

## Talib Kweli & Madlib

### "Over the Counter"

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Hahaaah  
Uh, uh, yeah feel that for a second  
I ain't even gon say shit for a couple of seconds  
Gonna let you feel that for a second  
It's Madlib like  
Yeah, what you know about that?  
The era of the bullshit is over  
It's the year of the Blacksmith  
Kweli, aiyyo, aiyyo

[Verse 1]

Aiyyo, we need some new leaders  
Politicians is lying, now artists is true divas  
They meant to deceive us, they were sent to defeat us  
Everybody in here shot his peers through the speakers  
Guerrilla tactics, I'ma find a weapon, drop a rhyme or  
Find a session, give you a final lesson in your final  
seconds  
Liberation ain't the illest vinyl pressing?  
Yeah right, and the government ain't lying about 911  
Find me repping Brooklyn on the daily, what the dealy?  
Questioning my teachers like "Oh, really?" so they feel  
me  
Based on fraudulent facts as they practice like O'Reilly  
Making me a hero for the class to come behind me  
It's collusive like your newest sneakers, ain't you glad  
you waited?  
This year I graduated, y'all niggas is super seniors  
Stay getting left behind, this the year of the Blacksmith  
Liberation clearly a classic

[Hook - X2]

People want to live it up, what, what's your drug of  
choice?  
What, what, give it up, what, let me hook it up  
Over the counter intelligence got ya hooked  
You's a gonna when I'm on the corner selling it

[Verse 2]

Cats after the pot of gold like the luck of the Irish  
I don't fuck with silly broads, I only fuck with the flyest

What they saying, stop playing, they delaying the plane  
Usually I'm late and they saying my name over the loud  
speaker (Talib Kweli)

The turbulence will make you find Jesus  
I took a train from Brussels to Antwerp, the cops find  
pieces  
Don't get it twisted, London got dime pieces  
We stopping in Amsterdam for top of the line reefers  
Trying to get to Egypt for the pyramids in Giza  
Got me tripping like Cameron Diaz in Tanzania  
A family guy on a grind, still we up heed her  
I'm using poetic licence like onomatopoeia  
Headed to Philadelphia, I'm yelling out "Free Mumia"  
CDs selling like nuclear weapons in North Korea  
Madlib, Talib Kweli, we off the meter  
To start a fight, I'm cursing your life, the talk is  
cheaper

[Hook - X2]

[Verse 3]

Yeah, yeah  
This the Liberation, rhyming is my occupation  
Occupation of a nation, drop the population  
From creating self-esteem, plus the stream of  
consciousness  
When I got it into being I helped to free the populace  
Bred to black, green to black is wrapped around a  
magazine  
Under pressure said the freshman at Cheshire  
academy  
Kicked out of Brooklyn Tech, focusing on looking fresh  
Bright kid accepted to the schools that only took the  
best  
Bounce like a check, yes, without no hesitation  
I went to college, then I left, that's when I got my  
education  
Still live my regrets, now how ill would I be with a  
degree?  
Use would just a piece of paper to me, a receipt  
One day I might go back, shit, who am I kidding?  
How can I live a stupid decision?  
Get used to the prison that I built for myself  
It's all real, true in lividness so I rap to put food in the  
kitchen, c'mon

[Hook - X2]

Feel the man, the Liberation

