

Talib Kweli f/ Ghostface Killah

"So Hood"

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[Intro: Talib Kweli] Beautiful Mixtape [Ghostface Killah]
Don't get the flow mixed up, this is uncut raw You can
cook it in your spoon, that's what your lighter's for And
the aroma are set to move the right tone up And your
girl, I really wanna ice tone her Don't get made of she
like rappers I'm be an MC who like Bergundy, and ?he
man perty? Look young in his face, and he over thirty
Giving out Hancocks, like my name was Herbie
Survived from a fucked up past, set my bed where the
springs reside Now they ask what my rings about This
is Ghost, God type man only, stay true You disagree,
well then fuck you I don't gotta say jack to you I got alot
of metal that rat for you And if I point it your way, he
gon clap for you Body something mad terrible, you
know how them ratchets do Extra caskets and church
classics, blowing an ill dust joint At your wake as I drive
past it, now that's murder 2004 blood further dick, you
ain't that big cus you ain't never heard of Or brought up
in any combo, Benny Blanco your style will get your
face picked off And your nose ripped off, you fake
niggas don't understand This is Theodore, we gon
blow like a hundred fans [Talib Kweli] New York will test
you, try to get you, don't be scared about it It'll carress
you and molest you, but don;t be weird about it Don't
wear your heart on your sleeve and dare to come here
without it You bout it, then let it flow out like tears of
fear shouted Ain't no kick the can, chutes and ladders
and candyland Mothers survive their sons, trying to be
a family man Out to there like hand to hand, walkers,
bikers and camel stands In order to tell my man for
man, here, you need a manogram Patrol, substance for
nothing to blame the manners on Up at the crack of
dawn, heard the word and your path is on Still working
for nothing, abandon your dreams Now they touting,
torn to peices, headin on the ground that we walking on
Same ground around the body police took chalk upon
Your name on the radio familiar, police are talking on
Do what you gotta do to eat, and keep the heat from off
the arms Sometimes you gotta compromise what you
don brought upon The most exciting lyrics Kweli and
Ghost is writing Psychosis leading to excessive and

hopeless biting There's no denying your ho is eyeing,
the flow is iron, the bottom of the sea By the color of
the pea, the muthafucking, most gutter MC Dropped
out of school at eighteen With a dream and started
running the streets Keep the receipts, don't need your
college degree Because my lyrics earn me honorary
PHDs, yeah [Chorus 2X: Talib Kweli] People ask my why
I keep it so hood And I simply reply, it feels so good We
hit your ears in ways you ain't know the flow could And
make your mamma say boy, you up to no good

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