

Chali 2na f/ Talib Kweli

"Lock Shit Down"

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[Chali 2na] Lock shit DOWN! [Chorus] We came to just do this for you Sit back and just watch us bubble We come with more heat than the sun do Gorillas out of the concrete jungle We came to just do this for you Sit back and just watch us bubble Gorillas out of the concrete jungle We come with more heat -- lock shit DOWN!

[Chali 2na] Yeah, of all secrets I'm the best kept Making sure my first step is my best step I watched my investments while the rest slept and changed tools like the faders on the vest tecs Yes, I'm a mile under the floor with a swisha full of kush and a towel under the door You remember me as the tallest one of the four Every time you come and check out your boy he -- lock shit DOWN! Yeah, hot like the tip of a blowtorch Deliver a show horse with little or no force This heavy but low voice making ladies go moist Don't front, people killed off the joint, there's no choice Huh, I'm running my mouthpiece and I outreach to the power of devout speech While you shall beef, screaming from your couch seat We about heat and we come to -- lock shit DOWN!

[Chorus] [Chali 2na] Yeah, second half of a double header Tool of a trouble setter, here to make it bubble better {?} bass sick as Barney Rumble's sweater and I'm blowing like the coldest winter, Chicago weather Hey, while you sweeter than plain cinnamon My lyric venom in your vein, now your brain haemorrhaging If you think that I'm insane, I'm a plain citizen People call me by my name, I remain disciplined Hey, a wicked sentence in a vicious blend has more wealth than the wallets of the richest men It's interesting, pay attention to what you witnessing The love of the art form, not just a dividence Yeah, all eyes on B But please don't put them rumours and them lies on me Cause I'm just clown to come with the fat sound Chali 2na, Talib, and we come to -- lock shit DOWN!

[Talib Kweli] In the concrete jungle, a wild animal My stomach growling like Lions, it's understandable Rappers will run right up on you and try to battle you Quicker than a Cheetah run up on a Caribou What up 2na? The Blacksmith is back with the backflip flow and got the survival tactics We crack it open like the seal on

a package Came with a message, we must retain the
freshness You lame and you plain depressing Is this
what the game is left with? It's on homie, name the
weapons Soon as Mister International step in You
rapping irresponsible, irrational death wish Get ready, I
got enough, lyrics I be stocking up In all suspense boy,
you better lock it up Is it live or what? We came to rock
it now Treat it like it's out of pocket -- lock shit DOWN!
[Chorus]

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