes and  
spits ill production

It's the muddy marsh givin creeper, passin the grim  
reaper  
Your mother and my closet keeper \*beep beep beep\*  
excuse me that's my beeper  
So I think you hear me knockin and I'm comin in with  
the crew  
That creates more tracks, than horses make glue  
So, on with the who, and ninety-one to willy nilly  
Huh! Damage slappin motherfuckers silly

\*chorus 2X\*

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