

Talib Kweli f/ Jean Grae "Where You Gonna Run"

Visit "[Where You Gonna Run](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Jean- he's back again for the first day
we gonna do this one a little different. tryna test the
waters
(where you gonna run)
Jean- not far
(where you gonna run)
Jean- where you gonna go

[Verse One: Jean Grae]

I write underground climb up, this a new line up
niggaz fight your way through
if you're not ready to lose may I suggest that you let us
the fuck through
everybody clap your hands now, tear the walls down
dance like Rudy Huxtable scoring a touchdown, you
know
hands in the air, knees in, knees out
drop a little symbol on them this time, no doubt, let's
go
I write ten years deep and tenure's still deep
my bad I'm sorry I don't like when phrases repeat
I meant for the decades almost passed and spaceball
was the least
and I'm struggling still hustle to eat
I must be built with Adam and Eve skin
while y'all motherfuckers where you flushed in
with your heart poking through on your arm stupid
drop more bombs than on Saddam's house unarmed
my mouth's a weapon I shout like Armguard steppin'
didn't need to get loud, no disrespect
but you know the Jean is threat to your checks
niggas heart burning no prowl though sec to stop the
attack
ya neck back's gettin hot on every drop on the track
and now I finally got some heat is good, let it be known
I'll still be here after all this shit is done said and gone
can't keep running the same formula, I'm imploring ya
to quit fucking the game up, before it fucks all of ya up

[Chorus]

where you gonna run

where you gonna run
where you gonna ruuuuuun
where you gonna ruuuuuun
where you gonna hide
where you gonna ruuuuuun
where you gonna ruuuuuun
(Kweli)
yeah come on, yeah come on

[Verse Two: Talib Kweli]

watch these niggas start to run soon as I hit the track
what get the sack, eyes low like Friskin' cat
my flow get cap throw they gun like official Nas
I'm draftin you niggas hard quick fast like tiptonat
diamond cut lyrics so sharp the spit split the glass
your mouth writing a check that you ask and quick to
cash
screaming how you quick to shoot don't even know the
screenplay
niggas rappin black and white and rappers shakin' Jean
Grae
sick of niggas licking boots I pick and choose my
battles when I spit the truth it's hot
let the pride and move the cattle
y'all don't really want no beef, that's too real you want
veal
you baby sheep hanging in the air and tend to raffle
me
Me? I don't like the taste this shit's gamey
like magazines telling lies and Star Wars like Dick
Chaney
it sucks though they losing they flavor like Now and
Later
when I bust them niggas run for the hills like Al Queda

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Jean Grae]

she lacks delivery, really, nigga I pack rap symmetry
and send it to ya dorm
why y'all iggin' me for sure
Jean is synonymous to chivalry
open doors but I step through first
test the waters and I pee in them got no network
but now everyone's a rapper and everyone'll shoot you
dead
only led I strapped with a razor sharp pencil that could
write but it could stab you rapid
it's all ass backwards, you're all mall performers,
actors
what tho?, come on let's race to where the cash is

get mauled like Roy the alter boy
I'll jet through you like a Jet through flight, I'm
unemployed
you still cared to touch me, I gotta keeps the rap level
you face screwed ugly
I'm chasing all you club bunnies
and racing you tackle you down
take your money with your chest on the ground
I know it's foul, what you gonna do now

[Chorus]

(I think it's time you gave it up!)

Visit [Talib Kweli f/ Jean Grae](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.